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December 5, 1956

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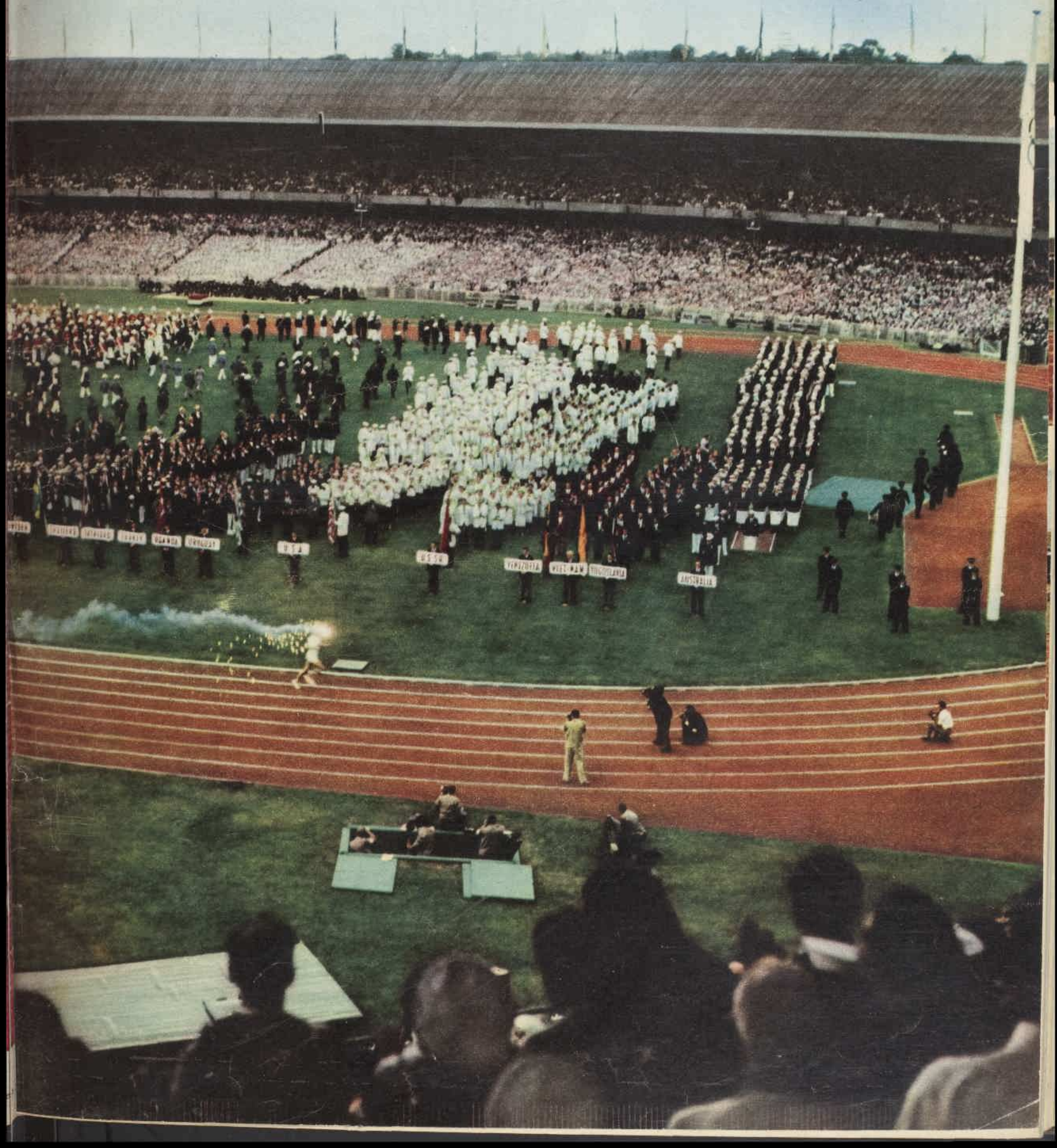

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BRISBANE OFFICE: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 409F, G.P.O.
ADELAIDE OFFICE: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O.
PERTH OFFICE: 34 Stirling St., Perth. Letters: Box 491G, G.P.O.
TASMANIA: Letters to Sydney address.

DECEMBER 5, 1956 — Vol. 24, No. 1

FAITH IN AUSTRALIA

THIS week has been a proud one for Australia.

The world has applauded her triumphant staging of the Olympic Games and notable visitors have paid her many fine tributes.

One worth pondering over came from the Duke of Edinburgh in a speech at Canberra.

No one who had seen the great development going on in Australia could fail to be impressed by the nation's possibilities, he said.

Isolation had made it necessary for Australia to develop every branch of her culture herself, and he was certain that these beginnings would grow into a civilisation to rank with the world's greatest.

The Duke gave a cue to every Australian. The confidence he expressed in this country may well be echoed by all its citizens.

They know that Australia is a young and vital country with a great future.

But in looking toward that future they are apt to depreciate the achievements of a comparatively short history.

Out of a timeless land, remote from the established centres of culture, the pioneers and their sons built a home for a new nation.

Succeeding generations have had time and opportunity to set up centres of art and science that command the respect of the highest authorities.

Visitors from the old world assess that progress objectively and marvel at it.

As the Duke said: "A great number of Australians would think I'm talking nonsense. Even individuals don't always know they are going to be a success until they have achieved it."

The Duke is sure Australia is going to be a success. Australians will help to prove him right if they have the same faith in themselves.

Our cover:

● Our cover presents the highlights of the Olympic Games opening ceremony. Trailing smoke, the Olympic flame arrives at Melbourne's Cricket Ground. As Australia is the host nation, the Australian team were the last to enter the stadium. They are at the left right of the picture. The two biggest teams, U.S.A. and Russia, are in the centre.

This week:

● Christine Hutson, our teenage author-of-the-month (she wrote "The Girl from Simon," in this issue), is an 18-year-old cadet journalist. She works for an Adelaide newspaper and conducts a weekly page for teenagers. She also writes short stories for children and has had more than 20 published.

Next week:

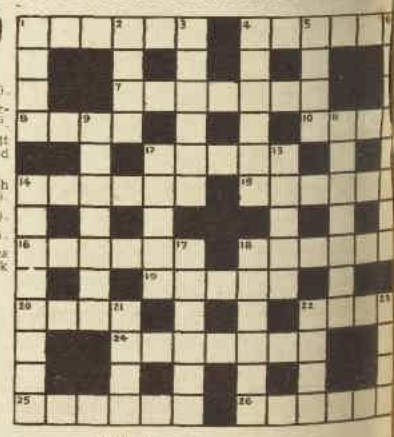
● During his tour of Australia, Dr. David Mace, chairman of the International Marriage Guidance Council, held many youth meetings. The thousands of questions he received from young people indicated to him that there was a widespread belief that chastity was out of date. Next week he sums up his views on the subject in a frank and thoughtful discussion. Young people and their parents will find it well worth reading.

Dr. Mace, who has just finished his four months' programme, sent us a message for readers.

"I received many more letters than I could find room to answer in the weekly page," he said, "and I had hoped to be able to reply personally to others. I was able to answer some, but my heavy programme and two illnesses impelled me very reluctantly to abandon the attempt. I hope all those readers who have not received a reply will understand. I read all the letters I received, and was deeply concerned about many of the problems. The work of Marriage Guidance Councils is as yet only beginning in Australia, but I can assure you that behind this service are some very devoted and competent men and women. If you need help either in preparation for marriage or in your marriage adjustments, you could not do better than turn to the Marriage Guidance Council in the capital city of your State."

● The approach of Christmas means parties, and the eternal problem of the hostess—what to give the guests to eat. Our cookery page next week makes suggestions for a buffet-supper menu, and provides the recipes. You'll want to add them to your collection.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. I am in a residence of a fish (6).
4. Pour tea into a three-dimensional body to make it dull (6).
7. This sum is in a neck of land (7).
8. Surpasses an overturned stain (4).
10. It's not false but it ends in sorrow (4).
12. A trial mostly on the top of the house (5).
14. The elm used as a piece of armor (6).
15. Granted the use with ease in £ and d. (6).
16. Required seemingly by a woman whose maiden name was Ded (6).
18. Go up in dances (6).
19. Wash in a mandarin's earthenware (5).
20. You can't improve it unless it is a second one (4).
22. Short distance which fondles in return (4).
24. Net rage (Anagr., 7).
25. Injure a she cat (6).
26. Travesty of wages containing a stick (6).

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Map a piece of ground to make a story (4).
2. She is twice a goddess (4).
3. Exact illegally what was formerly wrong (6).
4. Emblem of a sly mob (6).
5. Kiln for drying hops (4).
6. Nourished in a reversed way, then finished and the whole protected (8).
9. They cheat or went on a pilgrimage (7).
11. Treat with consideration a spectre (7).
12. His fish is the haddock (9).
13. Such point in the centre of a escutcheon (5).
14. There could be money in that women's accessories (4-4).
17. Widen and make the end late (4).
18. Please (Anagr., 6).
21. Brisk steady pace is wrong when going back (4).
22. Led by a saint and is in the heavens (4).
23. Entreat mostly with a beam light (4).

GRAMOPHONES P
O G G A A O R
FRAGILE PAUSE
E I V M K A S
RANGE AMIABLE
S L N N
RETORT ASSERT
A O A A
RABBITS SHREW
E L S S C W A
BLUNT EVENING
I F E N N G O
T FIRSTPERSON

Solution of last week's crossword.

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THE OLYMPIC GAMES

Athletes parade in spectacular ceremony

VAST CROWD, estimated at 102,000, watches the impressive ceremonial at the Melbourne Cricket Ground—main Olympic stadium—after the Duke of Edinburgh officially opened the Olympic Games.

OLYMPIC FLAME blazes into life as it is placed in the huge cauldron by young Victorian runner Ron Clarke. The flame will burn day and night during the Games.

STEPPING OUT, the Indian team marches in the grand parade of nations. The team is led by its only woman member, sprinter and hurdler Mary Leela Rao.

SCARLET-AND-WHITE uniform made Denmark's team one of the most distinctive at the Games' opening ceremony. The team is led by four women competitors.

EYES RIGHT and heads turn in salute as the women of Great Britain's team pass the Royal Box at the main stadium during the opening ceremony.

ABOVE: Surrounded by flag-bearers, John Landy (on rostrum) takes the Olympic Oath. Australian flag-bearer Mervyn Wood is beside rostrum.

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...the sheer elegance of

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Handkerchiefs, tea towels, pillow cases, sheets, table cloths, serviettes and mats—Christmas treasure trove in Irish Linen! For trousseau starters, new marrieds or silver wedding couples, there's no gift that has the imperishable beauty that lasts —like Irish Linen.

IRISH LINEN

IT'S LOVELY IT LASTS

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A proud time for Australia

"Are you an Australian?" one man asked another on the opening day of the Olympics. There was a pause as the second man looked around the stadium, taking in the flags fluttering high against the brilliant blue sky, the broad sweep of spectators, the green turf—the whole scene gilded by sunshine, excitement, and friendliness. He turned back to his questioner. "You bet your life I am," he said.

THE DUKE'S SMILE reflected the crowd's delight on Olympic Day from the time (above) he was officially welcomed at the Town Hall till he left the main stadium after opening the Games.

By NONI ROWLAND

ANY Australian would have been proud to be there that day.

The Duke spoke. There was a flourish of trumpets and the Games began.

Since then one athlete after another has captured world headlines. But the lasting impression of the Games is Australia's justified pride in the achievement represented by the opening day.

The first good omen of the day was the fine weather after a week of rain and cold. Then there was the crowd.

From the moment the R.A.N. band walked out on to the arena at 2.15 p.m. until massed bands walked off at 5.45 p.m., the people in the packed stands were ready to cheer until they were hoarse, to clap until their arms ached.

The athletes of the 68 nations in colorful uniforms, the release of the pigeons, the 21-gun salute, the raising of the Olympic flag, and the lighting of the Olympic flame kept eyes glued on the main arena.

Ever since, every day, thrill after thrill has brought roars from the packed stands.

The only complaint spectators make is that they haven't enough eyes to see all the events every day in different parts of the arena.

The varied-colored track suits of the competitors stand out vividly on the bright green turf in the centre.

The athletes are constantly changing their clothes. They slip out of their track suits and strip down to shorts and singlets when it's their time to compete, and change back into warmer clothes immediately after their events.

Many bring out red, turquoise-blue, and green rugs to lie on the grass. Others wrap up in warm blankets.

They seem unaware of the thousands of eyes on them as they do bicycle-pedals in the air and trot around, limbering up.

Marlene Mathews, Australian sprinter, who on the second day of the Games equalled the Olympic record of 11.5sec., had her fiance, Barry Willard, in a grandstand cheering for her.

Barry flew down with her parents the day before the opening ceremony.

Asked who were her greatest opponents in the race, Marlene said simply and with a smile, "Everybody."

One of the biggest thrills the crowd has had since the Games started was the 10,000 metres event, won by Russian naval officer Vladimir Kouts in record time, and in which Alan Lawrence won a bronze medal for third place for Australia.

I'm not a sport fiend, but it had me on my feet cheering. It was the most exciting thing I have ever seen.

The dogged, little, fair-haired Russian seemed tireless. Never once did he falter, and in spite of the tremendous strain towards the end of 26 laps (6 miles 376 yards) he still had strength enough to wave to someone in the crowd.

In one of the stands a visitor from overseas jumped to his feet as the stocky Russian ran by, barracking hysterically with joy, "Kouts, Kouts."

When a woman sitting alongside asked the visitor if he were a Russian, he turned and said impatiently, "No, I'm a German. But what difference does that make?"

At the end of the race an obviously thrilled and excited Kouts went round the ring again, hands over his head, acknowledging the applause.

Then he had the spectators roaring again with delight when he went up and shook

SPONTANEOUS REACTIONS of competitors win a warm response from crowds in the stands. U.S.S.R. runner V. Kouts waved both arms to acknowledge the cheering for his win in the 10,000 metres, then shook hands with the policemen near the railing.

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LEAPING towards the tape, Betty Cuthbert (Australia) set a new Olympic record for the 100 metres in 11.4sec. in her qualifying heat.

SILHOUETTED against the sky above the three-deck grandstand, V. Boulatov (U.S.S.R.) cleared 12 feet 7½ inches in the pole vault.

two very surprised policemen by the hand.

On the arena, the athletes, particularly the runners, look like well-regulated machines.

But behind the scenes they're very human.

On the morning of the women's discus event, two of the competitors cried in their dressing-room after they had failed in the qualifying trials.

As one leading Australian sports writer said: "It's a heartbreaking business. Hundreds of these athletes train for years and travel right round the world, only to be eliminated in 11 seconds."

The tall, muscular Olga Fikotova (Czechoslovakia), the first woman gold medallist at the Games (color picture, page 8), left the women's dressing-rooms after the presentation hugging tightly to her chest a small, battered teddy-bear and a tiny yellow rubber "Pluto" dog.

The 24-year-old medical student, who had the crowds roaring with her women's Olympic record throw of 176ft. 1¼in., looked like a six-year-old who had just been given a special treat.

Her dark eyes shining, she held the bear out for a minute for others to see, and then like a child jealously grabbed it back and hugged it.

"My father brought it to me when I was just born and lying alongside my mother in hospital," she said. "I promised him I would take it with me to the Olympics.

"Its name is Meedia.

"My little Pluto was given to me by a friend in Denmark. He also goes everywhere with me."

Olga, who keeps her curly dark-brown hair back off her face with a metal "Alice in Wonderland" band, looked strong and confident on the field, but leaving the dressing-rooms she was timid and nervously excited.

"Oh, can't I go out some other way?" she said to a tall, handsome Czech athlete and a woman competitor on the other side of her when she saw the crowds outside.

It needed the reassuring presence of a policeman to get her to leave the rooms.

The women's dressing-rooms at the Games are austerely furnished, with benches and tables on which they can rest, but the cool yellow walls give a feminine touch.

From the rooms the athletes walk down a ramp straight on to the field.

On the first morning of the events, the three Russian women discus throwers — Irena Begliakova (silver medallist), Nina Ponomareva (bronze medallist), and A. Elkina—sang Russian songs in their room to hide their nervousness.

They talked about Moscow and joked that all their friends there would just be starting to get ready to go to work.

While they chatted and laughed they crossed their fingers and their feet, apparently a Russian sign of enjoyment.

Nina broke her rule of giving autographs, and smilingly signed books for some of the women interpreters stationed at the dressing-rooms.

"She was charming about it," the interpreters said.

Like women everywhere, the interpreters have been very interested in the hair styles and make-up of the athletes.

"Nina Ponomareva wears lipstick," they said, "but the other Russian girls don't seem to.

"Most of the other women competitors wear lipstick, and some put on a small dusting of face powder.

"And you should hear those American girls jiving! Not at the main stadium, of course, but out at the Village.

"They're real rock-'n-rollers."

An Austrian-born interpreter said someone ought to tell Australians not to whistle at competitors.

"In Rumania, and I think in many other European countries, whistling means you think something is not good—you know, like throwing rotten tomatoes at someone.

"The Russians and many other teams were terribly upset when they heard all the whistles. They thought the Australians didn't like them."

Right now the once staid Melbourne is uninhibited

In a cosmopolitan carnival atmosphere of gaily decorated streets, strange faces and costumes, and a babble of foreign languages, Olympic fever has gripped everyone from visiting Royalty to hard-bitten taxi-drivers.

"Melbourne will never be the same again," said taxi-driver John Hines. "Why, Melburnians are even talking to strangers in the street.

"I've been driving a cab in this town for eight years, and I didn't know the town could hold so many people.

"I used to go crook about the cops occasionally, but I won't hear a word against them now. They've all been wonderful."

In a leading city hotel, Prince Axel and Princess Margaretha of Denmark are rubbing shoulders with tourists of all nationalities, and Prince Jean and Princess Josephine of Luxembourg have a friendly smile for porters and bell-boys.

It's easy to contact Princess Margaretha. You just ring her at her hotel.

"Of course you may take a photograph," she said. "It's Margaretha speaking, but I'm afraid, although I would very much like to, I cannot grant you an interview. I have had to make it a rule. I am so sorry."

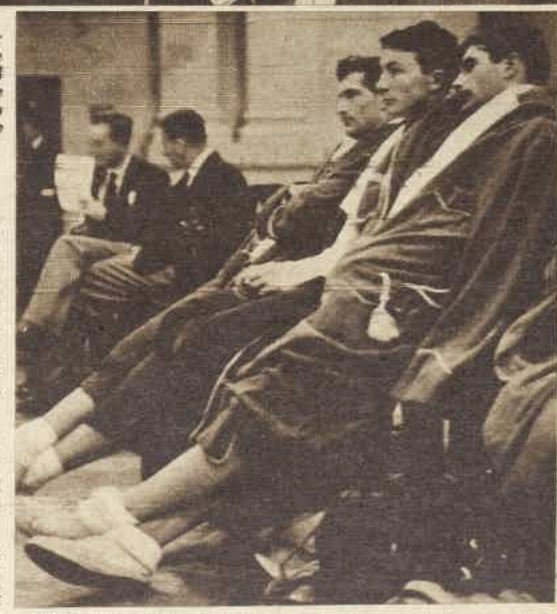
In city hotels, once-indifferent waitresses are now smilingly coping with orders given in broken English. And it's no strange sight to see one of them suddenly put down her tray and begin waving her arms in sign language to check she's got the order right.

Melbourne people have opened their homes as well as their hearts.

At one of the biggest social events no one raised an eyebrow when a socialite from Toorak leaned over and said to a friend:

"Darling, you haven't got a spare mattress, have you? Someone from Sydney rang this afternoon and asked if I could put her up, and all my beds are taken."

CONGRATULATIONS for Marlene Mathews from fiance Barry Willard (left) and coach Bill Harrison after she equalled Marjorie Jackson's 1952 record, 11.5sec., in the 100 metres.



STUDY IN RELAXATION. Australian foil team members Ray Buckingham (left), Brian McCourage, and Rod Steele rest between matches at St. Kilda Town Hall.

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Easier to hold . . . easier to carry . . . Angel Face in this glamourous new shaped compact.

New "Stay-Fresh" colour—glamourous new compact

Pond's Angel Face is all new!

...won't streak...*keeps* its skin-flattering colour

New Shaped Case

All-new Angel Face now comes in a darling shell-pink "Glamour" case with mirror and puff. So handy to carry everywhere. The most adorable size for make-up. Six "stay-fresh" shades: Ivory Angel, Natural Angel, Golden Angel, Blushing Angel, Bronze Angel and Tan Angel. **8/6**

Never before—a powder and foundation in one, so radiantly fresh as all-new Angel Face by Pond's! Never before has any make-up gone on so smoothly, so easily . . . stayed looking so heavenly!

Young faces love its clean, natural colour that really clings, never turns shiny. With just a smoothing of its soft puff, Angel Face does beautiful things to every face it touches, and looks fresh hour after hour. That's because all-new Angel Face is **triple-creamed** powder and foundation in one. Never, never drying! Never spilly! And — never streaky! Look like an angel — choose all-new Angel Face today.

Angel Face won't soak up moisture — because it's triple-creamed. Here's proof.

Ordinary dry pressed powder "soaks up" moisture from your skin and changes colour — just as it "soaks up" these water drops . . . and discolours.

New "Stay-Fresh" Angel Face won't soak up moisture, won't *discolour*. Because Angel Face is triple creamed — proofed against streaking from skin moisture.

Also available in the 'Blue Angel' Case—5/3

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THEY'LL TELL THE WORLD

LEFT: Happy Czech photographer Karel Novak smiles on this rare occasion when he is before the camera.

ABOVE: People's Republic of China newsmen. From left: Chi Hi, Yu-wen Li, Chih Chang, and Chao-Ling Zang.

RIGHT: Claude Roussel, head of the Agence France Press team, at work on a story for the Paris newspapers.

International Press turns Melbourne into vast newspaper office

By NONI ROWLAND

An American photographer, who preferred covering the Korean war to photographing Marilyn Monroe, a reporter who gave the world the first story from inside Japan of the atomic bomb explosion at Hiroshima, and an Englishman, who sent back a story of his own operation for appendicitis in a Moscow hospital, are among the army of overseas pressmen in Melbourne to cover the Olympic Games.

ABOUT 500 accredited journalists and photographers from almost every country in the world are working around the clock, gathering stories and pictures to send back to their millions of readers.

Several of them, like Mrs. Myrtle Cook-McGowan, a former Olympic gold medallist, are doing a dual job.

Mrs. Cook-McGowan, who has been women's sports editor of the Montreal "Daily Star" for 27 years, is coach and manageress of the Canadian women's team.

In addition, she is covering the Games for her paper. She won her gold medal at the Amsterdam Games in 1928 for the 440 relay sprint.

I tracked down top Fleet Street sporting writers Jim Manning, of "The Sunday Dispatch," and Peter Wilson, of "The Daily Mirror," in their hotel rooms before they were leaving for an evening reception.

Manning, who could be taken for a London city businessman, is the "first and only foreign journalist to study sport in Russia." He paid a two months' visit to the country last September.

"However," he said, with a wry smile, "I started off my tour in a hospital bed in Moscow with an attack of peritonitis. From my bed I wrote a story about how a Mongolian surgeon had removed my appendix. Peter Wilson, who was also in Russia at the time, phoned the story to my London office."

Both Jim Manning and Peter Wilson were in Budapest three weeks before the first rebellion flared up. They were covering an athletics match between Britain and Hungary.

Peter Wilson, who is as well known for his B.B.C. sporting commentaries as his newspaper column, is probably one of the most widely travelled of the visiting pressmen.

He estimates that he travels from 50,000 to 70,000 miles a year.

Genial Bill McGowran, sports columnist for the "Evening News," London, is another widely travelled member of the British team. He has been to every European capital "except Moscow," and "every continent except Africa."

"But if I were 20 years younger I think I'd settle down in Australia," he said.

Wandering round the Olympic Village on a cold blustering day, I found American photographer Dave Cicero.

Cicero, who works for International News Photos in Los Angeles, is having an unexpected reunion in Melbourne with three other photographers who were with him for three years covering the Korean war.

He found the Korean assignment his most satisfying and rewarding job.

"I much preferred it to the cheesecake Hollywood stuff I usually do," he said.

Cicero was on the job when Marilyn Monroe made her tour of the Far East with husband No. 2, Joe di Maggio.

"Marilyn worked very hard," he said, "and was most co-operative.

"But it wasn't her figure that I noticed most. It was her mouth. She has a wonderful mouth."

American newspapers and agencies have sent a big team to the Games, but they look nothing like the gum-chewing, wisecracking "newspaper guys" in Hollywood films.

The New York "Herald-Tribune" has sent quietly spoken, popular Walter "Red" Smith, who has brought his wife with him. "Red," who wears glasses and looks like a Wall Street broker, rates the 1931 World Series (baseball championships) as the most exciting job he has done.

As a young reporter, one of his most macabre assignments was to cover the electrocution of a middle-aged man who had shot his sweetheart's husband.

GOVERNMENT RECEPTION for visiting journalists was a brilliant occasion. With Noni Rowland, of The Australian Women's Weekly, are: from left, Peter Osugo, "The Daily Times," Lagos, Nigeria, and Fleet Street writers Jack Pearl, "Sunday Pictorial," Peter Wilson, London "Daily Mirror."

"I took it all right," he said, "but a big, handsome Illinois State trooper fainted and had to be carried out."

Tall, good-looking, and softly spoken John Lardner, in Melbourne for "Newsweek" and the "New Yorker," was here in 1942 as a war correspondent in the Far East, and again last year to write about Melbourne's preparations for the Games.

John is the son of the late "Ring" Lardner, one of the most famous American sporting writers.

I had breakfast with fast-talking, colorful Nat Fleischer, editor and publisher of America's famous boxing magazine "The Ring," in his hotel before he went out to see the Olympic boxers.

Nat, who has been in the newspaper game for 51 years, has covered every major boxing event in the world, including the Jimmy Carruthers-Chamren Songkitrat world bantamweight championship bout in Thailand.

I caught up with Leslie Nakashima, who is representing the Tokyo Bureau of United Press, in the foyer of Hotel Hiu.

Nakashima, who was born in Hawaii, has lived in Japan since 1934, and wrote the first inside story of Hiroshima.

"When the United Press boys came in with General MacArthur I had the Hiroshima story ready for them," he said.

In a smoke-filled Press room at the Olympic Games stadium a big team of journalists from Agence France Press are sending back thousands of words on the Games to France.

Leader of the team is Claude Roussel, who is covering his fourth Olympic Games.

Roussel, who looks like a junior university professor, worked with the French Underground Movement during the war.

Claude introduced me to a colleague, Jacques Chateau, who covered the Spanish Civil War for the former Havas Agency. Flying home on leave from Madrid to Paris in 1936 the aircraft was shot down and Jacques had to have his right leg amputated below the knee.

However, in spite of his wooden leg, Jacques Chateau was on the job in North Africa in World War II. He was in charge of the agency's office in Tunis.

Massimo Della Pergola, of "Sports Illustrato," Milan, was winding both his wristwatches when I met him.

"I always carry two watches," he said, "ever since I slept through most of the big Soccer match I was sent to cover in Prague in 1937.

"I thought I would have a sleep before I went out to the match scheduled to start at 4 p.m., woke up once, saw it was only 2.15, and went back to sleep.

"When I woke up again my watch still said 2.15, and, oh, did I run to that football ground. I ran faster than Landy.

"After trouble getting in at the gates I arrived just in time to see the only goal scored during the match. Italy beat Czechoslovakia, 1-0.

"So I got my story.

"But it taught me a lesson. Now I always carry two watches."

Scandinavian countries will get their accounts of the Games from a big team of top sporting writers.

"Norway" Mr. P. Chr. Andersen, news editor of Oslo's "Aftenposten," has probably chalked up more Olympic Games than any of the visiting pressmen, and of any member of the international Olympic committee.

The Melbourne Olympics will be his 15th, including the Winter and Summer Games.

As a young reporter, he covered his first Games in 1912. During World War II, Mr. Andersen was put into a concentration camp for a year by the Gestapo for working on an underground newspaper.

Of all the headline stories he has written, Mr. Andersen's favorites are the ones he put through in Norway's first free newspaper at the end of World War II.

PHOTOGRAPHER Dave Cicero, of America's International News Photos, busy on the training track, has photographed many Hollywood stars. He cites Joan Crawford as the best subject of all, despite occasional temperamental outbursts.

MASSIMO DELLA PERGOLA, Italian columnist, who since 1937 wears two watches, since one that stopped then almost made him miss an important story.

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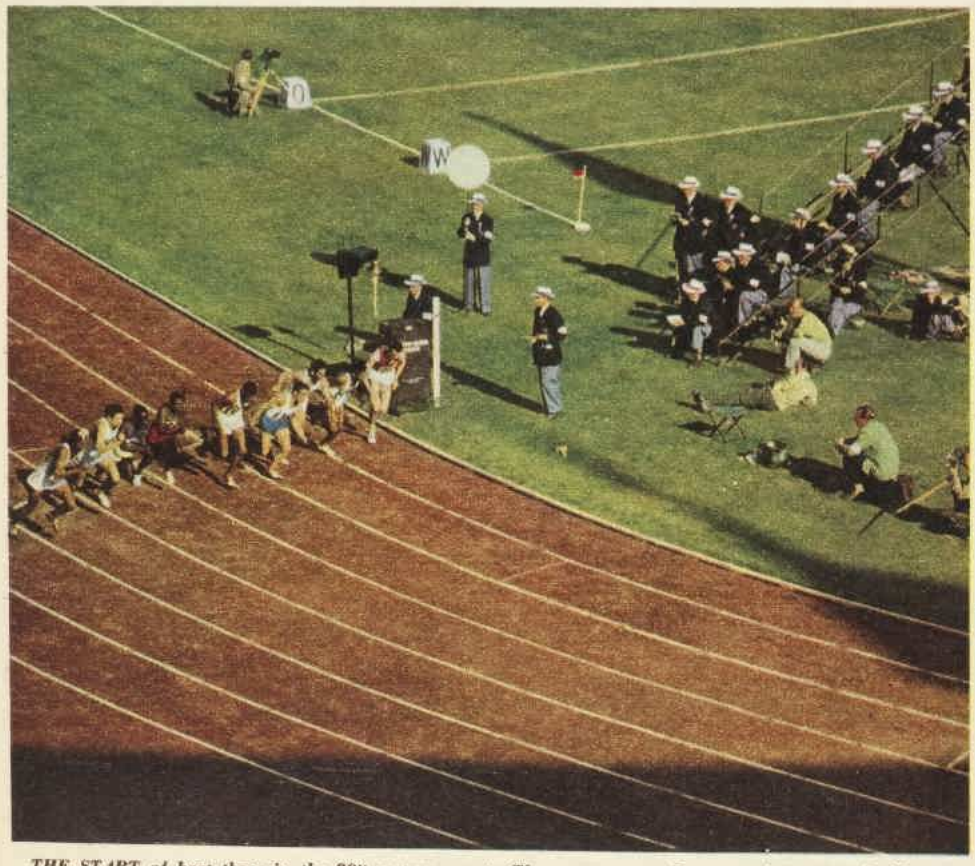
WINNERS . . . AND LOSERS

WOMEN DISCUS THROWERS. Gold medal winner Czechoslovakian Olga Fikotova (right) threw the discus 176ft. 1½in. to win the event. Australian competitor Lois Jackman (left) qualified for the finals, but was unplaced.

RUMANIAN Lia Manoliu was one of the most attractive competitors. She tied her hair back from her face in a pony tail.

RUSSIAN Nina Ponomareva came third in the event, throwing the discus 170ft. 8¼in. Nina, of hat fame, was one of the most-photographed women athletes.



THE START of heat three in the 800 metres event. The runners are off to a good start, watched by a row of judges on a "stairway" box. Australia's Jim Bailey is the third runner on the right, and critics said later he "gave a brilliant display of tactics." There was a field of nine runners in the heat.

AND THE FINISH of the 800 metres heat, with Jim Bailey (Australia) winning from American Arnie Sowell. The crowd of 90,000 went wild with delight as Bailey went past the post in 1min. 51.1sec.

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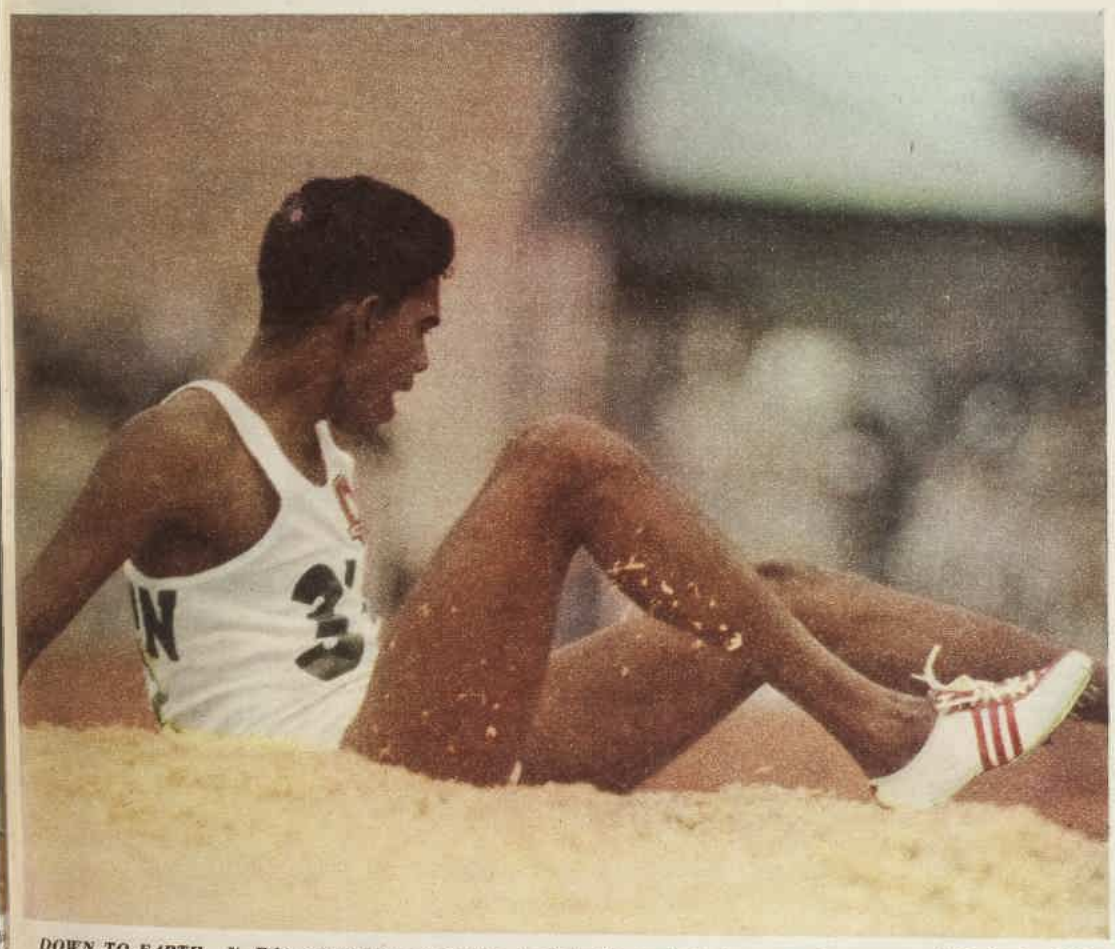
VICTORIOUS. Charles Dumas (U.S.A.) clears the bar during the high jump. He won with a leap of 6ft. 11¼in., which is 1in. less than the world record he set last June.

DISCONSOLATE. Sweden's high jumper N. B. Nilsson breaks down after failing to qualify in the elimination rounds of high jump. The team manager consoles him.



DOWN TO EARTH. N. Ethirveerasingam, of Ceylon, lands in the sawdust after competing unsuccessfully in the high jump. The finals of the event were held in the dusk of early evening, and the immense crowd of spectators were tense as they watched the hard-fought duel between Charles Dumas (United States) and Charles Porter (Australia).

PHILOSOPHIC. J. Telles Da Conceicao, of Brazil, was unplaced in the high jump, but he was one of the most colorful athletes on the arena in a brightly striped wrap.

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WORTH REPORTING

A SOUTH AUSTRALIAN baseballer, who played against a visiting American team in the 1930s, is looking forward to a series of night baseball matches against another American team at the Norwood Oval on December 4, 5, and 6.

He is Ron Sharpe, who is described by South Australian night baseball secretary Mr. W. H. Stephens as "the greatest pitcher Australia has produced."

He was pitching for the State side at 15, and he is the only baseballer to have won the annual American Helms Cup for the "most outstanding Australian athlete of the year."

The visiting Americans are servicemen from the Far East, headed by Colonel Leonard Weissinger. They will play exhibition baseball at the Olympic Games against an all-Australian side before going to Adelaide.

Barry Wiles, who will play for the Australian side in Adelaide, is a son of Bill Wiles, who a generation ago played against the American team of the 1930s.

IN a Sydney suburb we saw a group of small boys playing the latest game.

They were all running. The one in the lead bore a dedicated expression, also his mother's dish mop, which he carried in his right hand, mop upwards, in the best Olympic Torch tradition.

THE five Olympic circles are appearing in surprising places.

We've seen them in Melbourne embroidered on girdles in an arcade lingerie shop; in sequins around the skirt of a ball gown; planted in pansies outside the Olympic Village; made up in old painted car tubes at a suburban garage; and in a rectangular, train-carriage shape on Flinders Street railway building.

THE huge figure of an Olympic runner carrying a torch dominates the front of a leading Sydney store.

Passers-by stop to look at the figure, which gleams like dull bronze on its six-foot-high base. It is 20 feet high overall, and weighs about a ton. It took 30 people to get it into position.

This was the first of the Olympic decorations in Sydney, and was created by the store's display department.

The store also has excelled itself in Christmas decorations and attractions for children. The story of Dick Whittington and his cat is told in animated figures (life-like and beautifully dressed) in the "Magic Caves" on the fifth floor.

Spastic and sub-normal children were guests at the opening of Santa Land and the Magic Caves, and they were given a Christmas party afterwards.

"This'll give you an idea."

DEEP-SEA fishing, chop picnics, family dinner parties, and weekend visits to grazing properties are included in the social programmes of many Melbourne Olympic visitors.

The outings have been arranged by the Olympic Civic Committee in the lower Melbourne Town Hall — a committee that has been matching visitors' wishes with hospitality offers made by thousands of Victorians.

The committee's hospitality officer is Mrs. John Chaldjian, who is assisted by 100 voluntary workers, one of whom is Pat Weinman, from Colombo, the first Olympic visitor to arrive in Melbourne.

Mrs. Chaldjian, who is determined that Melbourne hospitality will play a big part in the success of the Games, would like this "Meet the Australians" organisation to continue after the Games. Denmark has such an organisation.

"We have boxes of offers from families and firms," Mrs. Chaldjian said.

Among them is one from Mr. J. R. Blakeman, of Blackburn, Australian Director of the International Geranium Society, who will show his geranium displays to flower-loving visitors.

The Melbourne eight-millimetre movie club will take photographers on day trips and lend them equipment. Many firms have offered conducted tours of their industry.

For this Olympic service, the lower Melbourne Town Hall has been repanelled and furnished with natural Australian woods.

In the centre is a huge circle of Victorian flowers, while dioramas and miniature displays in boxes round the walls give a vivid picture story of Australian life.

ONE hundred schoolboys, wearing purple caps with gold kangaroos on the front, have a block of seats at the Games.

They are members of the Young Australia League in Western Australia, who, with the exception of three boys, are attending every day of the Games from the opening ceremony to the Soccer finals on December 8.

The three will be sitting for the Junior Intermediate examination at Melbourne University on the same days as their schoolmates back in Perth. Examinations and all, they still think it worth while.

This party of 100 has been booked since last January, and they took up most of the seats in two planes on their way to Melbourne.

A MELBOURNE girl is spending her lunch-hours "trailing" visiting athletes she sees shopping round town — just to see Melbourne's reactions to the different nationalities.

"Some people stare, some just ignore, some look interested, and some smile," she told us. "A few even stopped to shake hands one day with two Nigerians I was following."

She says she begins to feel quite possessive about her "charges" by the end of her lunch-hour.

WE thought that by now everyone would be able to spell Olympic, but, no!

On the Olympic souvenir-stacked counter in an Olympic-decked city store, pinned to a souvenir scarf with Olympics generously scrawled across it, was the price tag—"Olimpic scarf, 9/11."

THE Royal Automobile Club and Shell Touring Service in Western Australia have sent more than 1000 cars through the red dust of the Nullarbor Plain on the 2000 miles between Perth and the Olympic Games.

The water-bag has been the badge of all these travellers who also gave pride of place in their cars to a four-gallon water-drum.

Most cross-desert motorists had feared running out of water, but their biggest worries turned out to be the chilly dawns and freezing nights.

JUNIOR autograph hunters in Melbourne's Heidelberg district puzzled parents with one of the latest signatures in their collections.

In sweeping handwriting it simply said, "Bullfighter, Spain."

We tracked it down to a fun-loving young shop-assistant in the general store outside the Olympic Village.

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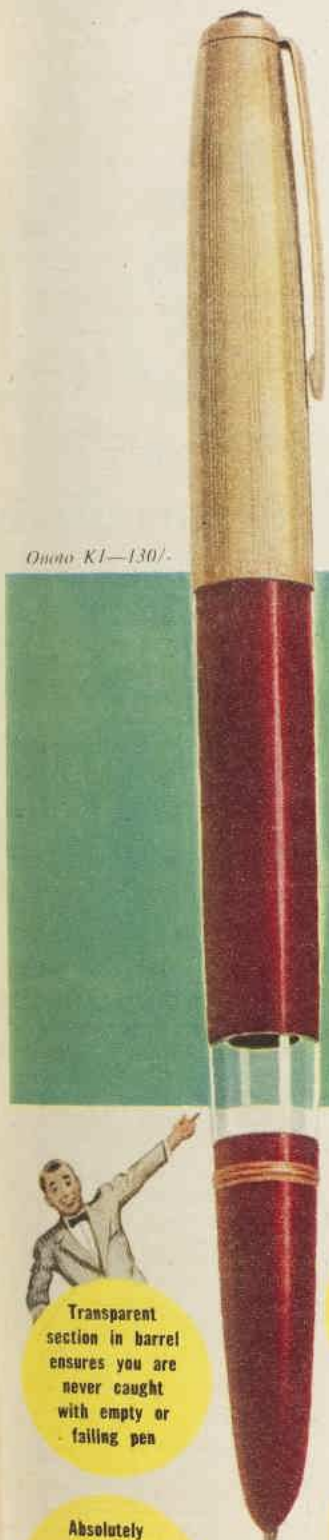


Onoto K1—130/-

De Luxe Gift Set—198/6

Transparent section in barrel ensures you are never caught with empty or failing pen

Holds more ink than any other pen sold in Australia, but has slender lines

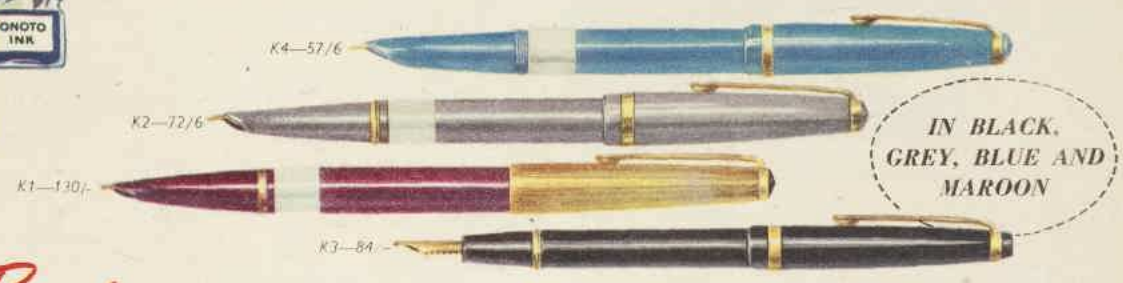
Everything guaranteed completely non-corrodible in new filling system

Absolutely no rubber or other perishable material used in the filling system

Amazing new nib flexibility that puts character back into handwriting

A twist of the wrist *(on top of the barrel)* fills the amazing Onoto "K"

No other gift can bring the everlasting pleasure of the Onoto "K"... the pen that has revolutionised the whole conception of the fountain pen industry. The non-corrodible, non-perishable filling system fills with a simple twist of the wrist... no messy unscrewing or hit-and-miss squeeze filling. Despite its sleek, slender lines, the Onoto "K" holds more ink than any other pen available in Australia, while the transparent section in the barrel ensures you are never caught with an empty or failing pen. Add to this the amazing flexibility of the 14-carat gold nib and you'll see why most people are hoping someone is giving Onoto "K" this Christmas.



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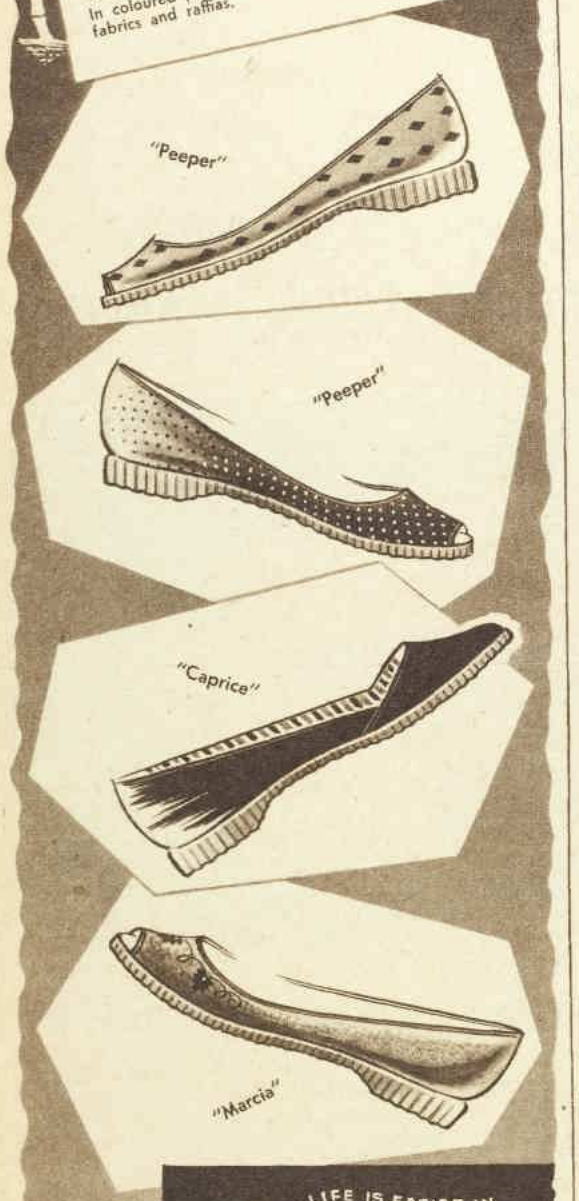

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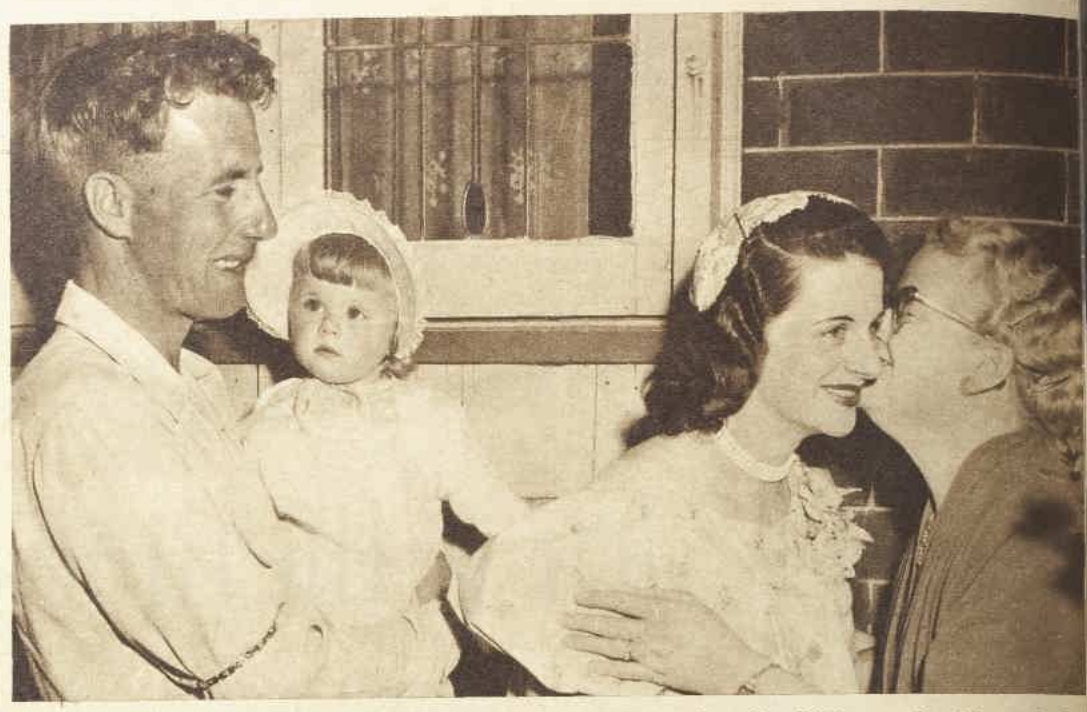
Mother brave in grief



ARRIVING IN SYDNEY from Bathurst the week before the babies were born, Mrs. Eslick was well and happy. In this picture she is greeting her aunt, Mrs. Jim Sheridan. Mr. Eslick nurses their 14-month-old daughter, Christine.

Hospital shares Mrs. Eslick's sorrow in drama of birth and death

By DOROTHY DRAIN

When Cheryl Anne Eslick, the tiniest and most tenacious of the prematurely born Eslick quads, died last Sunday morning, 16½ hours old, the whole of Royal North Shore Hospital shared the grief of her parents.

CHERYL was the third of the babies born to Mrs. Brian Eslick, of Bathurst, the night before. She weighed only 1lb. 14oz., but she had clung to life the longest.

All Saturday night and Sunday morning doctors and nurses fought to save the quads.

The babies, two boys and two girls, were ten weeks premature. From the time of their birth—between 6 p.m. and 6.25 p.m. on Saturday—their chances of survival were slender.

Even for a single birth the odds would have been tremendous.

Because of the doubt that they would survive they had been baptised soon after birth according to Roman Catholic rites by a Catholic nurse on the staff.

Alan, the first born, weighed 2lb. 8oz., Michael, the second, 2lb. 7oz., and Karen, the fourth, 2lb.

Karen and Alan lived only 12 hours, and three hours later, at 9 a.m., Michael died.

The hopes of the parents and of the hospital staff became concentrated on Cheryl.

"She's such a brave little thing," one nursing sister said. "She's putting up a tremendous fight."

And later in the day Sister Morna Mulvogue said: "If we could only have given Mrs. Eslick one to take home . . ."

That was the way the whole staff felt. The news that the birth was expected had flashed through the wards when the humidicribs were taken into the obstetric wing.

Emergency is routine in a big hospital, but the birth of quads is something that may not be seen in a lifetime of nursing.

By the time the buzzer that announces the imminence of a delivery rang through the wards the atmosphere was electric.

Many of the nursing staff who had been on day duty worked long into the night. "Nobody wanted to go off duty," one told me.

Babies' fight for life

It would have been a busy night at the hospital even without the quads. Six babies were born after midnight, and ten patients were admitted after 10 p.m.

In the nurses' quarters, many girls from other wards of the hospital stayed awake to hear the latest news from those who came in from the obstetric wing.

On the Sunday afternoon the sadness that centred in the ward, where Brian Eslick comforted his wife, was reflected in many faces.

"It's always like this," a sister told me. "You can't help sharing the feelings of the mothers. And when it's a struggle to save a baby you almost feel it is your own."

The night before, when I saw Kathleen Eslick two hours after the babies were born, she had been excited and hopeful.

She herself was well. Her 25-year-old husband, wearing a white mask and gown, sat beside her bed.

Her aunt, Mrs. J. T. Sheridan, with whom she had stayed after coming from Bathurst, was there, too.

A pretty, soft-voiced girl of 21, Kathleen talked happily of how she had chosen the names for two boys and two girls some weeks ago, before she knew that she was to have quads.

Mrs. Eslick entered hospital last Friday. The babies were not due until the end of January, but her Sydney specialist advised that she go to hospital as a precaution.

A week before she had come to Sydney to stay with her aunt and uncle, Mrs. and Mr. Jim Sheridan, at Naremburn.

On Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock she had her first suspicion that the birth might be imminent.

"But it was visiting hour," she said, "and I didn't want to disturb anybody."

She did not have any visitors of her own. Her husband was intending to visit her that night.

At 3.30, as the last of the visitors to other patients left the hospital, she told the sister on duty.

Shortly before five o'clock, a telephone call shattered the calm of a Saturday afternoon at the Sheridans' house on Park Road, a few blocks away from the hospital.

Brian Eslick, who had intended to get a job in Sydney while his wife was in hospital, was calmly washing his car.

Brian and Mrs. Sheridan rushed to the hospital. The first baby was born at 6 p.m., the others at 6.15, 6.20, and 6.25.

(The Sara quads were born during three days, the Luckes in 2½ hours. The Sara quads weighed 5lb. 11oz., 5lb., 3lb. 9oz., and 3lb. 11oz. The Luckes weighed 5lb. 11oz., 5lb. 5½oz., 4lb. 11oz., and 3lb. 6oz.)

Just before I left the hospital on Saturday night I glimpsed the babies in their humidicribs through a glass peephole in the closed doors of the premature ward. Farther along the corridor you could hear the healthy chorus of crying from the "full-time" babies in the nursery.

Sister Ruth McClelland, sister-in-charge of the obstetric wing, told me that the quads were "battling."

Mrs. Eslick did not see her babies that night. The staff kept a constant watch on them. For such tiny babies the humidicrib, with its controllable temperature and supply of oxygen, is the only hope.

Soon after six next morning, when two of the babies had died, Brian Eslick and Mrs. Sheridan were recalled to the hospital. They decided it was best to tell Kathleen. She asked then to see the others and was taken in a wheel-chair to the premature ward.

"They were so tiny and so perfect," Mrs. Sheridan told me. "The boys were dark and the girls were fair. Kath was brave, but she said, 'If only

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MR. ESLICK visited his wife soon after the quads were born. She was well and, when this picture of them was taken, both felt hopeful that the babies would live.

I can keep one little girl and one little boy.'

"She had wakened up in the middle of the night, she said, and felt something was wrong. She knew herself that the babies were too tiny, but, of course, she had hoped."

Early in the afternoon Brian Eslick had to break the news to his wife that the others had died. By that time her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Stapleton, were already on their way by car from Burraga, near Bathurst, to see her.

All day the phone rang at the Sheridans' house. Mrs. Sheridan has four sons, three of them grown up. In the morning one had rushed round the garden and the neighbors' gardens collecting an armful of flowers to take to Kathleen. Another drove Brian Eslick to Narrabeen to tell the news to his own mother.

Mary Stapleton, Kathleen's 17-year-old cousin, made cups of tea all day for callers, and looked after the Eslicks' 14-month-old daughter, Christine.

Kathleen has nine brothers and three sisters. The youngest boy is four months old. Her two elder sisters are married. The others are all at home, and when she left Bathurst for Sydney they had all driven in 60 miles to the aerodrome to see her off.

All her relatives had given her presents for the babies' layettes. Her brothers between them bought 16 baby singlets.

I saw Kathleen at visiting hour on Sunday, a few hours after the babies had died.

Her bed was screened off in a sunny corner of the ward, and Brian sat beside her and held her hand.

"At first I just felt I had to forget," she said. "But then I thought about the babies and how they looked when I saw them. And now I want to remember."

Beyond the screen other mothers had visitors. Outside in the corridor fathers were looking through the glass window of the nursery at their new sons and daughters.

It will, indeed, be hard for her to forget.

Messages of sympathy

HUNDREDS of telegrams and messages of sympathy have poured into the hospital for Mrs. Eslick.

Among those she received were telegrams from Mrs. Agnes Lucke, in Gooburrum, Queensland, and from Mrs. Betty Sara, in Sydney. The day Mrs. Eslick arrived in Sydney from Bathurst, Mr. Sara drove the taxi which took her from the aerodrome to her aunt's home.

SISTER-IN-CHARGE of the obstetric wing at Royal North Shore Hospital, Sister Ruth McClelland, in the corridor near the premature ward on Saturday night. Doctors and nurses fought all through the night to save the quads.

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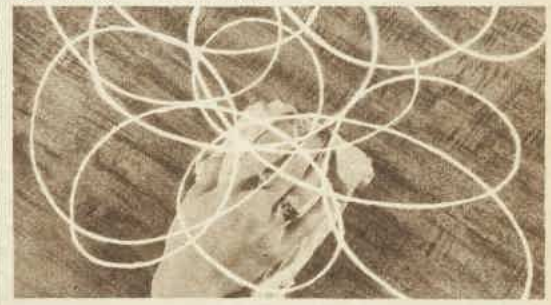

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MELBOURNE DANCE. Mrs. Ian Platt-Hepworth (left) and Mr. Platt-Hepworth with Mrs. Eric Abrahams at a dance for 400 guests given by Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Newton at "Ripponlea," Melbourne. Mrs. Platt-Hepworth wore clotted-cream brocade and Mrs. Abrahams chose pleated beige tulle.

OLYMPIC TORCH BALL. Mr. Marcel Dekyvere (left), Mrs. Dekyvere, and Mrs. Noel Vincent at the Olympic Torch Ball, held at the Palais, St. Kilda, Melbourne. Mrs. Dekyvere chose a softly draped dress of cinnamon chiffon and Mrs. Vincent wore a dress of black-and-white spotted organza.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

TRIO OF GUESTS (from left), Mrs. Neville Manning, Mrs. Lionel McFadyen, and Mr. McFadyen at a cocktail party for 500 guests held on board the new American liner Mariposa during her four-day visit to Sydney.

WITH school examinations behind them and the longed-for summer holidays stretching ahead, most of Sydney's teenagers have chalked up an impressive number of parties over the Christmas season.

One 17-year-old tells me that she is looking forward to an average of ten parties each week between now and the New Year.

Among the first to set the ball rolling is the leaving class at St. Aloysius' . . . nearly 50 boys will entertain their friends tonight, November 29, at the Linden, Cremorne.

Annabel Hilbert, of Turramurra, will be guest of honor at a gay party to be held at St. Malo, Hunter's Hill, on December 15.

Mrs. Arthur Spurgeon, of Darling Point, will give a "coming-out" dance for her daughter Sally on December 13. The dance will be held at the official naval residence, "Tresco," Elizabeth Bay.

• • •

LIFE is very exciting just now for pretty June Anderson, who announced her engagement to Lieut. Peter Poland, R.N., soon after she returned from a trip overseas. Peter, who is the son of Vice-Admiral Sir Albert and Lady Poland, of "Lambden Farm," Pluckley, Kent, England, has been in Australia for the past two years on loan to the Royal Australian Navy. The young couple will be married at St. Mark's, Darling Point, on December 22, and early in January they will voyage to England, where Peter will take up a new posting. June is the daughter of Mr. Neville Anderson, of Edgecliff, and Mrs. D. Anderson, of Darling Point.

• • •

FASCINATING souvenirs of her six months' trip overseas are being worn by Mrs. Dorothy Small, of Rose Bay. Mrs. Small bought lots of costume jewellery—in Paris, New York, Rome, Zurich, and Inverness, Scotland.

• • •

FLAT-HUNTING occupies most of the time of Pam Shepherd and George Coore, who announced their engagement recently. The young couple plan to marry next June — provided they find a flat! Pam is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Shepherd, of Manly, and George is the younger son of Commander Edgar Coore, R.N. (retired), and Mrs. Coore.

Anne

SIGHTSEEING PRINCESSES. Princess Josephine Charlotte of Luxembourg (left), who is attending the Olympic Games with husband Prince Jean, and Princess Margaretha, who is in Melbourne with her husband, Prince Axel of Denmark.

RECEPTION. Commander John Adams, of the Royal yacht Britannia, with Prue Pearson at a reception given for Sir Percy and Lady Spender at the Trocadero.

YOUNG THEATREGOERS Helen Barriskill and Ross Small at the opening of "Tea and Sympathy" at the Theatre Royal. Helen leaves soon for a holiday overseas.

FIRST NIGHT. Barrie Pointon and Pamela Carter at the Empire Theatre on the opening night of Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Gondoliers." Pamela covered her full-skirted black silk dress with a fur stole.

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ELIZA DOOLITTLE AS "MY FAIR LADY"

DISCOVERY of Eliza Doolittle. "My Fair Lady" opens on a Covent Garden scene with Rex Harrison, as Professor Higgins, taking notes on Eliza's caterwauling Cockney speech. Young English actress Julie Andrews plays Eliza. Picture by Cecil Beaton.

Shaw's "Pygmalion" wows Broadway

Story and backstage pictures by ROBERT FELDMAN, of our New York staff

● The biggest musical hit on Broadway since "South Pacific" is an almost total British import with a libretto by George Bernard Shaw and with British actors in the three star roles. It is "My Fair Lady" —"Pygmalion" set to music.

LITTLE has been changed from the original play except the insertion of the musical numbers. But even these are ingeniously contrived by adapters Alan Lerner and Frederick Loewe to blend smoothly into the plot.

They have developed Shaw's phrases and ideas.

The production opened last March and quickly captured the imagination and the dollars of Broadway theatregoers.

Bookings are six months in advance. Good tickets are blackmarketing for up to 100 dollars (about £A50) a pair.

"My Fair Lady" has obviously settled in for a long run. At present it is not scheduled for production in London's West End until the middle of 1958. So Australian audiences will almost certainly have to wait even longer for it.

Rex Harrison is the star as Professor Henry Higgins, who turns a saucy Cockney flower-seller into a lady and teaches her to speak the King's English.

Julie Andrews, who plays the Cockney Eliza Doolittle, is a 21-year-old London actress who captivated America in 1954 in "The Boy Friend."

As Eliza she approximates Shaw's requirements of the role more closely than any of her celebrated predecessors.

In his stage directions Shaw described Eliza as "perhaps 18, perhaps 20, hardly older."

Yet Mrs. Pat Campbell, for whom he wrote "Pygmalion," was 49 when she first played in it in 1914. Lynn Fontanne was 39 when she appeared in the Theatre Guild's production in 1926, and Gertrude Lawrence was 47 when she undertook Eliza in 1945.

Stanley Holloway, the durable British comedian, makes Alfred P. Doolittle, Eliza's father, an uproarious and also a sympathetic character.

His song-and-dance numbers, "With a Little Bit of Luck" and "Get Me to the Church on Time," almost steal the show.

One sure measure of the success of "My Fair Lady" is the applause that follows Harrison's acid-tongued verses.

Ironically, he doesn't sing a note. He merely speaks his lyrics in tempo, and this makes them even more effective.

BACKSTAGE SHOT. In his dressing-room, Stanley Holloway, with his wife and son Julian, 12, prepares for his rousing scene in Act III. He plays Eliza's father.

STAR Rex Harrison beside a portrait of George Bernard Shaw, which he keeps in his dressing-room. Shaw gave it to him when Rex filmed in "Major Barbara."

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5841046

SOCIAL LAUNCHING. Eliza Doolittle's plunge into society takes place at Ascot races, when she has tea with Professor Higgins' mother. An elegant admirer moons over her (left), while she chatters in her newly acquired accents about her aunt's weakness for gin. In amused dismay, Professor Henry Higgins balances a teacup on his head. Leonard McCombe photograph—"Life" magazine.

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It is the lightest powder you can imagine. So soft, so fine, it brings to the complexion a delicate, clinging veil of loveliness.

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Say it with Three Flowers

TFS8.143

Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

Youthful intentions are generally based on impulse, and lack of years sometimes dictates an action that will cause embarrassment and hurt that may last for years.

THIS week's mail brought in several letters that demand a lot of thought before their writers take any action.

Here is one of them:

"WE are a class of high school girls, and we are very troubled about our teacher. She is 40 years of age, and unmarried, and seems to be very much attracted to our school gardener. She will give us written work and go outside to talk to him about the flowers (?). He often gives her posies, which she tenderly cherishes, and then for hours afterwards goes round in a dream. We would like to see her happy, and wish her only the best, but she is neglecting us for the gardener. We are in Intermediate class, and this makes it even more serious. What should we do? Should we tell the headmistress, and attempt to break the romance?"

"Watchbirds."

No. I think you should all mind your own business. None of you seem to be paying much attention to your work, so I take your protests about wanting to pass the Intermediate with a grain of salt. You all sound jealous of your teacher, and as if you watch her like hawks, instead of doing the work she gives you. I doubt very much whether she is neglecting you. Her living depends on whether she gets a good percentage of passes in the examination, and I bet she won't jeopardise it. Your letter also implies that your headmistress is dull. If the romance is as blatant as you say, the headmistress would be on to it like a shot, for all headmistresses are clever and mentally alert. To be perfectly honest, I don't believe your story is entirely true. I think courteous attentions may have been magnified by you into something that would be a good alibi if you failed in your examination.

"I AM leaving home just after Christmas, and I want to have a small party at home with a few of my friends. The trouble is that we have only a rather small living-room at home, which leads on to an equally small verandah. I am 18, and there will be about 12 guests, all between 17 and 23. I have a radiogram and a good supply of records—classics, pops, and novelty recordings—and can borrow more if necessary. I feel these will not cover the whole evening. I was wondering, with this problem of limited space, if you could suggest what on earth I can find to entertain my guests. I have never given a party before, and have been to very few, as you will no doubt realise from my lack of clues. Would you also offer some ideas of dress, please?"

N.K., The Entrance, N.S.W.

You seem to me to have the ingredients for a wonderful party. Parties in a small room are always better. Big rooms let the guests spread out into different groups, and no one ever seems to have the same amount of fun. Your radiogram solves all your entertaining problems, but I know how you feel. You are suffering from an acute attack of hostess panic, a disease from which only the most experienced party-givers are free. If you want a few mad games as well, though, Debbie had some bright ideas in our issue of September 26. Perhaps you could look them up. As far as dress is concerned, I think for a summer party by the sea informal cottons are ideal.

"I AM 14½ years old, and I am 5ft. 6in. tall. I have a fairly good figure, 34, 25½, and 37. My father is a hopeless drunk. He has a different job every few months. My mother is practically a nervous wreck, and she bursts out in bad temper over anything at all. I am very unhappy at home, so I have recently joined our local church choir, where I have found happiness in the Lord. At church there are some nice, decent boys, of whom I am quite fond, but I do not know how they feel towards me, and I know I am still too young to go out with boys. I have talked to my mother many times about my father, but she will not do anything after 15 years. She will not go to court about him. Can you help me?"

"Unhappy," Brisbane.

I can't help you. What your mother does is her own affair, and in her adult mind she can probably see the wisdom in the course she is taking. No one can help you except yourself, and you seem to be doing pretty well at that. I would stick to your church work, and your pleasure in your new friends, and leave the solution of your family problem to your mother.

A word from Debbie . . .

RESEARCHING among this year's crop of popular young men about town about girls who are never asked out revealed some painful knowledge that should be known.

These things, according to them, automatically mean no invitations.

They are, in order of horror:

- B.O.
- Ungroomed armpits.
- Bad breath.
- Lipstick on the teeth.

Check your toilet equipment—have you a deodorant? Razor? New toothbrush and mouthwash? Tissues to blot your lipstick?

********** *DISC DIGEST* **********

AUTHORITIES on music have divided Mozart's 41 symphonies roughtly into three groups: Numbers 1 to 24 are regarded as his youthful essays in the form; 25 to 33, full of grace and variety of mood, which slowly lead up to and consolidate the perfection of his style; while from 34 onwards he develops and deepens until a magnificent culmination is reached in the "Jupiter"—No. 41.

Two particularly fine specimens of the middle period (Nos. 25 and 28) have been issued on one 12-inch LP disc, KLC.526, as part of the Mozart Bicentennial Commemorative Issue by the company concerned.

THIS present disc is performed by the Columbia Symphony Orchestra under the direction of that colossus of the baton, Bruno Walter. They have made an outstanding record.

If you're already a Mozart collector and own these two symphonies, don't be deterred from hearing this record. The chances are you will be unable to resist it.

ALTHOUGH musicians will relish these symphonies for the way they reveal "milestones" in Mozart's development, don't think for one moment they are dry.

Anyone who has enjoyed this composer's overture to "Marriage of Figaro" or "A Little Night Music," will fall in love with them after two or three hearings, and he'll soon be shopping for other enchanting Mozart symphonies such as the "Linz," "Prague," and "Haffner."

—BERNARD FLETCHER

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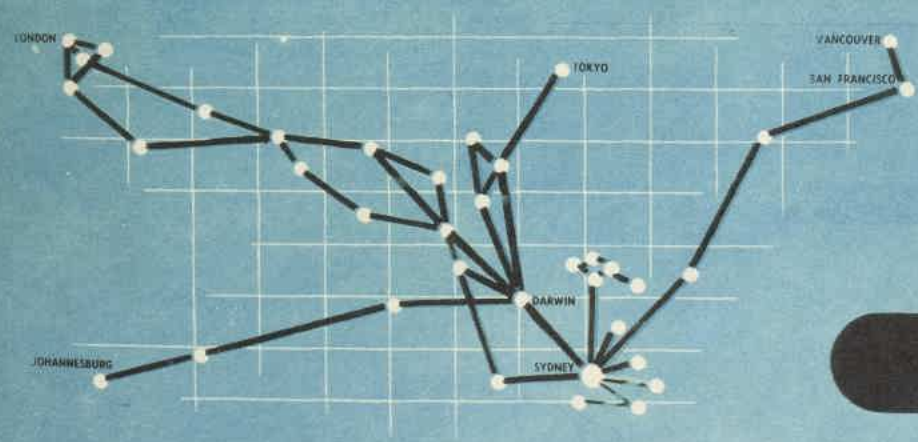
Why there is no 'U' in Qantas

IN 1920 the slogan, "As the crow flies, only faster," just about summed up the advantages of air travel. That year, nevertheless, after a survey trip by Model T Ford, what is now the oldest airline in the English-speaking world was founded. Its modest original objectives—to provide air service and joy-riding facilities for the citizens of a small part of Northern Australia—were counter-balanced by a name so imposing that the initials took over almost immediately.

Queensland and Northern Territory Aerial Service Ltd. became Qantas. And so it stands to this day. With the growth of Qantas beyond the seas, across the world to five continents, the original name has long since lost significance except to serve as a reminder of brave and difficult origins; which may be why we feel such affection for it and have resisted the temptation to change it to something more nationalistic or pretentious.

Today Qantas, with its mighty fleet of Super-G Constellations, covers over 60,000 route miles on regular schedules, including the longest over-ocean scheduled flight in the world, the 2,672 miles from Cocos Island to Mauritius on the "Wallaby" Route from Australia to South Africa.

Your Travel Agent or any office of Qantas will welcome your enquiries on air travel by Qantas to any part of the world.



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BIG PRIZES FOR

HARMONY TWINS Barry and Eric Wootton wear a Tyrolean costume for the Swiss yodelling songs they feature.

ENGLISHMAN Victor Packer is a novelty vocalist now living in Brisbane with his Australian wife and son, Stephen.

Olympic Year takes Grand Final to Melbourne

For the first time in the 16 years' history of Australia's Amateur Hour this year's Grand Final for the £1000 Lever Award will be held outside Sydney.

SYDNEY schoolgirl Winsome Evans has already won 12 cups and seven medals for piano. She is 15.

AS a gesture to Olympic year, on November 29 radio listeners all over Australia will hear the ten finalists in a broadcast from the Regent Theatre, Melbourne.

The 19 artists in the 10 acts—five of them groups—will be flown to Melbourne and accommodated there at the sponsor's expense. They come from all States except Western Australia.

Six of the finalists were chosen by listeners' votes and four by the judges, Mr. Terry Dear, director of the programme, and co-producers Mr. George Taylor (musical director) and Mr. George Stephenson, the third judge.

The winner will be announced during the weekly broadcast of the show on December 27 over the regular coast-to-coast network of 53 stations, and over Radio Australia to the world.

Prize-money to be distributed has been increased to £2500. Under a new scheme, introduced early in the year, the best act of each weekly programme has received an award of £10.

Each semi-finalist will be awarded £100, and the grand finalist wins the first prize of £1000.

Youngest of the competitors are Gaynor Bunning, a pop vocalist from Melbourne, and Sydney schoolgirl Winsome Evans, a pianist. Both are 15.

Winsome is proud of her piano, which she is paying for with her own earnings. Earlier this year Lever Bros. helped her out with a special prize of £20.

Pretty blond Gaynor Bunning made a special trip to Sydney when she was 13 to

VOCAL and instrumental duo Billy Rea and Laurie Townend raid the refrigerator at Laurie's North Sydney home before beginning rehearsals. Laurie is a keen cook.

SELF-TAUGHT instrumental group from Adelaide are New Australians Ernest Seidel, bass, and Horst Zell, piano accordion, with Johnny Ince, drums. Led by Horst Zell, the trio plays dance music, including specialty samba, rhumba, and tango numbers.

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TALENTED AMATEURS

WES HILLS' Harmonica Hepcats are Melbourne boys John Burns, Wes Hills, and Peter Day.

sing in a youth parade. Now she is heard regularly on a Melbourne radio station.

When she moves to Sydney with her family after Christmas, she hopes to have the chance of making her own recordings.

To make recordings and TV appearances is the goal, too, of the 20-year-old Harmony Twins, Barry and Eric Wootton, from Newport, Victoria.

Radio repairman Barry and Eric, who works for a small-goods manufacturer, started their careers singing for biscuits in local sweet shops at the age of three.

Another vocal and instrumental duo in the Grand Final is The Westernaires, Billy Rea and Laurie Townend, who were once rivals in a contest which Billy won.

Three young men from Melbourne, all single, but engaged to be married, make up Wes Hills' Harmonica Hepcats. With Wes, a shoe machinery engineer, are Peter Day, a printer, and John Burns, assistant to a works manager.

South Australia is represented by the Del Rio Trio, an instrumental combination led by piano-accordionist Horst Zell, who came here from Berlin, bass player Ernest Seidel, from Hamburg, and Johnny Ince, drummer.

From Launceston, Tasmania, come the Eltones, a quartet who were once known as the Rhythmaires. Originally an octet, the four now in the group are John Ride, Graham Maynard, Merv Barnes, and Don Smedley, who does the arrangements and guitar accompaniment.

All trained voices, this group is often heard from a national radio station.

Mezzo-soprano Joy Grisold, of East Preston, Victoria, says she has had more experience in acting than singing, and once played the role of Eddie Coogan in the pantomime "Ginger Meggs."

Joy, who works as a typist, lists acting, singing, and surfing among her hobbies.

Surfing was one of baritone Phillip Casier's favorite pastimes, too, until he abandoned it because it interfered with his breathing exercises.

A window-dresser in a Gosford, New South Wales, men's-wear store, his ambition is to become a professional singer.

Queensland's representative is an Englishman now living in Australia, Victor Packer, a novelty vocalist with banjo who composes many of his own songs.

One of them is dedicated to his wife, a Queensland girl whom he met and married in England.

Now they live in Brisbane, and have "one dinki-di Australian son," Stephen, who is just a year old.

15 - YEAR - OLD pop vocalist Gaynor Bunning moved from Geelong to Melbourne early this year so that she could further her singing career.

BARITONE Phillip Casier, of Gosford, N.S.W., is anxious to become a professional singer.

MEZZO-SOPRANO Joy Grisold wants to combine singing with acting in musicals.

AFTER REHEARSAL. The Eltones enjoy tea made by Mrs. John Ride. A Launceston singing group, they are Merv. Barnes, Graham Maynard, Don Smedley, John Ride.

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FOR CAR AND HOME

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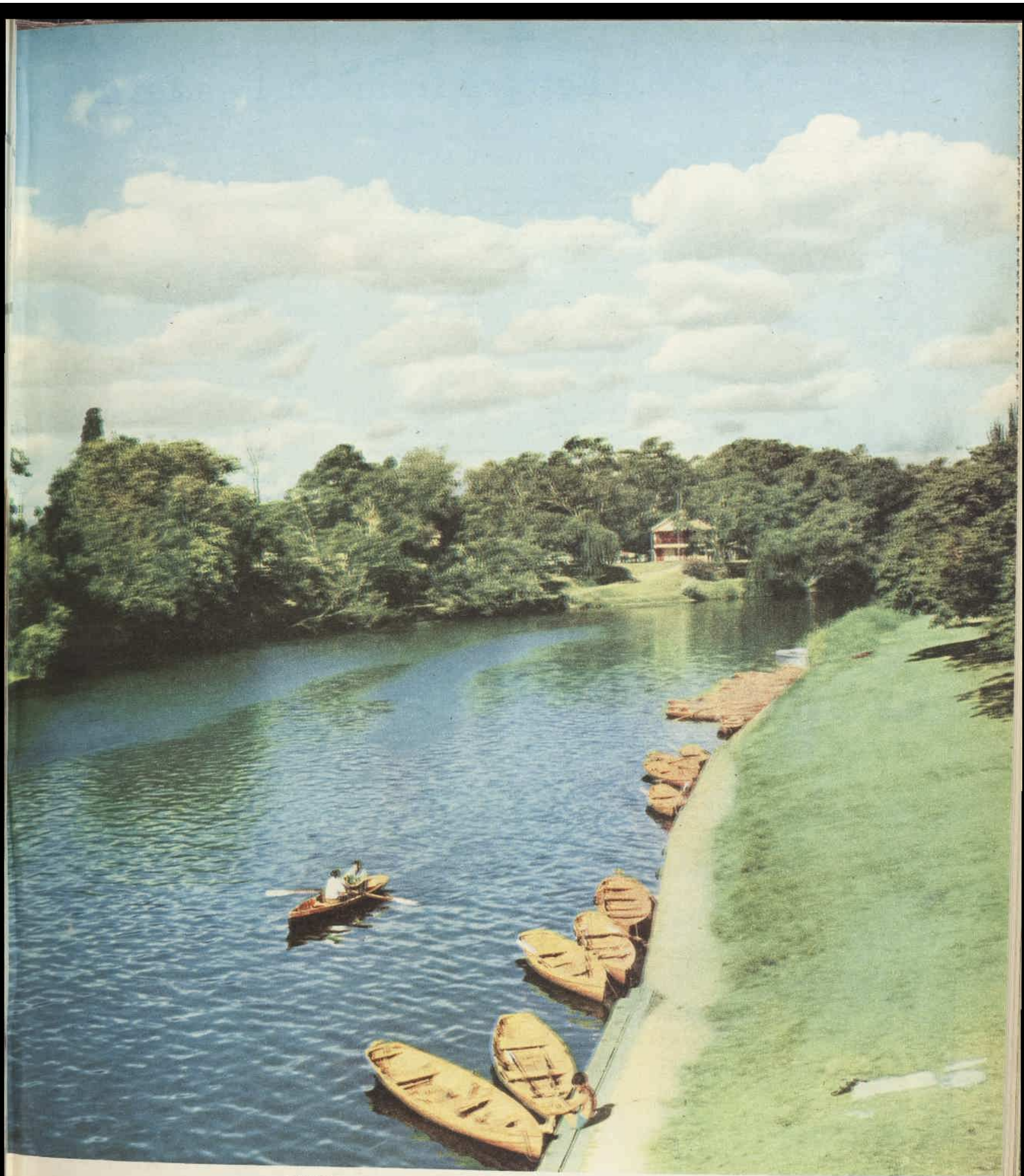

WONDERFUL AUSTRALIA

TORRENS LAKE, ADELAIDE. A stone's throw from the heart of South Australia's busy capital city, this part of the River Torrens, photographed by Vic Grimmett, of Torrensville, from Adelaide Bridge looking east, was originally called "Karra Wirri Parri," aboriginal for "river of the redgum forest." In 1881 the river was dammed to form an artificial lake. Each year the dam gates are opened and the lake is drained, making a local joke which claims the waterway as "the only river in the world where you can pull the plug out once a year." Discovered by Sir George Kingston in 1836 and named after Colonel Robert Torrens, the river is crossed by four bridges — Victoria, University, Albert, and Adelaide. The Adelaide Bridge is the full 132-feet width of King William Road and is believed to be the widest reinforced concrete bridge of its type in the world. **(See page 63 for coupon for Wonderful Australia Book)**

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Letters from our Readers

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

I AM a 17-year-old University student, and simply must let off steam about this ridiculous Dean cult. Many of my fellow students feel as I do. James Dean has done more harm than good, and has caused the misunderstood-youth theory to be highly over-rated. The cult lays the blame for all teenage crime at the feet of parents, and fans, in their desire to imitate Dean, think they detect similar faults in their own parents.

Dean idealised delinquency. His death has been made out to be more tragic than any other. Yet he did not die fighting for anything good, but, in fact, died in breaking the law. Rather than being the spirit watching over and protecting modern youth (as the cult asserts), Dean stands for the corrupt and unwholesome. The fact that fans have made him an idol shows that something vital is lacking in their spiritual and moral make-up.

If he had genius, surely he should have turned it to a nobler purpose.

£1/1/- to Connie Sloane, Arts I, 80 Guildford Rd., Guildford, N.S.W. The letter was also signed by Robyn Morriss, Arts I; Laurie Hill, Science I; John Parsons, Science II; and Pauline Rodereda, Arts I.

HOW often parents blame teachers for a child's slow progress. Many parents seem unaware that the first essential for successful study must be a desire to learn. There is not much sense in blaming only the teacher for a child's lack of interest in lessons. Parents have far better opportunities to interest and encourage children in learning and in hobbies which do more than fill in leisure hours.

10/6 to Mrs. Leila Watson, 188 High St., Bendigo, Vic.

WOULDN'T it be a wonderful idea if each of us, when placing our Christmas order with the grocer, placed an extra order to be delivered to some needy elderly person? Just a few extra foods so many elderly people have to do without. Even if it meant giving up some little extras ourselves, I think we'd be more than compensated in knowing that we had observed the true spirit of Christmas.

10/6 to Mrs. Margaret Linklater, 54 Defoe St., Punchbowl, N.S.W.

MY small daughter recently had her first—and probably last—birthday party. With memories of those I had had when a child, I yielded to her request for a few friends to come, and prepared the usual eats, drinks, decorations, and games. All that part went satisfactorily. What astounded me were the presents. None of the hankies, cakes of soap, or hair ribbons that had come my way. Instead I was amazed to see really expensive gifts. I was most embarrassed. Surely such expensive gifts are neither necessary nor advisable.

10/6 to "Amazed" (name supplied), Mittagong, N.S.W.

I HAVE never known what to write in a letter, and often had to ask my father. Then one day he told me to write what I would have told the person concerned if we met. Now I quite often find letter-writing a pleasure.

10/6 to "Try It" (name supplied), Cheltenham, S.A.

WHY should girls be the only ones to have hope chests? It's high time the idea of a hope chest for young men was adopted. Instead of household linen, men should build up a supply of carpentry gear, gardening requisites, etc.

10/6 to J. Newman, 22 Waterloo Rd., Northcote, Vic.

Shopping for housewives

I WOULD like to refer to Mrs. E. Muir's letter (7/11/'56) in which she states it is unfair for housewives to shop during the lunch hour. I fully realise the angle of the business girl, but what of the busy housewife? She finds it almost impossible to reach the city much before midday, and must return in time for homecoming schoolchildren and to prepare and cook dinner for all—including the business girl.

10/6 to Mrs. I. W. Berry, 14 Foster St., St. Kilda, Vic.

Family affairs

● ***Each family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.***

FOR ages I had been trying to find a way to bring the family to their meals on time. I tried calling them clearly. Hopeless. Boy would suddenly remember a job he had to do on the dog kennel. Sister remembered a dress waiting in the laundry to be ironed. And Hub., well he was the worst offender. He just wanted to finish the page or listen to that bit on the radio. Now I tell them that the meal will be ready in exactly five minutes, and if no one is seated at the table by then, I dish up my own and begin. They've served themselves a couple of times, but I think I've hit on the right idea.

£1/1/- to Mrs. D. McDougall, 41 Springwood St., Mt. Gravatt, S.E.10, Qld.

Ross Campbell writes...

MANNEQUIN parades used to be a purely professional sport.

But lately the amateurs have moved in.

Scores of women who once might have played euchre, or sung "Pale Hands I Loved," now have a try at the mannequin game.

I saw one of these amateur parades at a concert in aid of the Girl Guides in our district.

The clothes—lent by Beautoh Fashions Ltd.—seemed okay, and the mannequins were pretty.

Yet there was something wrong with their performance.

They lacked confidence. They had a worried, "I-wonder-what-Harry's-thinking!" look.

Professional mannequins, by contrast, swagger about as if they owned the clothes they have on.

It seems that if amateurs are to do the thing properly they need help. So I am offering them these few hints.

The first thing is to decide whether you want to be a high-fashion model or a low-fashion model.

MANNEQUINS ALL

High fashions are clothes made to impress women.

Low fashions are clothes made to impress men.

The lowest fashions are bathing suits, which impress men enormously.

Each type of modelling has its own methods.

For high-fashion work you should look as snooty as possible.

Try to think about cockroaches and other creatures you despise.

When displaying low fashions you should look more friendly.

You can smile, and sometimes give a little mad laugh.

Nevertheless, it is important, in low-fashion modelling, not to get too low.

Professional mannequins, of course, are trained at special schools.

They attend classes in snootiness, spinning round without falling, walking like emus, and so on.

If possible, the amateur should get some coaching from a retired mannequin.

There are plenty of them about.

Most mannequins only stay in the profession for a short while.

As soon as they are any good at it, crowds of men ask them to retire.

A final point I must stress for do-it-yourself mannequins is the value of home practice.

If low-fashion is your line, slip into a purple playsuit and greet the butcher with a mad laugh.

If you are the high-fashion type, borrow a strapless gown from Beautoh Ltd., and wear it at dinner one night.

You can deliver some patter at the same time: "This gown is called Mandrake. Nobody knows what keeps it up—" etc.

After all, you've nothing to lose. And if your husband is dazed enough, he might buy the gown.

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Gifts they will enjoy every day . . . and share their pleasure as they play

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IT BRINGS THE BEACH TO YOUR HOME! A great thrill in the summer for all the young family and their playmates too. It's easily assembled, has doubly-sewn heavy waxed canvas and a seat in each corner. There is a socket at each corner to take a beach sunshade and the detachable legs permit easy emptying. Available in 2 sizes.

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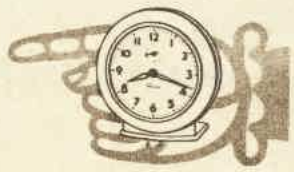

Choose a luminous Baby Ben, in smart black or classic ivory; or a non-luminous Baby Ben in the same colours. Give either—and prepare for praise!

WESTCLOX

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ALL STATES

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What's he saying?

£100 in prize-money to be won each week for clever captions

● The dog with the appealing expression in the picture above launches our new "Dog Talk" Contest. Write a caption of not more than 15 words to describe what you think the dog is saying, and the best will win first prize of £50.

"DOG TALK" will be a weekly contest, with a different dog picture in each issue and total weekly prize-money of £100.

Remember last year's "Baby Talk" Contest? It was so popular that readers have been writing to say how much amusement it provided and asking for another similar contest.

Even readers who didn't enter the contest have said how much they missed the weekly results when the series finished.

Everyone who enjoyed "Baby Talk" will find "Dog Talk" equally good fun.

Weekly prize-money of £100 is made up of £50 first prize, three awards of £10 each, three of £5, and five of £1.

The judges will award the prizes to the sayings they consider the brightest and the most descriptive of the dog's expression.

Study the picture, then think what the dog would say if only he could talk; not the ordinary bow-wow or woof-woof, but something you might say in similar circumstances.

Our dog number one, a Sydney Silky Terrier, should provide plenty of ideas, but here are some suggestions to give you a start:

● "Won't someone let me in?"

● "I thought you wanted me to see your guests to the car."

You may send as many entries as you like; but each group of entries must be accompanied by the identification coupon at the bottom left of this page.

When sending your entry, write your name clearly, with your address and State.

If the same entries are received from more than one reader, the one opened first will be the only one judged.

Christmas mail will flood postal services, so for the next few weeks get an early start on your entries, and post them as soon as you can.

Each week there will be a different dog picture; each week total prize-money of £100 is to be won.

How to Enter

1. Write a caption of not more than 15 words for the picture on this page. You may send as many entries as you like.
2. Each group of entries from the same competitor must be accompanied by the entry coupon on this page.
3. Write clearly, addressing entries to "Dog Talk," Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.
4. Entries for "Dog Talk" Contest No. 1 will close on DECEMBER 10. Winners will be announced in our DECEMBER 26 issue.
5. The decision of the judges will be final. No entries can be returned or any correspondence entered into.
6. Employees of Consolidated Press Ltd. and its associated companies and their families are not eligible to enter this contest.

ENTRY COUPON

The Australian Women's Weekly "Dog Talk" Contest No. 1. December 5, 1956

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The only setting lotion that gives brilliant highlights as it sets your hair.
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BACKACHE swiftly checked

Are you afraid to bend or stoop? Do nagging backache, aching joints make life a misery? These pains could be due to listless kidneys not carrying out their vital job of removing harmful wastes from the blood. These wastes can cause backache, rheumatic pains, loss of energy, disturbed nights, leg pains, etc. At first sign of kidney upset, follow the lead of sufferers all over the world—get Doan's Backache-Kidney Pills. Doan's should bring swift, comforting relief and set those lazy kidneys to work again.

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Film Fan-Fare

Conducted by M. J. McMAHON

Danny Kaye learns a dance

DANNY AND ROSHANARA

WHEN Danny Kaye, American stage and film star, toured India as ambassador-at-large for the U.N. Children's Emergency Fund, he learned a new dance—the Kathak.

The Kathak, which features intricate hand and finger movements, is a Court dance of the Mogul emperors. Graceful and sometimes sensuous, it was performed in olden days by the ladies of the Court for the Emperor and his guests.

Danny Kaye first saw the dance performed by Roshanara, a noted exponent of the Kathak. It apparently pleased him, for he asked her to teach him.

In all Indian classical dancing each movement of the hand and fingers has a special meaning.

As Roshanara did each one Danny copied it, with the results shown in the picture series on this page. Some of the facial twists are wholly Kaye.

5 *"YOU PUT YOUR LEFT FOOT OUT AND YOUR RIGHT HAND UP," says Roshanara as she chants a rhythm that will help her partner strike and hold the proper dance pose.*

1 *ROSHANARA, the pretty Indian girl who is a top classical dancer, shows Danny Kaye how to represent a deer by this intricate movement of the fingers.*

4 *IN THE GROOVE. The dance exhibition takes a comic curve as Danny Kaye mugs for the camera. The comedian is apparently a quick student to judge by his near-perfect hand movements. All the dance shots were photographed in the Bombay home of Roshanara's parents.*

2 *GRACEFUL hand rest depicts the rolling meadows where the deer feed. Danny finds the lesson great fun and so, apparently, does his youthful teacher.*

6 *WIDE SMILES all round as pupil and teacher fall into yet another pose of the Kathak. Danny needs a lot of tuition before attempting to perform alone, but at least he is keen.*

3 *THE FLUTE. It's not hard to imagine Krishna and his flute in this picture. Music seems to be in the air as maestro Danny purses his lips for a whistle.*

7 *THE HUNTER'S POSE shows how to shoot a bow and arrow. Danny Kaye gives the movement extra oomph by squinting one eye in an exaggerated way at any imaginary target.*

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Martine Carol is France's

● France adores Martine Carol, the most accomplished vamp in a country where vamping, like cooking and couture, rates high among the civilised arts. She has risen to be one of the greatest stars in Europe through a string of films in which she has played fatal women of elastic morals and generously displayed beauty.

AFTER six years of stardom she is more dazzlingly seductive in each succeeding picture — until her latest, "Nana," which surely marks the summit of her career as the French public's "Queen of Sex."

The color shots from the film on these pages will assist you to make up your own mind on this point.

Martine has just returned to her native France from the biggest world-wide personal-appearance tour any star has ever undertaken. With her went her husband, the French director Christian Jaque, handsome, urbane, perfectly tailored, and looking at least 20 years younger than his real age.

Film Fan-Fare

It was he who directed Martine in "Nana," the story of a naughty revue star.

Martine and Christian have been married three years and are the most famous film couple in Europe, excluding the Oliviers.

Where Martine is glowing, vital, and almost explodes into a room, drawing a cohort of admirers around her instantly, husband Christian stands quietly back, the epitome of Continental elegance and reserve.

He is unperturbed by the fact that Martine had at least a dozen fiances before they were married.

Now he directs many of her films—including the "undress" ones. He is frankly proud of her. Says he, with a fond glance her way, "Do you know, every film Martine has made has been censored in the British Commonwealth?"

It troubles him not in the least, he says, to direct a film in which the script calls for Martine to appear in her birthday suit.

Smiling brilliantly, he says, "I am not in the least bit jealous. Sometimes when directing a film I am more severe with her than I would be with another star, but that is because she is my wife. She is really a very good actress."

They live in princely style in their native France. Their country home is a rambling Provencal house in the perfume-and-flower hills of Grasse, overlooking the blue Mediterranean.

For work at the Paris studios they inhabit a luxurious apartment in the fashionable suburb of Auteuil, with lavender-tinted venetian dining-room, a poppy-red salon, and a flowered terrace. It all looks as though it stepped out of a technicolor fable.

These two owe their immense personal popularity in France to the fact that though they take a real joy in their success they have remained quite unaffected by it.

"The truth is, of course," said Christian Jaque—whom women consider more attractive than any of the Don Juans he ever directed — "that Martine is really a very good woman in spite of all the Borgias, Pompadours, and Nanas she has played.

"All the success of our marriage and of our careers together is due to her."

—From **BILL STRUTTON**, in London.

BACKSTAGE. Nana (Martine Carol) flirts with Earl Vandeuvres (Jacques Castelot), a rogue for whom she plans to leave Earl Muffat (Charles Boyer).

RIGHT: Driving around Paris with the distinguished Earl Muffat, Nana revels in her power over him, but her fickle attentions soon wander away to others.

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sexiest siren . . .

TENSE MOMENT in "Nana" for stars Charles Boyer and Martine Carol. The film, based on Emile Zola's drama, tells of a golden courtesan of Paris at the time of Napoleon III. Nana's power to attract men promotes unhappiness for many and leads eventually to tragedy.

LAVISH GOWN for Martine. Probably no actress of the French cinema can wear period gowns and gewgaws with more dash than does blond Mlle. Carol. This beautiful white robe is trimmed with gold and she holds a delicate parasol with airy ease.

ORNATE STAGE SET. With a group of performers sitting in a circle at the back, Nana (Martine) goes into her act. She is a third-rate music-hall artist.

RIGHT: Finally, Earl Muffat (Boyer), driven to distraction by Nana's infidelities and his own ruin, strangles her on the rich carpet he has bought for her.

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Outdoor Girls

NEED SKIN PROTECTION . . .

Summer sun can mean trouble for your skin, taking out the natural oils, leaving it dry and rough. But don't worry —you really needn't keep to the shadows if you use NIVEA. Only NIVEA contains Eucerite, the scientific ingredient that replaces natural oils lost to summer sun. So smooth in NIVEA before and after your outdoor fun, and keep your skin soft and youthfully young—always.

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His heart will dance to your tune when you wear tutu — the irresistible perfume with the provocative air

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THE STORY OF DOUGLAS BADER

★ J. Arthur Rank's "Reach For the Sky," based on the book by Australian author Paul Brickhill, tells the story of famous British air ace Douglas Bader, whose courage and fortitude after losing both his legs in a flying accident in 1931 have made him a legend in his own lifetime.

Group-Captain Bader, who recently toured Australia with his wife, Thelma, is portrayed on the screen by Kenneth More. Muriel Pavlow plays Mrs. Bader.

For drama purposes, it has been necessary in the film to transpose in time certain events in Douglas Bader's life and career.

1 CRASH, while putting on a "show" for civilian pilots at the Reading Aero Club in 1931, nearly costs R.A.F. pilot Douglas Bader his life. He lives but loses both legs. Friends are surprised at his stoicism and will to go on living and flying.

2 DURING CONVALESCENCE the challenge grows. Bader (Kenneth More), centre, determines to live normally. With peg-leg and crutches he drives into the country, flirts with a girl named Thelma. He plans to dance with her soon.

3 AT ROEHAMPTON HOSPITAL, Bader is fitted with his "tin legs." There, with the help of Nurse Brace (Dorothy Alison) and his own ferocious tenacity, he learns to walk again. Later he is to prove, too, that he is still an ace.

4 COMFORT of Thelma, now his wife (Muriel Pavlow), helps when Bader is grounded by regulations. His civilian job is boring for such a man of action. War changes that, puts Bader back in the air.

5 QUICK PROMOTION and the respect of all who fly with him are the flier's lot during the Battle for Britain. Douglas Bader creates crack fighting units to blaze through this torrid time. Here Bader and some of his fellow pilots give details of a scrap to an officer.

6 CAPTURED by the Germans when he is forced to bail out over France, Bader's first thought is for escape. His attempts to do just that nearly drive his captors mad. Following a near-miss break from a German hospital, he is disciplined.

7 IMPRISONMENT in Colditz, the last grim prison for British escapees, is his sentence. After liberation, Bader's spirit is still undiminished. He plans to have a "last fling" at battle, but the war ends before he can manage it.

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now made in Australia the New AMERICAN-style

Gyromatic BENDIX

that needs no bolting down, stands on any floor, needs no costly installation

You have seen the New Bendix automatic tumble-action clothes washer in American magazines, you have dreamt about it in your own home, *now it can be yours. Glamorous, completely automatic; there's no mess, no splash; your hands never touch water; all you do is turn the dial and Bendix does the rest.*

THIS IS HOW IT WORKS . . .

First, it soaks your clothes with a gentle tumble action, not in still water but in live, active water, loosening up all ingrained dirt and rinsing it away.

Then comes the "wonder wash"—the new, gentle gyromatic tumble action that sucks out all the stubborn dirt without twist or strain to even your most delicate garments.

Automatically, the warm shower rinse takes over and rinses, not once for luck, not twice for good measure, but three times to be sure, rinsing away all traces of grime and suds, leaving your clothes fresh and hygienically clean.

Then, automatically, the Bendix spin-dries your clothes, most of them to a damp-iron stage; so dry, you can't even squeeze one single drop of water from towelling or nappies.

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Only Bendix with the gyromatic tumble action can do all this **automatically.**

It cuts out your washdays. No more tiring hours standing over messy tubs, no more chapped hands, no more half-washed clothes.

Bendix will do your complete laundering from nylons to blankets while you relax.

New, exclusive to Bendix, gyromatic, self-balancing suspension has car-type shock absorbers, springs and weights which minimise vibration, eliminate any form of fastening or costly installation.

FREE DEMONSTRATION at your Local Dealer

You can have this new American-style gyromatic Bendix in your home next washday. See your local Bendix dealer—he will give you a complete demonstration and arrange finance to suit your budget.
Full price, **198** *guineas*

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Nothing else gives your hands surer protection than

ANSELL 'Silver-Lined' RUBBER GLOVES

Slip them on and off like lightning!

With Ansell's crepe surface, you can handle the most delicate china in the hottest soapy water with the sureness of bare-hand touch. They're tough — yet so light and cool! And only Ansell give you the magic smooth-as-satin silver lining. You slip them on and off like lightning — no powder, no tugging! And remember — Ansell's silver lining always stays fresh and clean. *Now* you need never touch harsh detergents, skin-drying soap powders, cleansers, paint, dirt or grime. With soft, 'Silver-Lined' rubber gloves your hands stay smooth and beautiful. So be sure you insist on the original . . . Ansell 'Silver-Lined' Rubber Gloves. Only 3/3.

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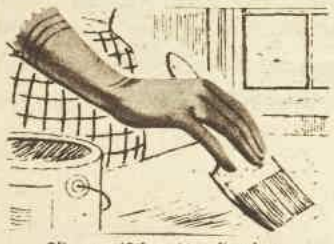
Ansell 'Silver-Lined' Rubber Gloves



Slip on 'Silver-Lined' when you're painting.

Ansell protects when you're scrubbing.

Keep your hands free from "washer-lady's fingers".

Slip them on when you're planting out seedlings.

Mam'selle Kitten

ENCHANTING picture of 22-year-old French star Brigitte Bardot. Already the darling of Europe, Brigitte is out to capture all Britain as well.

Pouty Bardot is the latest of les girls to woo Britain

The fabulous stars of Continental films are invading British cinemas en masse and spreading their bosomy empires to conquer Australia. Or, put around the other way, the British are taking to the Continental vamps and the highly flavored films in which they are packaged.

By BILL STRUTTON, of our London staff

IN the past five years the theatres showing foreign films—a large proportion of them spicy—have multiplied tenfold in Britain. Nearly 4000 British cinemas now book Continental productions.

The British censor, Harold Watkins, is unperturbed by this.

Having snipped out the more outrageous parts, he smiles tolerantly and says: "The reason many people want to see these films is because the public is growing up.

"The 'X' certificate we issue does not mean sex. It's just that the Continent produces more adult and daring films on controversial matters than Britain or Hollywood."

Be that as it may, the most successful foreign films are those which feature Europe's most gorgeous stars, with their physical splendors laid bare.

The latest and most splendid of these stars is now on the filmic warpath. She is a new French phenomenon, Brigitte Bardot, whose charms are winsome, pouty, all curves and childishness, and whose bosom is positively terrifying in one so young.

Some 50,000,000 Frenchmen are in love with Brigitte, and hail her as "the sex kitten."

Some million young Parisiennes and their sisters in the provinces are now adopting Brigitte's pony tail, her elfishly elusive manner, her pout, and her aggressive decolletage.

Her films? Here is a selected short list:

"The Light Across the Street."

"And God Created Woman."

"The Wife Is Too Beautiful."

In these films, which have catapulted her to fame, the French, with customary finesse, manage to treat the subject of infidelity with a certain comic grace.

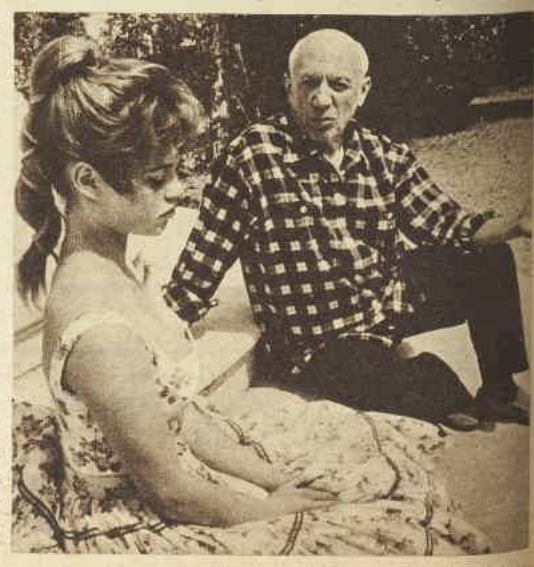
Brigitte's latest, which is creating the biggest furore of all in France and is playing to packed cinemas in Britain, bears the devastatingly honest title of "Mam'selle Strip-tease."

Curiously, like Monroe, little Miss Bardot somehow contrives to bring a wholesome gust of laughter and honesty to her lingerie sequences.

The vamps have come a long way since the days of Theda Bara, and the public has come with them.

I saw Brigitte Bardot grow up.

When I first met her at the Cannes Film Festival three years ago she was a starlet and a child, though precociously developed. To watch her evolution as a major star, developing unerringly a huge public for her kind of appeal—the little savage kitten—is



***RIGHT.** A great artist admires the youthful freshness of new film idol Brigitte Bardot. The artist is Picasso, whom she visited in his atelier on the Riviera.*

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New box-office beauty

Film Fan-Fare

to goggle at the operation of the magic machinery which turns out a big star.

Little Brigitte was already married at 17. At 22 she is already busy with her first divorce. The husband is Roger Vadim, French journalist and film director, who helped hoist her up the starry ladder. He is left without rancor—only some remarkable memories of his self-willed spouse:

"I met her when she was 15½. She had a face which combined sensuality with candor. She danced and still went to school. She received the best education in the world, but she swore like a trooper . . .

"She knows Egyptian history down to the last detail, but I had to teach her that rats don't lay eggs and that the moon always presents the same side to the earth.

"She cannot fry an egg, but she covered the chairs and divans at home as well as a professional could. She drives her car in Paris with all the assurance of a taxi-driver, but she fears spirits which become invisible monsters . . .

"It was to protect her from these monsters while I worked that I bought her a cocker spaniel . . .

"She likes dogs, birds, money, the sun, the sea, flowers, grass, kittens, and mice. I never did like to ask her where she placed me. Maybe between the kittens and the mice . . .

"When she wore her melancholy air, I asked her why she was sad. She would answer: 'I would have liked to have lived in the days of the horse and carriage.' "

An increasing world public will probably be grateful that she didn't. Although cleavage was known in those far-off days, her gaping admirers would probably have been limited to a few horsemen in the Bois de Boulogne, and not the millions of adoring devotees of the wide silver screen.

ABOVE. Glamor gown worn by Mademoiselle Bardot in the British comedy "Doctor at Sea" looks stunning. But it still doesn't disguise the "little girl" quality that is such a big part of the French girl's great appeal.

LEFT. A real milk bath for Brigitte in a scene from her new film, "Nero and Me," which is being made in Italy. In the photograph with her, and enjoying themselves almost as much as Brigitte, are Gloria Swanson (of Italy) and Alaberto Sordi.

HEY! BOYS AND GIRLS!

... chocolate OVALTINE milk shakes are GREAT!

Gee, they taste good—and with all those vitamins they make you feel good and strong.

Olympic champions train on Ovaltine! It makes them healthy and gives them strength to win races. Get Mum to buy you Chocolate Ovaltine and have a delicious milk-shake every day; remember you might be an Olympic champion yourself one day.

"SO SIMPLE—YOU CAN MAKE IT YOURSELF"

Put two or more teaspoonsful of Ovaltine in a glass and dissolve with a little hot water, add cold milk and stir. It only takes a few seconds.

KIDS-win a bike!

Enter the Ovaltine colouring competition—it's free—and win one of the many prizes! Entry forms in Women's Weekly of 21st Nov., 15th Dec., and 2nd Jan.

A MESSAGE TO MOTHERS

Children burn up energy at a terrific rate—this needs replacing even between meals. An Ovaltine milk-shake is the complete answer to this important problem! They'll simply adore the rich flavour of Chocolate Ovaltine—and, as a tonic-food supplement, you can give them nothing better.
Ovaltine is a concentrated extract of malt, milk and eggs, plus additional vitamins. Its high calorific value sustains physical energy and mental effort and promotes abounding good health.
Whilst Chocolate Ovaltine is the favourite with children, many adults prefer Malt Ovaltine because of its distinctive flavour. Why not try a can of each? It's most economical—only 3/3 a ¼-lb can. They're both delicious cold or hot.

OVALTINE
DRINK OF OLYMPIC CHAMPIONS

Behind a veil of Sno-mist

you can't offend

Sno-Mist Powder Deodorant stops odour instantly and gives lasting protection. So easy to apply—just press the top of the patent container and Sno-Mist sprays on—stays on. So much better than messy pastes and liquids.

SM 45

SNO-MIST POWDER DEODORANT

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"Linklace" Bracelet — a feature of Lincoln "Rose Ribbon" 15's and "Blue Ribbon" 12's only — a top of runproof lockstitch, arrests runs at the welt.

Smart Santas give gifts she'd choose herself... lovely Lincoln nylons

Lincoln she knows, that's why she'd choose them herself. She loves their face-powder smoothness and snug comfort, and delights in their arrow-straight seams. If you give her Lincoln you can match her moods and tastes, for Lincoln come in four "Ribbon" styles — from 30-denier sheers to feather-fine 12's — in an enchanting range of high-fashion shades.

"Rose Ribbon" 15-denier, 12/11

"Blue Ribbon" 12-denier, 14/11

"Royal Ribbon" Hi-Twist 15-denier, 12/11

"Jade Ribbon" 30-denier, 11/9

Prices may vary slightly in some States.

Lincoln NYLONS

"Linklace" Bracelet — a feature of Lincoln "Rose Ribbon" 15's and "Blue Ribbon" 12's only — a toe of runproof lockstitch stops runs from spreading to your precious sheers.

ANOTHER QUALITY PRODUCT FROM THE FAMOUS LINCOLN MILLS, COBURG, VICTORIA

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BUTCH

"I've had to accompany lots of prisoners in my day, Butch. So far, you've been more of a nuisance than any of them."

MOTHER

"He's a darling little fellow . . . so far!"

It seems to me

By

Dorothy Drain

IT is unfortunate that the commercial success of Christmas depends on whooping it up several weeks before anything like a Christmas spirit descends on the average citizen.

Already the shops are frighteningly gay and noisy. Last weekend I was gloomily reading the advertisements when I came on one which announced that all the best-loved makers of china were represented in the stocks of a certain store.

Not, mark you, makes, but makers. I realise that there are plenty of people who do, indeed, love china, as distinct from types like myself who like it well enough but in whom it arouses no deep surge of emotion.

But even those, the collectors, for instance, surely have only mild affection for the makers?

The head of a renowned firm of china manufacturers visited Australia this year. He was, from all reports, a likeable man, generally well-thought-of. But he caused no demonstrations of the kind evoked by Liberace, Elvis Presley, or, going back a bit, Frank Sinatra.

Indeed, the novels of Arnold Bennett, set in the English pottery towns, painted a picture of the pottery owner as a somewhat dour figure, sometimes respected but seldom loved.

Still, this kind of talk in the advertisements is designed to get us into the right spirit for Christmas, and, if persisted with, will, I hope, bring forth a fair imitation of goodwill when the season is a little closer.

* * *

NESTLED away in the small ads. in a daily paper last week was one that showed how varied are the anxieties of human beings.

It read: "Wanted tortoises urgently."

* * *

THE weather forecast delivered a couple of days before the opening of the Games was, I thought, cleverly worded.

It promised "agreeable" weather, though whether the term was the Bureau's or coined by the A.B.C., which broadcast it, I didn't inquire.

Agreeable to whom? To the competitors from the tropics or the temperate zones? To the home-ground spectators or the visitors?

It is a good safe word and one, I fear, that may become popular for describing weather, like "mild," which always leaves one indecisive about the day's clothing.

Sometimes "mild" means mildly cold and sometimes mildly warm.

Lately it has been much employed in Sydney to mean a nasty shivery south-east breeze and a dreary old winter suit.

But, then, as a lover of summer who finds the temperature agreeable only in the eighties, I am as unreasonable as the next one about weather and forecasts.

THE more one reads about Miss Diana Dors the easier it is to see why the British people have taken her to their hearts.

Last week, as you may remember, she made up a quarrel with her husband, Denis Hamilton. This argument at first had appeared to be the final one; later it was revealed as one of those little quarrels which occur once a week in the average household, but in film circles are broadcast across two continents.

The nicest thing about the episode was the statement made by Miss Dors when she arrived in England from Hollywood. "I am going to buy a Cadillac and then have lunch," she said.

At this stage she was still estranged from Denis, but she was putting a good British stiff upper lip on the whole affair.

And, you will notice, she was then, as at all times, feminine.

A man, faced with cheering himself up in a similar manner, would have said: "I am going to have lunch and then buy a Cadillac."

A man needs to fortify himself for a shopping excursion. A woman couldn't enjoy her lunch for fearing that someone might be snapping up the orchid-pink model she had her heart set on.

The world of Miss Dors is one far removed from the ken of ordinary women. Few ride in Cadillacs and fewer still run out and buy them before lunch.

But, if you substitute a new hat for the Cadillac you can, I am sure, understand that for all her riches she has the authentic feminine capacity for putting first things first.

* * *

PIGEON fanciers in America fear that some mysterious influence is destroying the famous homing instinct of pigeons. Of 109 birds recently released in New Mexico only five found their way back to home lofts in Arizona. Some fanciers blame radar, others high tension wires, bad weather, TV, and radio-active fallout from atom bomb tests.

It might have been radar. What else could it be?
The atom bomb or, perhaps, TV?
High-tension wires or a terrible storm?
Why have the homers changed their form?

The story I heard is, a bird called Joe
Was released one day, and, what do you know?
He developed on impulse an urge to roam.
He said to himself, "Why SHOULD I go home?"

He wandered around in the lunch-hour parks,
Met some charming chicks, and he thought, "What larks!"
The news spread fast. When the others heard,
They decided to copy this sensible bird.

Joe told them tales of his freedom's bliss.
Home, he averred, was never like this.
And the others cried when the seed he'd sown,
"To blazes with notes. Let 'em use the phone."

Stop perspiration odour before it starts!

Everybody loves our new Lifebuoy so much we had to make it in a big Family Size.

With Puralin, the miracle deodorant in Lifebuoy you keep that clean "just bathed" feeling all day

All the washing in the world with ordinary soaps won't effectively remove the skin bacteria that cause perspiration odour. But laboratory tests prove that Puralin in Lifebuoy removes up to 95% of these active bacteria. Puralin, the most effective deodorant ever put in soap stays with your skin long after your bath or shower with Lifebuoy. It's a wonderful feeling covering yourself with that creamy, fragrant Lifebuoy lather. More wonderful still to know that you'll keep that fresh-from-the-bath feeling — even in stuffy, over-heated places.

Lifebuoy TOILET SOAP

Now the nicest people use Lifebuoy

W.349.WW143g

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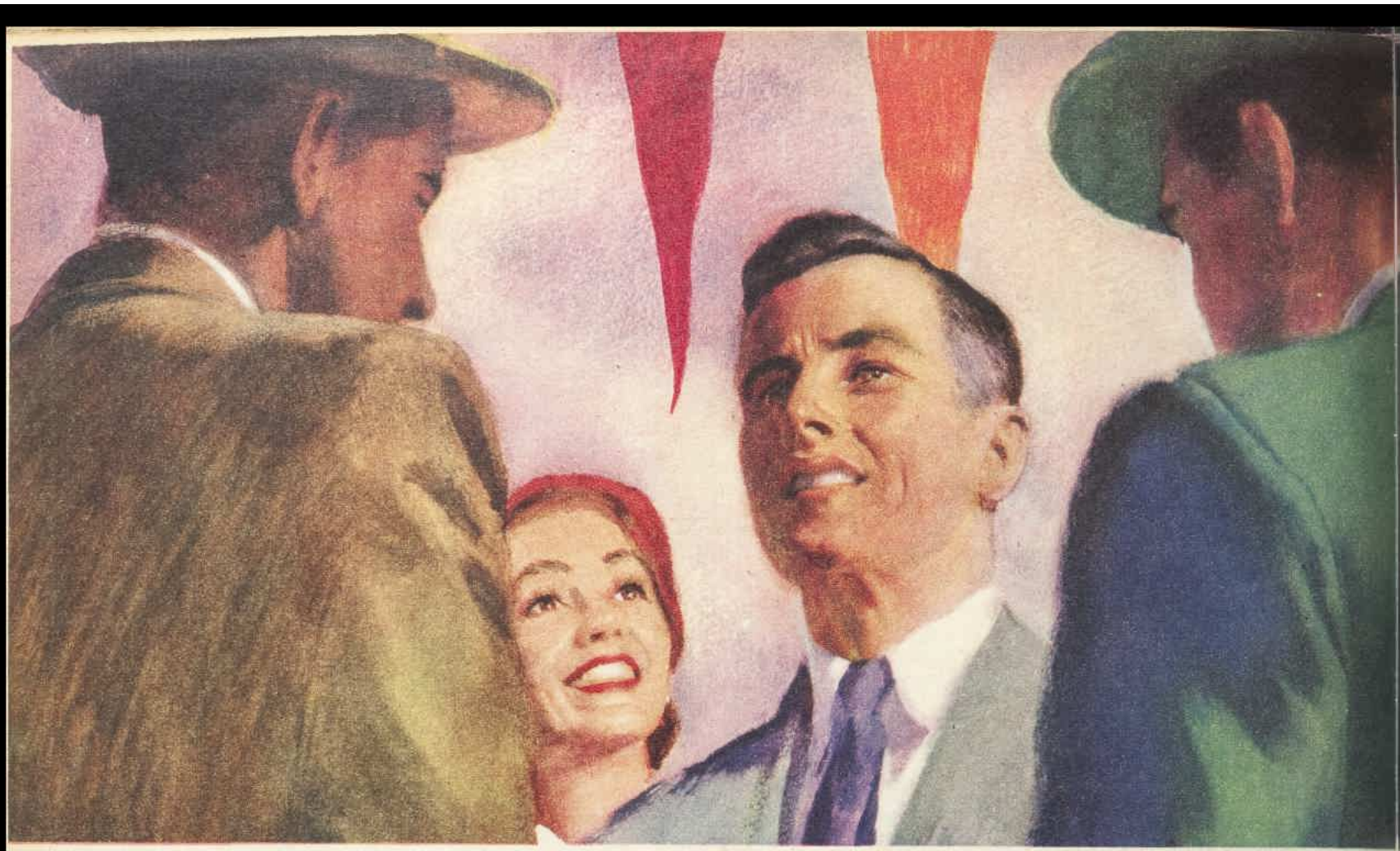

END OF THE GALLERY

DID you know that the lens of a camera can be as objective as the lens of a microscope capturing the candid truth without blandishment? Now and again it outruns the human eye and detects a naked emotion almost too personal to bear.

This is the sort of thing that persuades photographers to exercise the patience of Job, to lie in wait for years, or risk their lives for an angle. It is the thing that makes a photographer different from other people.

It was such a moment of truth that impelled me towards that hazardous and often frustrating profession. When George V died — it was January, I think, in 1936 — I was in England on a graduation trip. All London was in mourning and the sadness of the British people fell on every head like a pall.

I took my camera and walked through the sombre streets until I came to Westminster Hall, where the dead King lay before his body was removed to St. George's Chapel at Windsor. Just as I came abreast of the Hall a sable carriage drawn by black horses drew up and Queen Mary came out of the Hall and got into it.

I shall never forget how she looked. She was as straight as a ramrod, a steel girder — a figure of implacable dignity carved in obsidian. But just once she turned and looked back.

At that moment a cold sun penetrated the black veil she was wearing and illuminated her white face. I took a picture. She was a long way away from me, but when I enlarged the shot and looked at her face I knew that my career had begun.

I never showed that picture of the mourning Queen to anyone, but it was the start of what I call My Gallery of Wives.

After I became a regular news photographer I had opportunities to add to the gallery. I held these pictures back, to my financial detriment, because they were the very core of my work. It seemed to me that they would eventually add up to an important comment—that my camera would finally say something that had never exactly been said.

I did not try to arrange these studies in any order of time or place, and I had a catholic taste in subject matter. The famous and celebrated were mixed with the anonymous and humble. They had but one thing in common: the woman's heart was always in her face.

I liked the one of Mamie Eisenhower at Ike's Inauguration. Similar shots were in all the newspapers, but I caught her expression just as he uttered the oath. The tears of aching pride and anxiety for the future sprang into her eyes and trembled on her lashes. They vanished so quickly almost nobody saw them, and quickly she lifted her head.

It happened that I was interviewing Jeanie MacArthur in Tokio the day a message arrived from the General that he was taking off suddenly for Korea. She had been posing, placid and smiling, her hair and demeanor smooth and untroubled. But when the message came she dropped everything and rushed to the window to scan the sky for his special plane, which always flew over when he went away.

As she leaned out, a strong wind laid hold of her neat coiffure and pulled it awry. She shaded her eyes against the sun and on her countenance was written the eternal fear and acceptance of women whose men face death.

The girl in the railroad station, of course, was unknown. It was early in World War II; I was coming back from a wearying assignment when I saw her. She was saying goodbye to her sailor. She had on a silly little white hat and an artificial carnation as a gesture towards courage, and a child was dragging at her knees. I could see that she was holding herself together by main strength of will.

When he took her in his arms her face was suddenly transfigured with love and despair that do not bear describing. Right there in her face was that secret that makes a woman a wife. You may not believe it, but I often prayed that her man came home to her again, safe and sound.

My gallery covers a wide range now — from Stamford, Connecticut, to Benares, India — each picture reflecting in its own way the passion and power of women in relation to the men they love. That's what I tried to tell Mary the other day when I saw my gallery come full circle and make the comment I had been waiting for.

Any casual observer would have said that that dedication day was the greatest day in Mary's life. It represented the culmination in a blaze of triumph of years of struggle, slaving, and deprivation on the part of Martin Hammond, Mary's husband (and of Mary herself).

The Hammond Clinic, the dream of Martin's life, was dedicated with a fanfare that included speeches by the Governor of the State, the Surgeon-General of the Army, and a roster of the greatest doctors in the medical profession. It was considered so newsworthy that my paper sent a special staff to cover the event. I got the photographing assignment. I don't suppose anybody on my paper knew that I was Mary Hammond's sister.

I didn't tell Mary I was coming. I didn't tell anybody. I wanted to be objective about the whole thing, so I flew into Hawthorne City, piled my equipment into a cab, and went out to the new Hammond Clinic, hard by the University, at the crack of dawn.

It was really something — a great glass-and-brick laboratory dedicated to the study of the mind. The architecture was spacious, strong, and simple, with a quality of serenity you rarely find, and inside it was equipped with everything man has evolved to help him understand himself.

Just on the face of it, it was a tremendous accomplishment, but when I looked at the great building I knew what had gone into it could never be estimated in material terms.

I dragged out my equipment and began to set it up to get some shots of the grounds and surroundings. It was only a little past daybreak, but before I got my tripod in order an old car wheeled up in a cloud of dust and Dr. Martin Hammond clambered out. He stood staring at the clinic, obviously marvelling at what God had wrought, before he noticed me.

When he finally saw me he galloped over, knocking down the tripod in his enthusiasm.

"Lizzie," he shouted. "What are you doing here?"

"Hey," I said. "Watch yourself."

"I didn't mean to break up your junk," Martin said. "I was just surprised to see you."

"It's the big day," I told him, "and don't call it 'junk!'"

He threw back his head and laughed and grabbed me above the elbows.

"Same old crab," he roared exuberantly. "Same old Lizzie."

"And don't call me Lizzie," I said. "How's your wife?"

"Mary?" said Martin. "She's beside herself. She's in such a stew I absolutely had to leave home. She's convinced I'm going to blow a gasket or forget my speech or put on my collar upside down. You know women!"

I knew women, all right. They have to take it out in something, even if it's only unwanted mothering.

"Hey, Liz," Martin said, looking at the building, wonderstruck, "what do you think of it, really? Isn't it great?"

"Don't introduce me," I said tartly. "I knew it when it was only a gleam in its father's eye."

He shot me a puzzled look, but then his brow cleared. "Well," he said, "you're right; it took quite a while. It took a quarter of a century."

"You dreamed big," I said.

"It's the only way to dream," Martin told me.

Twenty-five years! Mary had been just a girl — nineteen — a hazel-eyed, flyaway girl, my little sister. She fell in love. There was nothing anybody could do about it. Martin was still an impoverished medical student working his way through. He couldn't do anything about it either. They got married.

He had years to go before he could hope to support himself, much less a wife, and all the time he had this great ideal — psychosomatic medicine, the inter-relation of the

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Tender story of a woman's love

By PAULA ERVIN

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

mind and the body. He didn't just want to be a doctor and hang out a shingle and have patients; he wanted to find out what made people get sick. He wanted a place where he could study the mental processes in relation to physical deterioration.

At the time it didn't make much sense to us. Didn't the Hippocratic oath imply that it was a doctor's business to do what he could just to cure people who came his way? Wasn't there already enough stacked against them — internship and hospital residence and what have you before he could think of earning a living?

We adored Mary. But it didn't make much sense to any of us except to her. I remember the fury she got in when Dad tried to counsel her.

"You don't understand! You don't understand!" Mary wept and left school and got a job selling lingerie and lived alone in a tenement while Martin interned at the hospital. She went without lunch and went without new clothes and gave him whatever money she had for textbooks.

Well, he graduated, and Mary went to night school and earned a teaching certificate and got a job teaching the fifth grade. When the interminable internship and residence were over they took a one-room apartment and Mary's salary paid the rent, even if it was a subject you couldn't bring up, much less discuss.

Then came the years when Martin was trying to establish himself, never forsaking his theories, never forgetting the one thing he had always had in mind — that clinic where you discovered why.

Mary worked night and day until she resembled a rag and a bone — but when she looked at Martin it was always as if she had just had a visitation from an archangel. She believed in him, even if she didn't exactly understand what it was he wanted.

Eventually it became apparent that he was going to be a brilliant doctor in spite of everything. His patients swore by him and they grew in number by leaps and bounds.

Mary took time out to have Susan. But just when Martin was nearing the top of the heap World War II broke out. Martin Hammond was the first to go. It never occurred to him not to.

When little Marty was born, Dr. Hammond was participating in the African invasion. Mary never thought about herself, alone in the maternity ward. She didn't even think much about the baby. She just thought about Martin over there risking his life.

She didn't think about much else during the intervening years — the Italian campaign, D-Day, the Battle of the Bulge, V-J Day. She just thought about getting Martin home alive. It was only when he was finally mustered out that Mary began to breathe regularly again.

While her husband talked animatedly to various important people Mary stood a little to the side, as usual, waiting patiently, proudly.

When Martin got back to Hawthorne City it was obvious that his convictions had merely deepened. He had seen so much. He had grappled with so much anguish. Some time in those war years the idea of the clinic had crystallised into a crusade. He was determined to have it. He had to have it. The world had to have it.

Of course, he had to start over again and rebuild his practice, but along with that he dedicated himself to the crusade. Mary, who had been alone so much, was still alone. Martin was always away. I wish I could honestly say that I was in sympathy with Martin, but I wasn't. I kept remembering Mary at the railway station waiting for Martin's train to come in, or Mary at the airport waiting for Martin's plane to go out.

Martin was off to Washington to try to persuade a senator to hear his story. Martin was off to New York to speak to a foundation. Martin was off to Chicago to plead with the American Medical Association. Martin was off to Los Angeles or Detroit or Dallas — off to anywhere they would listen. And Mary was at the station or the airport with the two little children, one on each side of her, in

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This Christmas give a

GIFT CHEQUE

Choosing a gift is usually difficult. One so rarely knows just what gift will be welcome. And although money is always a useful present, plain cash (or an ordinary cheque) is not a very glamorous thing either to give or to receive.

A Bank of New South Wales Gift Cheque is the answer.

Designed by a leading artist, the Christmas Gift Cheque combines a beautiful greetings card with a personal cheque illustrated with flowers and trees long associated with Christmas. It is a delightful gift.

Anyone can give a GIFT CHEQUE. No matter where you bank (or even if you have no bank account at all) you may obtain GIFT CHEQUES at any branch of the Bank of New South Wales. Cost is only 1/3d. (including stamp duty) plus the amount of the cheque.

The GIFT CHEQUE, signed by you and made out for any amount you provide, is printed in full colour. In addition to the Christmas greeting card illustrated above, there are attractive designs for Birthday, Wedding, and General Purposes GIFT CHEQUES.

This Christmas, and for gift occasions all through the year.

Give

BANK OF NEW SOUTH WALES

GIFT CHEQUES

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"ONE MUST ASK CHILDREN AND BIRDS HOW CHERRIES AND STRAWBERRIES TASTE..."

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Continuing . . . .

End of the Gallery

from page 37

the afternoon or alone in the dead of night—a lonely little figure straining after a departing train or sighting an incoming plane.

"How does he have time?" I demanded on one of my infrequent trips to Hawthorne City. "He must be neglecting his practice."

"What's money?" Mary inquired, and gave me that clear, untroubled gaze.

"It's time he built you a home," I said, looking around the nondescript apartment. By then I was doing quite nicely with my work. Compared to Mary I was almost rich.

"He has," Mary said. "He has." She had just taken a job as a substitute teacher.

You couldn't even talk to her.

It was only about five years ago that people began to pay attention to Martin. A paper he had delivered to some obscure medical society was suddenly published in full in "The New York Times." His theories began to be studied in detail by all the great diagnostic institutions.

Hopeless cases poured into Hawthorne City and Martin seemed to be able to ferret out their causes. The United States Army began to require his services as a consultant on psychiatric developments. One of the great foundations interested itself in his proposed clinic. He was invited to lecture and was photographed and interviewed, and publishers offered him book contracts. His fame burgeoned.

Mary could afford to give up teaching. But she complained that she didn't have anything to do. The children were both at school, and Martin was still gone . . .

"Come on over to the house, Liz," Martin said. "Mary will die of joy."

"The exercises start at eleven o'clock," I reminded him. "I won't have time. I want to hang around here and try to pick up some special shots. I'll see Mary at the ceremony—surprise her."

"I have to get dressed," he said. "She's nagged me into buying a tailor-made suit. For a month she's been fussing around like an old hen with one chicken. I've got to wear a tie that matches my eyes!"

He spoke with heavy sarcasm, but the buoyancy of the moment came through. He was on fire every time he looked at the clinic.

"It's just right," Martin said, making a sweeping gesture at the graceful building surrounded by flowery hedges and lush velvet grass. "Behind the main hospital we have several cottages. We're near enough to New York City, so that visiting specialists can get down here to supplement our own staff, yet far enough away from it; people with sick minds respond better in an atmosphere of peace and beauty. Nothing can stop us now!"

For him, it was just the beginning. For him!

He tore off in his old car. I picked up my cameras and flashbulbs and light meter and started on a tour of the building. In two hours I had pretty well covered it. By that time the folding chairs had been set up in a sort of amphitheatre before the main entrance, along with a rostrum and a public-address system and the inevitable potted palms.

Big, black chauffeur-driven cars were rolling up to dispense their prominent freight. People were filtering into the seating area, and the lawn was filling up. I chose an end seat near the front, and while I was stowing my extra plates under the chair somebody touched me on the shoulder. I turned round to greet my sister Mary.

"Oh, Liz," she said, "Martin told me you'd come. Isn't it all wonderful?"

"Fancy meeting you here," I said, and gave her a good hug. Then I held her off and looked at her. She was blooming, positively blooming. Her hair had given up being naturally blond some time while Martin was overseas and was now quite frankly touched up a little. There was a fine network of laugh wrinkles around her eyes, and she looked underweight, but when you looked at her eyes you felt as if she were still nineteen. Her eyes were like topazes under water.

I saw with what pains she had got herself up for the occasion. She had on an ordinary, inexpensive little blue frock, and she was carrying a brown fur piece. Her cheeks were burning with a wild-rose flush, and I was touched with the quality of her triumph. I felt a little crass in my expensive hand-made tweeds.

"You look marvellous, Mary," I said. "You've come a long way."

"Liz," she said intensely, "this is the day I get him back. Martin, I mean."

"Martin!" I scoffed. "You've always had him, my girl."

"No," said Mary, "he's been gone for years, but now he's got his dream he can come home."

I felt a cool wind blowing down my neck as I looked into her animated face. After 25 years of marriage she still hadn't learned the salient thing about her husband — that he couldn't realise his dream, that his dream always outran him.

I didn't know what to say. "No more goodbyes on stations," I said, to comfort her.

> **It is better to suffer wrong than to do it, and happier to be sometimes cheated than not to trust.**
>
> — *Johnson*

"Never again," she said. "Thank God." She was so sure.

We sat down, and I tried to put myself in Mary's place. The clinic was a reality. There it stood in all the solidity of brick and steel and glass. It was the place he had chosen to work. Maybe she would get him back, at least in the flesh.

She leaned over closer to me and half-whispered, "You may not believe it, Liz, but I've been as jealous of that building as I would have been of another woman!"

"I believe it," I said.

"It's hard to explain," she went on, "but being with a man like Martin makes everything else a little flat. He's all ideas and energy and—well, life. He blazes, like a fire. He never considers the possibility of defeat. He doesn't have time for anything mean or small or ugly. He never thinks of himself."

He doesn't think of you, either, I thought grimly.

"He thinks of the whole world," Mary said. "He wants everybody to have everything good."

She was so earnest — so anxious to make me understand what I had never really understood about Martin—that something stirred in my heart. In all the public prints it said Martin was a great man, but I had always thought of him as Mary's husband, with Mary building him up.

Several of the important members of the ceremonial committee swooped down on her then, and I went to get some shots of Martin and Dr. Olmsted and the Governor and the General.

The Governor was a sort of pompous stuffed shirt, but I loved the General. He was a funny, skinny, weather-beaten little man with a chestful of battle ribbons and a chin that jutted out at you as if it were looking for an argument. Soon they all moved up towards the stage, and I went back to my seat next to Mary.

The master of ceremonies turned out to be Harry Gibbons, an old-time baiter of Martin's who'd always called his mental-health attitude a "silly modern frill," and I rather enjoyed the sight of him riding the bandwaggon. He introduced Governor Carlyle, who got up with a whole sheaf of papers and bored everybody solid for 20 minutes. There isn't any point in retailing what he said, because he didn't say anything. Finally he sat down and Gibbons introduced Martin.

There was a stir and a settling down of the audience as if they were leaning forward to hear what he had to say. Martin addressed the men on the platform carefully in his clear voice, and then he turned to the crowd.

"In his youth," he said quietly, "every man has one great dream." I thought a kind of sigh hung on the breeze of that warm afternoon.

"Many," he said, "are destined to go on to maturity, old age, and finally the grave without ever realising their dream or letting anyone know that they had a dream at all." His eyes seemed to search out the second row. "I was one of the lucky ones."

Mary was sitting up very straight in her chair, her gloved hands folded in her lap, and she was looking at the man on the stage as if she'd never seen him before or heard his story.

He went on in the plainest words, telling them how the clinic came to be. It was a story that everyone in Hawthorne City knew by heart, and yet a hush fell as he told it without a trace of self-consciousness, and all the time with the old familiar look — the secret look — as if he were locked in a world the rest of us could only glimpse but not enter and enjoy.

He told his story, as I say—the things we knew and a few things we didn't know—without any of it sounding usual or trite. And the crowd was very still. Mary was also very still. She was staring down at the flower-bed when he sat down, to thunderous applause, and she didn't look up.

I stuck a new plate in my camera and got out in the aisle on one knee. Harry Gibbons was spouting oratory again, and after we got rid of him the General walked up, thrust out his chin belligerently, and lowered the microphone to his own level.

"Every few years," he announced, "this amazing country of ours produces men of vision. Every generation yields a few men with a touch of greatness upon them. Martin Hammond is one of these!"

He went on to say that the clinic had been needed for years, but that public opinion had beaten it down and had looked on it as just a "modern frill" (Harry Gibbons had the decency to look down at his shoes then).

He ended up by saying there were too few Martin Hammonds in the world and that we'd have to share him with everyone until he could establish the facts in his great field. Having spoken his piece the General wagged his belligerent chin once for emphasis and took his chestful of ribbons back to his chair.

Only then did I look [illegible] Mary. She sat as if she we[illegible] in a witch's spell rubbing [illegible] soft grass with the sole of h[illegible] shoe. Her glow was gone a[illegible] the make-up on her face co[illegible] have been painting on a chi[illegible] plate. Did I say she look[illegible] nineteen again? No. She w[illegible] scrawny and beginning to gr[illegible] and she'd be forty-four yea[illegible] old in July. And she hadn[illegible] got him back!

I know, Mary, I though[illegible] You didn't get him back b[illegible] cause the truth is you've nev[illegible] had him. The Martin Ha[illegible] monds never belong to the[illegible] wives and families. They belo[illegible] to everybody else. To peop[illegible] like the General and Govern[illegible] Carlyle and Harry Gibbo[illegible] riding the bandwaggon. A[illegible] they belong to all the shallo[illegible] little people who abuse the[illegible] and laugh at them and malig[illegible] them, and to all the sad peop[illegible] who need them, but never [illegible] you who love them best.

Oh, you can wash his soc[illegible] and iron his shirts and hav[illegible] his children, but you'll nev[illegible] have him. He'll always be o[illegible] the other side of the horizo[illegible] working his heart out for some[illegible] thing you can't even unde[illegible] stand.

I didn't say anything, be[illegible] cause I couldn't think of an[illegible] thing to say. But Mary turne[illegible] to me blindly as if she ha[illegible] heard my thoughts. She knew she knew.

We sat there in silence an[illegible] I thought of my gallery—o[illegible] the lonely women I'd see[illegible] standing in the shadows o[illegible] great men and prominent me[illegible] and even ordinary men, alway[illegible] hoping and praying and belie[illegible] ing they would get them back[illegible] spending their lives plannin[illegible] for the day the only man woul[illegible] come home. How well they al[illegible] must have known, even at th[illegible] moment of victory, that the da[illegible] would never come.

The crowd had swarme[illegible] round the rostrum and wer[illegible] congratulating Martin, and h[illegible] was smiling and talking an[illegible] acknowledging the plaudits. Suddenly he looked around a[illegible] if he had lost something, hi[illegible] handkerchief, maybe, or hi[illegible] watch.

"Hey, Mary," he called. "Come on up here."

She stood up, and the line of dejection left her body. She smiled at me—a tremulous little smile—and smoothed her blue skirt and hung her worn fur piece over her arm. She walked proudly to the little knot of people around Martin and moved in behind him. He was still talking animatedly to all the dignitaries, and he didn't notice that she had come. She stood there waiting as usual, patiently and proudly.

By this time I had my camera out and a new plate in it, and I was on my feet. I snapped the shutter just the second before Martin turned to introduce his wife to the Governor.

I didn't develop the picture until I got back to New York. When I had got it enlarged, I stood staring at it, and suddenly a tear splashed on the negative. My sister was frankly fourty-four, a little gaunt and raw-boned and on the dowdy side. She was wearing a cheap dress and a cheap fur, and the bloom of youth was all gone, but in her face was such serenity, such careless joy, such utter happiness that it tore your heart. He had called her!

They spend their whole lives waiting for the day they get them back, I thought, the day that never comes. And then I thought, out of my extravagant independence, What better way is there to spend a life!

I knew then that I was crying for myself.

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Her Twin Sister

It was a strange romance . . . a short story

BY PHYLLIS DUGANNE

ILLUSTRATED BY MILLS

JULIA HAVERFORD looked at Barbara Kendall, born Haverford, and it was like looking into a mirror, except that Julia's expression was disapproving and Barbie's mocking.

With identical twins, there cannot be a pretty and a plain sister; they were equally lovely, with slate-blue eyes, taffy-colored hair, and trim, slender bodies.

"Listen, you ape," Julia said. "I've done a lot of outrageous things for you, but this is too much! I won't do it, and that's that!"

"Full stop," murmured Barbie, unimpressed. "Why not, Jule?"

"Because it's——"

"Outrageous?" Barbie suggested sweetly. "What's so outrageous about it?"

"Do I have to tell you?" asked Julia. "Your husband's grandmother——"

"My husband," Barbie interrupted, "can tell us apart. That's one reason I married him. Mrs. Kendall has never seen either of us. I've been dreaming about this cruise for a month. I've got my plane ticket to Miami and my bags are packed."

"And Freddy Sloane will fly down and join the party for a few days," added Julia tartly.

"What's wrong with that?" asked Barbie. "Honestly, Jule, you don't think for one minute that Freddy is anything in my life?"

"No, I don't," her twin admitted. "But other people might."

"Other people don't matter. Freddy's Old Faithful. And he's amusing. I haven't had any fun for a solid year——"

"O.K.," said Julia. She usually gave in to Barbie, and this was no occasion to make an exception. Barbie had not had much fun since Kit was ordered to the Pacific almost a year ago.

She had taken the separation better than Julia had dared hope. She had enrolled in a domestic-science course, attended lectures and steadfastly refused invitations from even the most noble-minded young men. She deserved this Caribbean cruise with the Binghams.

Barbie hugged her.

"I always knew that a girl with a face like yours could be nothing but kind and generous," she told her happily. "I have the telegram here somewhere." She found it beneath a stack of magazines. "I think it's fate. She gets here the day your vacation begins."

Julia read the wire:

"Arriving New York March 24th for week's visit. Hope you can have dinner with me on Thursday evening. Am looking forward to knowing Kit's wife with utmost pleasure.

Amanda Kendall."

"I suppose you realise that if she finds out she'll probably disinherit Kit?" she murmured.

"She won't find out," Barbie said. She straightened the silver-framed photograph of Kit in his Air Force uniform on the table. "Just look wistfully at this, once in a while, and sigh a little." Looking at her husband's picture, Barbie's eyes were soft. "Only three more months and I get him back!"

On the morning of March twenty-fourth, Julia Haverford wished a pleasant vacation to various students and staff members of the Wingate School, where she taught art, and took a cab to her sister's apartment. Mrs. Kendall's train was due at three-thirty. It had been Julia, not Barbie, who composed the cordial telegram to Montana, suggesting that she meet the matriarch at the station.

She put on the wedding ring Barbie had bought for her, selected one of Barbie's suits. For a week, she would become her twin, live in her apartment, wear her clothes, try to think her thoughts. It was an old game which they had played often in the course of their twenty-two years, confusing relatives, playmates, teachers, and finally suitors.

They had never been able to deceive their parents, nor, from the first meeting between Barbie and the tall young lieutenant from Montana, had they once trapped Kit Kendall.

"Never saw two girls more different in my life," he insisted, though apparently it took the eyes of love to see any physical difference.

At three o'clock she went down to the street. The doorman tipped his cap and asked, "Do you want a cab, Mrs. Kendall?"

Barbie had no idea of what Kit's grandmother looked like. "She'll recognise you, though, from the wedding pictures," she had said.

"Recognise us, you mean," corrected Julia. She was in the wedding pictures, too. She had been Barbie's bridesmaid.

Amanda Kendall walked straight to her.

"You're Barbie," she said, in a warm contralto voice. "It's charming of you to meet me, my dear." Her large horse-chestnut eyes were friendly. "I love to be met and hate to be seen off." She kissed Julia's cheek. "You remember John?"

For a second Julia wanted to turn and run. She remembered John. She had not lost sleep in the year and half since the wedding remembering the tall, attractive cousin who had come east to be Kit's best man, but she had thought

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Barbara looked at the silver-framed photo of her husband and said to Julia, "Only a few more months and he'll be home."

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Critics praise natural beauty of lovely Australian in Hollywood

Victoria Shaw, formerly Australian model Jeanette Elphick, has been acclaimed for her beauty and charm in Columbia's "The Eddy Duchin Story", in which she co-stars with Tyrone Power and Kim Novak.

New star gives hair care secrets

Victoria, on her way to the top in Hollywood, follows the golden rule of hair care: "I never wash my hair with soap — I shampoo with 'Vaseline' Liquid Shampoo"

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THE PROVING FLIGHT

IT is a bad blow to SIR JAMES JOLIFFE, dynamic chairman of Air Enterprise, when the new giant airliner Emperor Able Dog, the company's pride and hope, is forced by bad weather to interrupt her Atlantic crossing and land at Keflavik, in Iceland.

On board with Sir James are UNDER-SECRETARY BROCKLEHURST; tentative line manager PAYTON; public relations officer RILEY; CRUTTWELL, designer of the Emperor's engines; EASTLAKE, the airframe designer; and DR. ENDERBY-BROWNE, the company doctor. Crew members are the pilots ANDREW BELLAMY and CHARLES CAVENDISH; FIRST OFFICER SEAWOOD; RAWLINGS, the engineer; DOUTHWAITE, the navigator; HOOPER, the radio officer; and CHIEF-STEWARD HAMILTON, with the air hostesses ANGELA KNIGHT and LALETTE GREENACRES, both competing for Bellamy's attention.

Bellamy, from the start, has been uneasy about the flight. He is resentful of Cavendish and intuitively worried about the Emperor. At Keflavik they find the airport buildings packed out with people from other aircraft diverted there. Bellamy gives the hostesses permission to sleep on board the plane, but later reprimands Lalette for putting on the master switch before his orders.

Lalette actually had only put it on to heat milk and fill a hot-water bottle for Angela, who was hysterical, but Angela doesn't admit this. NOW READ ON:

Third long instalment of our dramatic five-part serial

By DAVID BEATY

NEXT morning, under a sky filled with the grey remains of the snowstorm, the ramp at Keflavik took on all the appearance of a Martian cattle market. Tethered steel bulls of civil airliners snorted with impatience to be gone. Little lambs of jet fighters gave out curiously ferocious bleats. A pig of an American troop transport (with no manners at all) grunted and pushed its way out first to the front and was off.

Above everything else, like a high-and-dry whale, towered Emperor Able Dog.

Angela and Lalette walked past her on their way to the Catering Section to collect the stores. After a time Angela broke the regular scrunch of their feet in the snow with, "Sorry about all the fuss last night."

Lalette shrugged her shoulders. "Oh, that's all right," she murmured. "My own fault." She was walking with her head down, holding her forage cap on her head with her hand so Angela couldn't see her face.

"I must say, Captain Bellamy got rather worked up about nothing very much."

Lalette smiled rather shakily. "He wasn't exactly in the best of spirits."

"I wouldn't be surprised if he was mad at himself. About that awful landing, you know." She paused. Then she asked, "Tell me, have you seen much of Captain Bellamy before this?"

Lalette's blue eyes appeared suddenly from behind the arm that still held on to the cap.

"We-ell"—she looked startled—"he used to come home on leave sometimes with my brother Chris. But then I was still at school. And he's taken me out a couple of times to the flicks since I came on this route." Then she suddenly stopped, looked at Angela, and said, "Why?"

"Oh, has he? He gets around, doesn't he?" The other girl drew a deep breath. "But I didn't mean that sort of seeing actually. Though there's no telling what goes on, is there? What I did mean was trips. Have you flown with him much?"

Lalette laughed.

"Now I get you. What you mean is trips in general and landings in particular?" She shook her head. "Sorry I can't help. I've done three with him. All as calm as mill ponds." She pushed open the Catering Section door. "But," she said over her shoulder, "if it's any comfort to you"—she pointed at the chalked-up notice in front of them on the wall—"by the look of that," she waved at Captain Cavendish's name on the board, "Old Father Time himself is taking over!"

"And a good job, too, I think." Angela gave a brief wintry smile. Her first that morning.

After they had collected everything that Hamilton had ordered they walked back to the aircraft. Lalette said, "Well, at least they're looking after her!"

Certainly she wasn't being neglected. Men with brooms were sweeping her wings clear of snow. Her leading edges were being sprayed with alcohol. Two bowsers had squeezed their way to her. Cruttwell was giving her engines a loving once-over. Payton was fussing. Cavendish was walking up and down beside her with his hands behind his back. Rawlings was cursing any ground-staff who came within earshot.

Inside the cold passenger cabin the Chairman and the Under-Secretary sat silently side by side waiting for the engines to start. Murdoch, the company's lone Iceland representative, waited silently, too.

Able Dog was Number Sixteen to leave the ramp. She had been kept waiting so long it was past eleven local when her chocks were pulled away. Murdoch, now grey with tiredness, had made a brave attempt to make the pomp and circumstance due to the second send-off of the proving flight sound not too much like the tinklings of a one-man band.

But for all his efforts, as Cavendish taxied out to the end of the duty runway there was an air of discouragement and irritation through the whole aircraft.

Cavendish ordered the Before Take-off Check. When it was completed Seawood obtained permission from the Tower.

But Cavendish refused to be hurried. He sat in a study of concentration, feeling his dry fingers with his thumb as though testing them one by one. Then he donned a pair of immaculate gloves. His eyes staring out at the long empty runway ahead and the sky beyond, he took the throttles and manipulated all four with the delicate dexterity of a surgeon.

The Emperor began to move. Wider and wider the throttles opened under Cavendish's gloved fingers until, within the space of twenty-two seconds, with the fuselage bumping up and down lugubriously on the oleo legs, he had completed the operation and Able Dog was airborne.

But the change of element seemed to do no one inside her any good. Over the whole aircraft a depression had settled. The snow and ice of Keflavik had somehow got through their bones and into their souls and they shivered in the unaccustomed cold.

Cavendish climbed steadily away from the course of the other westbounds and started on the huge Composite to New York towards the high wastes of the interior of Greenland. The cloud thinned practically to nothing. They were leaving the bad weather well to the north. Apart from the top of the Maritime front that they would hit over Labrador there was no further high cloud forecast for the rest of the trip.

Now in the sunlight Able Dog was no more than a silver cross in the vast blue bubble of the sky. Her shadow, ringed in a double rainbow, momentarily darkened the small white pebbles of cloud, thousands of feet below her, which gathered into screes and cairns that gradually combined to form a long sunlit shore stretching to all the limits of the eye.

Seawood looked down at the cloud and the sea and ran his fingers through his long, fair hair. It was a habit he had, and since he kept his chin up at the same time his whole attitude implied a slightly sardonic superciliousness which was misleading. In actual fact, Seawood was shy and inclined to be sensitive, and his hair-fingering was nothing more than a fairly common form of nervous tic.

At their cruising altitude of 24,000 feet Cavendish turned to the engineer. "Speed on the graph, Mr. Rawlings?"

"Five knots above it, Captain!"

Cavendish rubbed his hands with satisfaction. "Excellent!" he said. "Everything else working satisfactorily, Mr. Rawlings?"

"Just like clockwork, sir."

"That being the case, and with no trouble about the weather, I think we can safely leave you on your own up here for the first three hours, don't you, Mr. Seawood?"

Recognising this allusion to his inexperience, Seawood flushed. But all he said was, "I think so, sir."

"Did you succeed in sleeping, Mr. Seawood?"

"Two or three hours, sir."

"Then you were more fortunate than myself. I shall ask Captain Bellamy to do the second three hours. The third three hours will be my watch. I think that's fair, don't you, Mr. Seawood?"

"Very fair, sir," Seawood muttered, already having worked out that such an arrangement meant he was on watch longer

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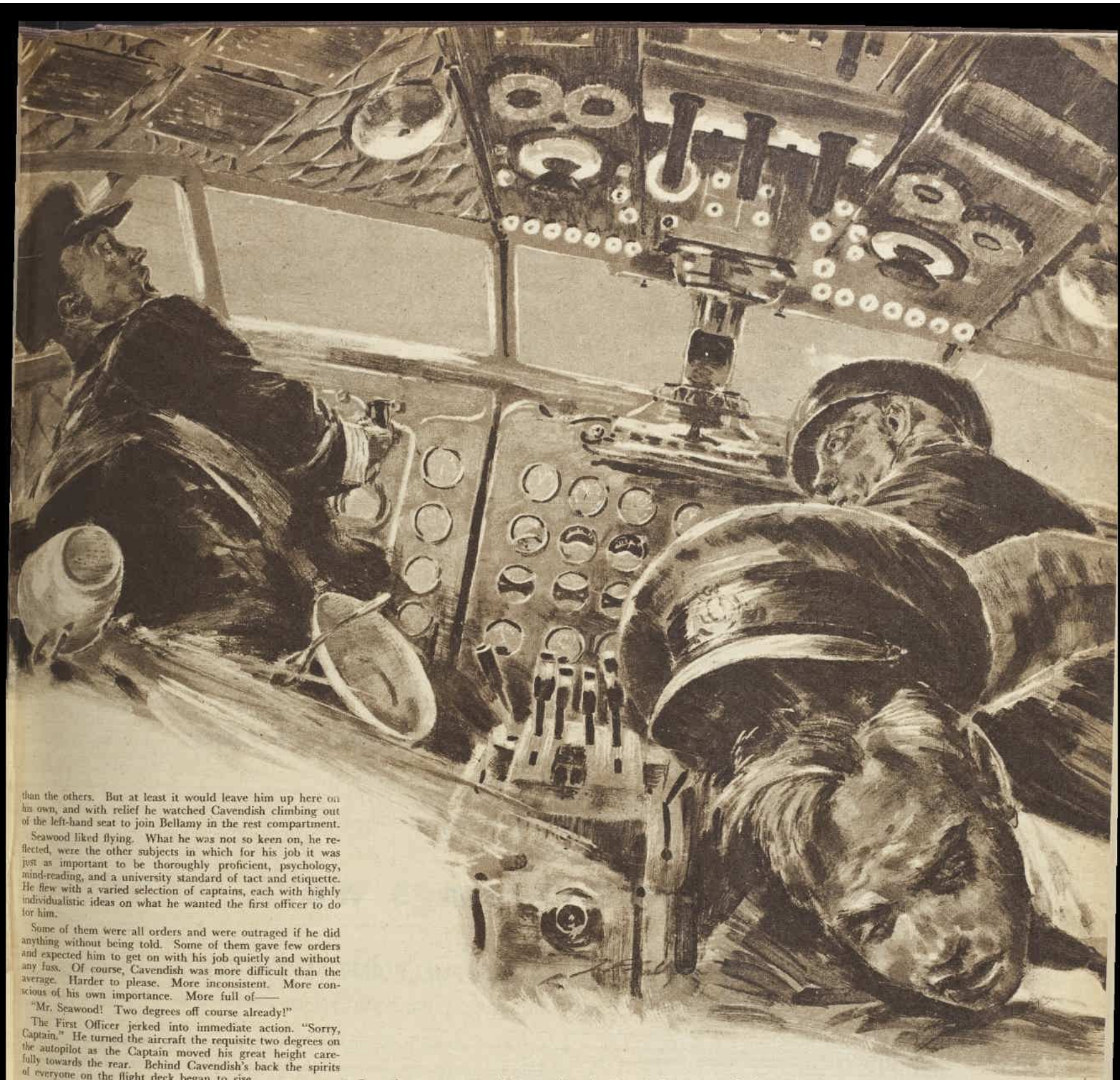

than the others. But at least it would leave him up here on his own, and with relief he watched Cavendish climbing out of the left-hand seat to join Bellamy in the rest compartment.

Seawood liked flying. What he was not so keen on, he reflected, were the other subjects in which for his job it was just as important to be thoroughly proficient, psychology, mind-reading, and a university standard of tact and etiquette. He flew with a varied selection of captains, each with highly individualistic ideas on what he wanted the first officer to do for him.

Some of them were all orders and were outraged if he did anything without being told. Some of them gave few orders and expected him to get on with his job quietly and without any fuss. Of course, Cavendish was more difficult than the average. Harder to please. More inconsistent. More conscious of his own importance. More full of——

"Mr. Seawood! Two degrees off course already!"

The First Officer jerked into immediate action. "Sorry, Captain." He turned the aircraft the requisite two degrees on the autopilot as the Captain moved his great height carefully towards the rear. Behind Cavendish's back the spirits of everyone on the flight deck began to rise.

And in the passenger cabin, too, things were beginning to look up. In that snug metal world gradually a proper sense of values was being restored. Everyone started to feel less depressed by the delay and the lack of sleep. And there the man responsible for so miraculous a change was Hamilton.

He did it superbly.

Lunch, he had decided, would be served early. An hour and a half after take-off he started to serve cocktails and sherry, strutting up and down the carpeted aisle like the captain of a man-of-war.

On most trips it was hard to convince the passengers that he was indeed not the capain, for he was at least five years older and two inches taller and a dozen times more the air mariner than the average aircraft commander. Now, as though the tall bottle which he carried in his left hand contained the same elixir that had restored Alice to her normal size from the dwarfdom of Wonderland, Hamilton dispensed the necessary recuperative potions to the passengers under his care.

Sailing back into the galley he said to Lalette, "Sir James will have another sherry, Miss Greenacres, if you'll hand me that bottle!" His smile made a crescent of his pale lips. "I'll see if I can tempt Mr. Blocklehurst with another cocktail. Put one on the tray, Miss Knight! Oh, and a clean napkin! Hurry, please. Hurry!"

He folded the napkin quickly over his arm and walked down the now gently swaying aisle like a ballet-dancer. After Sir James he got customers all the way down the line. As if at a royal reception they took their drinking cues from the Chairman. One after the other they held out their glasses like obedient children in a well-run nursery. Only Cruttwell's drink remained untasted as he kept his nose sunk in an engineering journal.

After such an introduction lunch made a triumphal entry. Hamilton had the inspiration to add the personal touch to the menu. There were Hors d'oeuvres a Joliffe, Chicken Supreme Flight, Fruit Compote de L'Empereur.

"Well!" Hamilton said, looking at his work with the pride of a true artist. "They all seem very cheerful now!"

Up at the front Rawlings turned round and said to Seawood, "You know I told the Skipper we were five knots above the graph? Well . . . now, on the same power settings . . . for some reason we're five knots under it!"

. . . . . .

In the galley Angela finished washing and stacking the lunch-trays and poured herself a cup of coffee. Lalette was taking a spell off duty and was already fast asleep in the back seat.

Hamilton was still pacing the quarter-deck. Most of his charges were now sleeping away the bright landscapeless hours of a sun-filled sky. A drowsy after-lunch contentment filled the cabin. Able Dog held steadily on her course as though fearful of waking her occupants. Her engines hummed a gentle reassuring lullaby.

Angela looked over the supplies for afternoon tea, wiped and polished all the immaculate enamel and chromium surfaces,

Bellamy slammed out the autopilot as the plane careered wildly to starboard. "It's the engines!" Rawlings yelled.

and then hovered between the door to the galley and the first of the rear seats.

The sleepiness was catching. Even Hamilton's measured tread weighted the calm, gave it permission to continue. All could rest in the security over which he kept watch. At the next turn he took in the tail area, including Angela. "Everything all right, Miss Knight?"

"Yes, thank you." She smiled and almost yawned. Last night, with its fears and troubles and discomforts, seemed a long way away now. The sunshine brightened still more the strawberry upholstery and cheerfully colored up the whole interior of the cabin.

"Piece of cake for you girls these sort of trips!" He looked in at the spotless galley and nodded approvingly.

"Washing-up finished? Crew got all they want?"

Angela nodded.

"Might as well sit down then. Soon as the Chairman wakes I want to see you girls bustling!" He looked at his watch, timing Sir James' afternoon snooze as might a nurse the first after-crisis sleep of a very sick patient.

Angela sat down and picked up a magazine. She eased her feet a little out of their shoes, which were beginning to

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The girl for Simon

Teenager short story . . . an entertaining romance

By CHRISTINE HUTSON

eighteen-year-old cadet journalist of Adelaide, S.A.

I WAS 13 when my mother first said to me: "Beauty is only skin deep, Penny." Two years and many similar platitudes later I discovered that it was meant as a consolation. By then it was obvious that my face, far from launching a thousand ships, would cause few young men to reel in their tracks. Not that the fact worried me unduly. At least, not until I met Simon.

Until I met Simon I was perfectly happy. I had plenty of friends of both sexes, my fair share of party invitations; I danced, played golf and tennis reasonably well, and had a good job as secretary to the senior partner in Morrisby and Haynes, solicitors.

Then Simon came to live next door with the Thompsons, who were his relations, while his parents were in America.

I met Simon on my twentieth birthday. We were having a party that night, and Mrs. Thompson was helping my mother with the gigantic task of preparing enough party fare to feed my friends. Dad was fixing colored lights around the tennis court where we were going to dance, and Janey, my young sister, was polishing the silver.

There was a knock on the door and a deep voice, sort of underlined with laughter, called out: "Yoo-hoo . . . Mrs. Hamilton! Can I enter this hive of industry?"

As soon as I heard Simon's voice, ten seconds before I even saw him, I fell in love with him.

My mother went to the door and introduced Simon and me. She had met him when he arrived, the day before, while I had been playing tennis with the Harris twins and Sally Day. Simon had brought over some cream-puff cases Mrs. Thompson had made, and asked if he might stay and help me fill them with cream. In no time he was absorbed into the scheme of things, and was on the ladder helping dad with the lights when mother called for a break for coffee.

"You're coming tonight, of course?" I said as we sipped our coffee on the porch steps.

"Oh, Penny!" Mother sounded reproachful. "Of course Simon's coming. I asked him yesterday."

. . . . . .

I dressed very carefully for the party, and even if I do say it myself I think I looked quite nice in my new green frock. Simon came a little early, so I could see he had a chance to meet everybody. He was a roaring success, and I was very proud of him. Before long he had been invited to the party Howard Bond was giving before the Bachelors' Ball, and Barbara Frost's picnic early next month.

I was in the kitchen fixing some more drinks when Simon came in to help me.

"Terrific party, Penny," he said, putting his hand on my shoulder. Then he kissed me. An ordinary I-like-you kiss. Nothing to get really excited about . . . but, still, it WAS a kiss, and I thought it was wonderful.

In fact, everything went swimmingly, and I was full of high hopes until Miranda Walters, who is a nurse and had just got off duty, came in with Jim Snow. I like Miranda. She is little and sweet and very gay. It was obvious that Simon liked her, too, but because he has nice manners he didn't make it too obvious at the party, but concentrated on handing around drinks and seeing there were no wallflowers.

But after that it didn't take Simon long to let Miranda know how he liked her, and then they went almost everywhere together. Of course, we went to Howard's party and Barbara's picnic and sometimes played tennis or went for a swim together.

A couple of months later, when I was weeding the garden, Simon came up the path and sat down beside me. He listlessly pulled up a few weeds, sighing now and then, until I asked the reason for the gloom.

"Miranda," he sighed.

Miranda was going to England with her parents—and without Simon's ring—for two years and leaving Simon with a broken heart.

There was a touching farewell at Outer Harbor when the ship sailed, and airletters with annoying regularity for a few weeks. Then they petered out.

Simon poured his troubles out to me. I advised him not to worry too much, and hopefully told him there were plenty of other fish in the sea.

Two weeks later he discovered that for himself and announced he'd lost his heart to a tall, willowy blonde he had met at the tennis club. Luckily, Isabel hasn't a brain in her head, and some months later she decided she preferred a modelling career to love in a cottage with a struggling young accountant.

Once again I comforted Simon, and he took me to the Yacht Club ball, where I foolishly introduced him to Berry Greenwood, who is red-headed, green-eyed, and exotic. For a while—until she discovered his annual income and left him cold for an almost-bald sugar-daddy—Berry held Simon's heart. Then she broke it and left me to pick up the pieces.

But by then it was painfully obvious that Simon liked his women beautiful in face and form and I was beating my head against a stone wall. So when Mary Lee, my best friend, suggested a twelve months' working holiday in Sydney, I was quite ready to go with her.

In Sydney we acquired jobs, a flat, and a new circle of friends. Life went by pleasantly, with a satisfying number of invitations, a rise, and rather a nice suntan. We were perfectly happy . . . that is, Mary was. I was reasonably so. Simon wrote to me sometimes.

Just before Christmas I flew back to Adelaide. I had a new primrose linen frock to show off my honeytan. Besides, Simon always liked me in primrose.

He was at the airport to meet me. He seemed sunk in gloom, and I knew right away that he was out of love. On the way home he stopped the car along the beach front and looked at me.

"I've been a fool, Penny," he said quietly.

I was ready to fall back into my old role of comforter, but this was a new beginning to me, so I stayed quiet and waited.

"This time I'm really in love and not good enough for the girl."

"Most men really in love think that, Simon," I said rather irritably. "Are you engaged?"

"Oh no. I haven't told her yet."

"Oh, Simon! She's not married or engaged already, is she?" I asked, and tried to sound sympathetic.

"I don't think so, Penny."

"Well, can't you find out? Do you ever take her out?"

"I haven't for a long time."

"Well, do then. Take her to dinner or the theatre. Or, better still, lunch. You can't go far wrong with lunch. Then work your way around to the subject, and if she's not married or engaged or on the brink—you're all set."

Simon smiled and gave me a brotherly kiss on the brow. "Thank you," he said simply.

We drove straight home. Simon seemed preoccupied, and I chattered on about mutual friends, the weather, and the Davis Cup matches. Then that petered out, and I wondered why I suddenly didn't seem so excited about coming home after all when I had been looking forward to it for ages.

Simon swung the car into our drive, pulled up at the front door, and began unloading my cases, while I went inside. There was a note lying on the hall table.

"Penny, having a drink next door," it read. "Come over the minute you get home. Longing to see you—Mother."

"No red carpet and not even a welcoming committee." I took off my hat and gloves. "Well, I must eat first. I'm famished."

"Penelope," Simon began.

I was looking in the refrigerator and had my back to him, but I am so rarely called by my full name that I turned to glance at him.

Then the miracle happened. Suddenly I was in Simon's arms.

"Do I have to wait for a luncheon date, Penny darling?" he was saying. "I must ask you now. You're not married, or engaged, or—or anything?"

"On the brink," I whispered, and snuggled closer to Simon. My Simon.

(Copyright)

Simon sat down listlessly and Penny asked the reason for his gloom. "Miranda," he sighed.

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FASHION LOOKS TOWARDS A NEW SEASON

These fashions by Lanvin-Castillo, modelled by Dany, show how brilliantly Paris handles black and white for the autumn and winter season.

● Autumn-into-winter fashion triumph (above), the street-length cape. The cut is architectural, bulkless, but built out by precise shaping. The high-pointed toque is made in tiny massed blossoms. The trim is a ribbon bow.

● After five the Empire-line dress reappears complete with new back fullness. The one at left has an oval, collarless decolletage to add coquetry to the bodice. The forward-worn plushy white hat is man-made fur.

● Sultry teenager is top Paris model—See story on page 57.

● Superb bridal gown in pure white satin (above) follows the wearer's figure to perfection, and trails a detachable panel train. The wimple head-dress is worn with a cloud of fragile white tulle.

● Black velvet late-day cap (left) worn perched on the wearer's eyebrows. An exotic note is the eleven-stranded dog-collar of pearls, matched to drop-let earrings and a hat ornament.

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Give this Christmas

Garnite SUPERIOR PLASTICS

Here are just a few of the colourful, useful Garnite gifts you'll see in all the best stores. Give Garnite and you'll give pleasure which will endure year after year after year.

UNBREAKABLE
Tough Poly-ethyl-ene will never crack or chip.

SPILLPROOF
Snug-fitting lids prevent spilling. They're airtight, too.

INTERCHANGEABLE
Handy clip-on letters can be easily changed around.

NEW! Unbreakable Canisters

HERE are the shapeliest, most colourful, beautiful canisters you've ever set eyes on. And their fadeless beauty is only half the story! **They're completely unbreakable!** Garnite canisters are made of Poly-ethyl-ene. That means you just CAN'T break them! Garnite canisters **stay** youthfully beautiful down through the years. They never age or lose their lovely colours.

Colourful Garnite Plastic kitchenware is available at good stores throughout Australia and New Zealand. Prices may be slightly higher in country areas.

SET OF 5 GRADED CANISTERS
• The largest canister is also available separately. — 14/11

57/6

- Coral *(Illustrated)*
- Turquoise
- Buttercup
- Lime Green
- Petal Pink
- Carnation Red
- Minstrel Black

Seven new fashion colours—with contrasting white lids.

—LOOK FOR THIS LABEL!—

It is your guarantee of Garnite's *superior quality.*

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McILWRAITH

"thrifty-three" electric range

Only McIlwraith could bring you a quality electric range with such modern features and such all-round economy as "Thrifty-Three"! For the maximum of modern electric cooking facilities — in the minimum of space — McIlwraith "Thrifty-Three" is the range to install! ● Smart and streamlined ● Large oven space, perfectly balanced, forward-opening door, with grilling position ● Three hot plates ● Gleaming white or cream porcelain-enamel exterior ● Easy-to-clean vitreous enamel interior ● Automatic oven control ● Special speedy-heat "Radiant" element.

Priced at only **£72**
with "Radiant" element. £75

McILWRAITH
Etnelec
stovette

The stovette that does a family-size cooking job! Plugs in to any power point — no installation cost. Fully automatic oven (thermostatic control). Available in white, cream or green porcelain enamel finish.

£29/10/- Complete
Also available, standard oven Stovette, £27/10/-.

See the McIlwraith "Thrifty-Three" and Stovettes at leading Builders' suppliers and electrical stores.
Free Literature on request

McILWRAITH

Products of McIlwraith Industries Pty. Ltd., Waterloo, N.S.W. MX2471.

The girl who won't grow old

● Annette Kellerman, Australia's first glamor girl, swimming star of the silent screen and the first woman to wear a one-piece swimsuit, describes herself today as "just about one in a million."

By HELEN GORDON, staff reporter

MEETING her, this is not hard to believe.

The records show her to be between 60 and 70 years old, yet she has the energy and gaiety of a teenager.

She doesn't weigh a pound more than she did at 25, and can do physical jerks that would break the backs of most women half her age.

Annette, who lives in Los Angeles, is visiting Australia for the Olympic Games with her husband, James Sullivan.

"Let's face it, my dear," she said. "I really am just about one in a million.

"I don't smoke, I've never tasted a cocktail, and after 40 years I still have the same husband."

Annette Kellerman is tremendously proud of these accomplishments.

Beloved dog

SHE said, "There are two things I watch over — my husband and my pug dog. Except my pug died a while ago. It was sad, but, after all, she was 17 years old.

"Some time before she died, Jimmy and I and my dog were sitting in a little boat and I found myself thinking 'If the boat suddenly sank, which would I save first—my husband or my dog?'

"Pug dogs can't swim," she explained, "and neither can Jimmy.

"It's strange the silly things that flash through your mind at odd moments, isn't it?"

The Sullivans would like to tour Australia during this visit, presenting Annette's "One Woman Show," with Mr. Sullivan acting as his wife's agent and manager—as he has done for more than 40 years.

"I've worked for two years to prepare this show for Australia," Miss Kellerman says.

"I'll show color slides of many friends who are Hollywood stars, and give a little talk about them, and the way they live. Then I'll get into a leotard and do my exercises.

Waltz in water

"THIS will be light comedy, of course, nothing too serious or stuffy.

"Oh, and before that I'll show a little film of an underwater dance I performed five years ago. Jimmy photographed it.

"I was terribly worried about him while he was taking the pictures.

"There he was in a diving-bell with his camera, not able to swim a stroke. He's refused to learn ever since I've known him.

"I kept thinking, 'What will he do if something goes wrong with the diving-bell?'

"But everything went off all right, and I've never been so relieved in my life.

"A big feature of my show is an 'Evolution of the Bathing Suit' routine. I won't tell you about that.

"It's new, and if I advertise it beforehand someone might steal the idea. But, believe me, it's good.

"It shows every kind of bathing suit from the tunic-and-bloomers suits I first knew, to the bikini of today.

"After that I get out my accordion and sing a few songs—English, French, and Spanish—ending up with 'Waltzing Matilda.'

UP SHE GOES! Annette Kellerman, a 60-70-years-young star of the silent screen, performs a gymnastic caper that would be beyond most girls a third of her age.

"I've performed part of this show for disabled veterans in American hospitals, and I always end up with 'Waltzing Matilda.'

"The boys love my acts, they really do. Just before I left I put on my show at the War Veterans' Hospital at Long Beach, California, and the audience loved it.

"After the performance one of the boys came up and said, 'I dig your jive, but can you do any rockin' and rollin'?'

"I said to him, 'I don't know. My pelvis is all right, but I'm no Elvis.' He laughed and said, 'You'll do me, doll.'"

Not sinful

HOLLYWOOD, according to Annette Kellerman, is not the sinful place so many people believe it to be.

"After my film biography 'Neptune's Daughter' was released," she said, "I got 35,000 letters from Australia. Most of them said, 'Tell us about Hollywood; is it really so depraved?'

"Well, I'm here to say it certainly is not. Most of those stars work too hard to have time to play up, and most of them are very fine people.

"Look at Eleanor Powell—no high living for her. She has a half-hour TV church session for children every Sunday afternoon.

"She organises the whole show herself, and her husband, Glenn Ford, helps her.

"She has guests on her church programme — people who live according to her own high standards. I've been a guest on the programme.

"Then there's Eddie Cantor. He does fine work for Jewish causes. And Pat O'Brien—an outstanding worker for Boys' Town and Roman Catholic orphanages.

Marital team

"TWO of my own very dear friends, Loretta Young and Barbara Stanwyck, don't spend their time gadding about night-clubs.

"Hollywood has many very fine people in it. Just because they're famous film stars doesn't mean they misbehave. I have tremendous admiration for all of them."

About the long-term success of her marriage Annette Kellerman says, "We've always approached our problems as a team. I think that's very important.

"Another thing. The combination of American and Australian seems to be a good one.

"Australian girls don't expect as much of their husbands as American girls do. They're more easy-going and good-natured.

"American women are more demanding, perhaps a little spoiled. But American men make wonderful husbands, really wonderful.

"After forty years with one I ought to know."

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SANTA RECOMMENDS

the finest fruit cake ever baked

Big Sister
RICH FRUIT CAKE

For a really special gift, "Big Sister" Presentation butter fruit cake, full of delicious fruits, including pineapple and cherries. Packed in a handsome re-usable tin.

★ ★ ★

. . . and for a more economical cake this square shaped "Little Sister" RICH FRUIT CAKE is ideal. Also packed in a most attractive new round tin.

Big Sister gives you a 'Take-it-easy' Christmas! This Christmas, let 'Big Sister' do all the measuring, the mixing, the beating and the baking of all your Christmas cakes and puddings. There's nothing better than 'Big Sister' and they actually cost less to buy than all the expensive ingredients. And for Christmas trimmings, you have 'Big Sister' Fruit Mix, Sweet Pitted Cherries, Citrus Fruit Peel, Crystallized Ginger and Sweet Fruit Chutney.

—AND "BIG SISTER" PLUM PUDDING
The finest ever made!

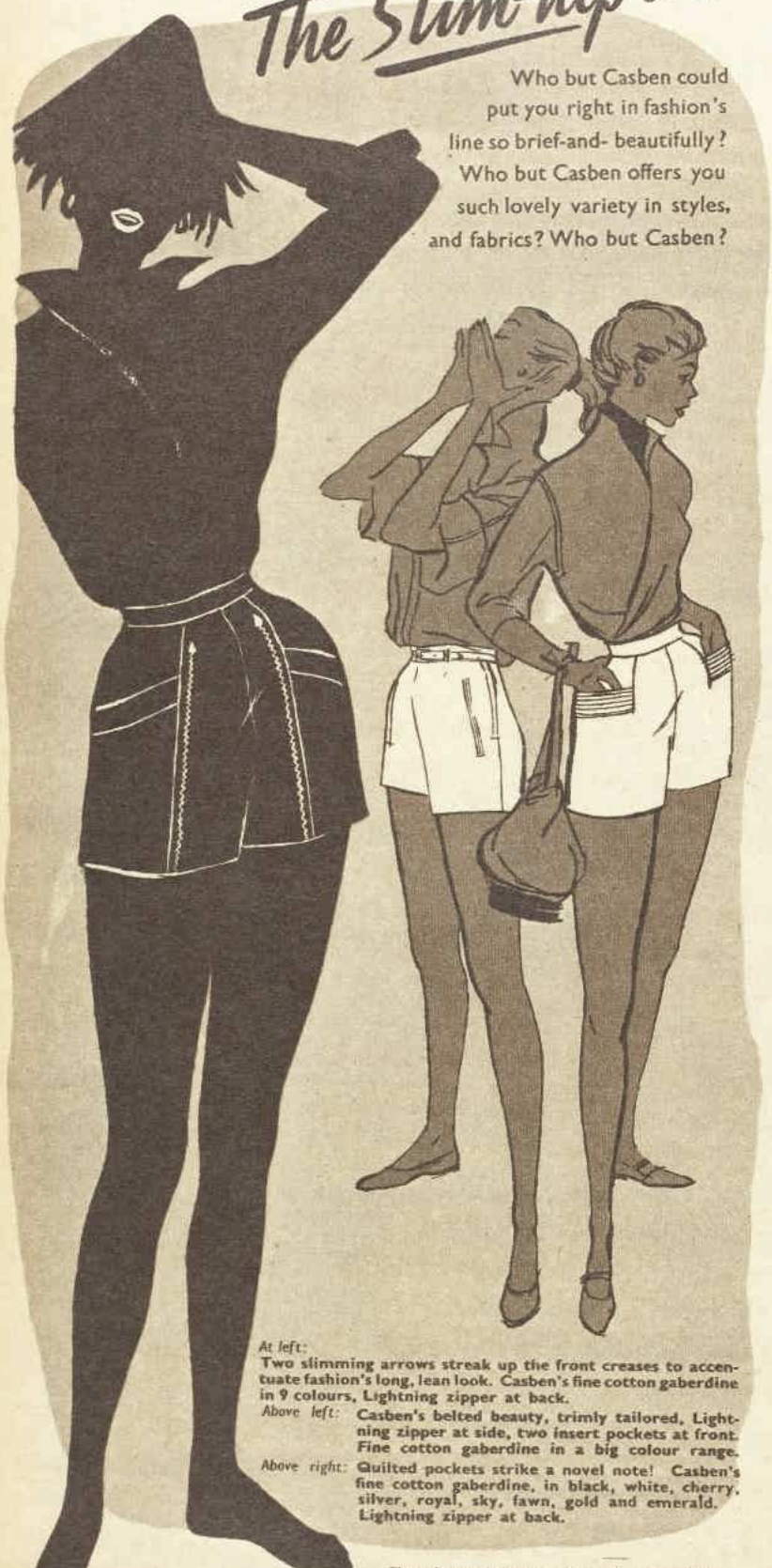
Here is the world's best Christmas pudding, made to "Big Sister's" famous prize recipe. It's even better than home-made and comes in sizes to suit every family—12 oz., 16 oz., 1¾ lb. and 3 lb. tins.

Have leisure for Christmas pleasure!

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5841077

Casben Ship 'n Shore Shorts give you *The Slim-hip look*

Who but Casben could put you right in fashion's line so brief-and- beautifully? Who but Casben offers you such lovely variety in styles, and fabrics? Who but Casben?



At left: **Two slimming arrows streak up the front creases to accentuate fashion's long, lean look. Casben's fine cotton gaberdine in 9 colours, Lightning zipper at back.**

Above left: **Casben's belted beauty, trimly tailored, Lightning zipper at side, two insert pockets at front. Fine cotton gaberdine in a big colour range.**

Above right: **Quilted pockets strike a novel note! Casben's fine cotton gaberdine, in black, white, cherry, silver, royal, sky, fawn, gold and emerald. Lightning zipper at back.**

Three featured designs, 35/-; others from 29/11

C stands for Casben OF THE PACIFIC COAST

THE SIGN OF GOOD TASTE IN SPORTSWEAR

CA.158.1419

TELEVISION PARADE

● The mystery man of television must surely be John Godson, Channel 9 station announcer.

JOHN is the man who makes all the station announcements and helps Chuck Faulkner with the newsreel commentaries. He also reads a number of highly expensive commercials.

He is a pleasant announcer with an attractive, relaxed voice.

However, so far, John has never appeared "on camera." Many people have rung the Channel 9 studios asking "Who's the man with the nice voice?"

John entered TV via radio. Aged 22, he has worked on three country radio stations, 2RG Griffith, 2CA Canberra, and 2AD Armidale.

He was teed-up for a trip to America, where he had arranged to spend some months studying TV with NBC, when he decided to ask TCN for a camera test.

John found himself on the TCN payroll shortly afterwards, and cancelled the American trip.

★ ★ ★

THE perennially topical issue of whether private enterprise should run the highways is the topic of a live-panel discussion on Channel 2 on Thursday, November 29.

The panel includes Mr. Frank Eyre, who will be chairman of the discussion; Professor A. J. Francis, Professor of Civil Engineering at Melbourne University; Mr. D. V. Darwin, Chairman of the Victorian Country Roads Board; Mr. W. H. Talbot, of the Road Transport Association; and Mr. P. D. Phillips, an eminent member of the Victorian Bar.

★ ★ ★

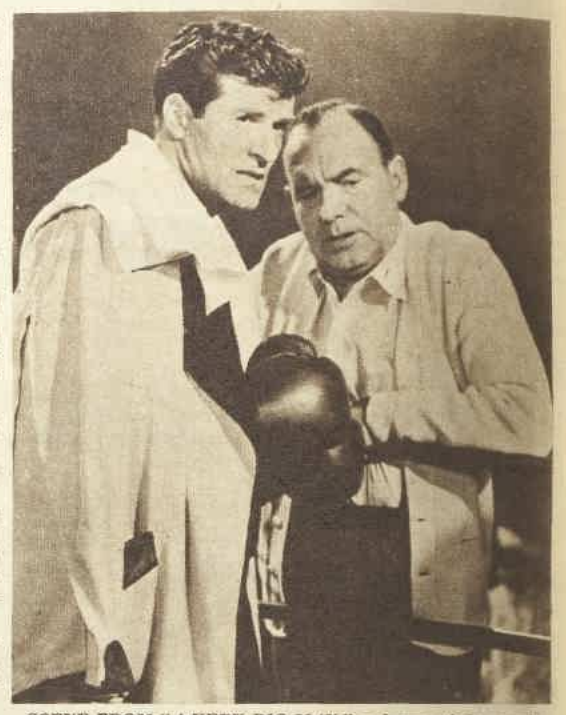
IN another of Peter Scott's delightful wild-life series, "Look," on Channel 2, on Friday, November 30, at 8.30 p.m., viewers go to the land of the flamingo. Escort is Walter Higham, pioneer in filming wild life. He shows a film of flamingoes he took in the Camargue, a wild waste region of marshes and lagoons near the south coast of France.

★ ★ ★

ON Wednesday, December 5, Channel 9 viewers who tune in at 8.30 p.m. will see "A Line in the Snow." This film, which is produced by Douglas Fairbanks, jun., deals with the Canadian Mounties' unofficial motto, "Get your man, no matter what . . ."

Two Mounties track down a murderer who has eluded one of them for five years. The other Mountie is a rookie newly assigned from a desk job. They catch their man, and get involved in a snowstorm.

They are forced to take shelter with a fur-trapper. In the events that follow the rookie graduates into the ranks of a fully fledged Mountie . . . and he gets his man.



SCENE FROM "A VERY BIG MAN," a drama of the people who live off the boxing ring. The film is featured in Celebrity Playhouse on Channel 9 on Friday, November 30, at 8 p.m. This picture shows the fight manager (Pat O'Brien) giving his boxing discovery (Hugh O'Brian) a tip before his last fight.

CHANNEL 9's filming of "The World in Crisis" last Wednesday night certainly caused a stir all over Sydney. Most people agreed it was a marvellous record of the world's trouble spots, but many disagreed violently with the sentiments expressed in it criticising Anglo-French intervention in the Middle East.

The film was, of course, American designed for domestic consumption in the United States, hence the eulogistic references to American foreign policy, which has been described less flatteringly in this country on a number of recent occasions.

by VIDEO

PAT MONDEL, compere-producer of Channel 9's "Fun Farm," tells me that she has had more than 3000 letters from children since she started her show a few weeks ago.

Pat has quite a problem with her show, which is slanted towards children in the up-to-12 bracket.

She must include in her show material suitable for the four to six year old kids, and also something that will keep the interest of the older children.

She averages only two or three hours' sleep a night, and her husband—well, he's in the electronic side of television himself, so he doesn't get much time for sleep, either.

MOST of the film programmes shown on Australian television come from America or the United Kingdom.

Sooner or later all these programmes are reviewed by "Variety," the newspaper of "show biz."

Here are excerpts about a few of the programmes you are seeing now.

WAR IN THE AIR (Channel 2): "This British effort is a worthwhile one, both as a historic document, and a video entertainment in the sense of a thought-provoking and interest-holding telefilm presentation."

ROBIN HOOD (Channel 9): "Punchy performances, direction, and writing ably capture the flavor of medieval England. Camerawork and production is good."

FATHER KNOWS BEST (Channel 9): "With the ease of long practice (Robert) Young and Miss (Jane) Wyatt slip into their parental roles with good effect. (Billy) Grey and Miss (Denise) Alexander make the agonies of adolescent love a poignant thing within script limits."

★ ★ ★

WHEN television first arrived at King's Cross it was watched by a number of children standing outside radio-television shops on old butter-boxes.

Now the children take along their special tele-boxes, elaborate affairs that look as if they had Papa hard at work for a couple of nights making them.

I'm told there's one with a hood for wet weather, too.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5841078

Christmas gift shopping guide

● Christmas is the season for giving, but choosing the right gift often poses a problem for the shopper. To help solve the problem we present a shopping guide for the housewife and the business girl. Prices quoted are the latest in Sydney shops.

Briefcase £7/13/6

Sunglasses £2/19/0

Wooden toy 10/6

Giraffe toy 13/3

Writing case .. £2/13/6

HOUSEWIFE'S LIST

For her husband:

	£	s.	d.
White, non-iron cotton poplin shirt ..	4	9	0
Saddle-stitched leather briefcase	7	13	6
Terry towelling dressing-gown (in a variety of bright colors)	5	15	0
Briar pipe	3	14	0
Shaving cream in a handy pressure pack		8	6
Latest best-selling novel .. .. .. About	1	0	0
Sunglasses .. .. From	1	15	0
Luminous alarm clock .. .. About (specially good if he won't get up)	2	2	0
Combination propelling pencil and cigarette-lighter .. .. About	7	0	0
Collection of small bottles of liqueur from, each		5	0
Wooden-handled tool set	1	17	6
Spotted nylon undershorts		15	0
Shoe-cleaning pack in leather case	1	17	6

For teenage daughter:

	£	s.	d.
Big, bright raffia beach hat	1	9	11
Cotton shortee pyjamas .. .. From	1	9	11
Waterproof beach bag with clock "face" ..	2	7	11
Embroidered ribbon hair band .. .. From		2	11
Stiff nylon, lace-trimmed half slip	1	19	11
Two-toned cummerbund .. .. From		8	11
Pair of fine-gauge nylon stockings		14	11
Thonged sandals trimmed with raffia daisies	3	19	11
Blond leather writing case	2	13	6
Fully equipped sewing box .. .. .. From		15	0
Saddle leather studded belt		16	11

For her son (aged 7 to 12):

	£	s.	d.
Pair of boxing gloves	1	19	6
Swim flippers .. .. From		14	6
Ready-to-make aeroplane models .. From		4	6
Model train set	1	18	11
Wigwam tent, 4ft. high	1	15	11
Plaited kangaroo hide belt .. .. From	1	3	0
Chemistry set .. .. From		13	3
Bright beach shirt .. .. From		15	11
Set of quoits		13	3
Lambswool-lined Robin Hood hat		18	11
Tool kits .. .. From		14	2
Water pistol		7	11
Archery set, with target	1	5	9

For the toddlers:

	£	s.	d.
Animal blocks that will float		17	11
Pint-sized umbrella		6	11
Fuzzy yellow toy giraffe		13	3
Handful of lollipops, each			10
Big rubber ball		10	3
Golliwog		17	6
Alphabet blocks (they can be joined to form words)		19	11
Doll's cane pram, iron wheels	1	1	11
Wooden toy mouse with nodding head ..		10	6
Telephone that rings		17	3

For women friends:

	£	s.	d.
Box of stationery .. .. From		7	6
Length of cotton for dress, yard .. About		10	0
One-cup teapot with detachable strainer ..		7	6
Modern-styled rotary beater	1	3	0
Raw food cutter, enclosed in plastic (specially good for onions)	1	5	0
Collection of jelly moulds, each		2	6
Big plastic bottle		11	3
Pair hand-decorated candles		7	6
Gaily figured tea-towel		6	11
Box of crystallised figs		8	3
Padded plastic tea-cosy on wooden stand		13	11
Watering-can with long, narrow spout ..		12	11

BUSINESS GIRL'S LIST

For her mother:

	£	s.	d.
Pigskin powder compact	3	3	0
Clothes-brush with zippered back, containing manicure set	2	6	11
Lampshade base	1	10	0
Frilly lampshade	3	0	0
Plastic knitting bag	1	10	0
Twin packs of cards		18	6
Big bottle eau-de-Cologne .. .. About	1	0	0
Oven-proof china dish	2	8	0
Lapel flower spray, made of mink	3	3	0
Sewing basket, padded, silk lined .. From	1	1	0
Pure Irish linen luncheon set, 4 napkins, 4 mats	2	5	0
Box flower-perfumed bath essence		7	6
Kitchen scissors		18	6
Artificial dahlias in pottery jar	1	14	11

For her father:

	£	s.	d.
Good torch .. .. About	1	5	0
Pigskin paper-knife	1	10	0
Key ring with container for parking-meter change		10	3
Barbecue apron printed with a cook's face		6	11
After-shave lotion		19	11
Tangerine leather cigarette case	3	0	0
Six golf balls .. .. From each		4	9
Denim casual shoes with rubber soles	1	5	9
Leather tobacco pouch .. .. From	1	6	6
Cotton mesh sports shirt	2	5	0
Cigarettes .. .. .. From about (per 100)		15	0

For men friends:

	£	s.	d.
Two scarlet handkerchiefs, each		8	11
Key ring with car name medallion		13	6
Set of cuff links and tie bar .. .. From	2	5	0
Bottle of champagne .. .. .. From about		15	0
Six golf tees in leather container		8	11
Good tie .. .. About	1	10	0
Towelling beach shirt, tartan trim	1	17	6
Pewter tankard	2	1	0
Cigarette-lighter .. .. From	2	9	0
Heavy marble bookends	2	7	6
Brush and comb set	3	14	0
Roll of color film .. .. About	1	18	0
Cravat .. .. From		7	6
Jar of ginger		17	6
Combined bottle opener, ice crusher, corkscrew (with drink recipes)	1	14	0
Big jar of salted cashew nuts	1	1	0

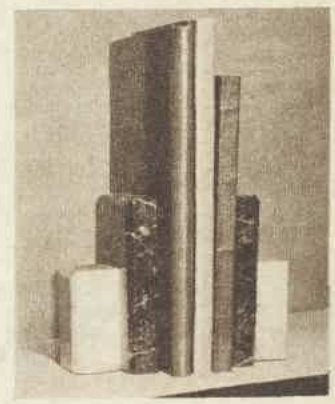
For girl friends:

	£	s.	d.
Collar and cuff set .. .. From		8	11
Long string chalk white beads		10	11
Eyelash curlers		17	6
Cup, saucer, and plate .. .. .. From	1	5	0
Matching raffia flowerpot hat and basket, set	1	5	0
Set of six different eyeshadows on palette		2	11
One big beautiful artificial flower .. About	1	5	0
Set of plastic cosmetic containers, ... From each 1 6 to		5	0
Bottle of skin tonic		8	6
Beach hat in plastic case (opens like an umbrella)		12	6
Two striped pottery eggcups, each		5	9
Pair white cotton gloves		8	11
Hair lacquer in spray container		13	11

See page 52

Novelty brush .. £2/6/11

Dahlias in pot .. £1/14/11



Book-ends £2/7/6

Artificial rose £1/5/0

Watering-can 12/11

Egg cups, each, ... 5/9

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5841079

Give this attractively decorated Pioneer Jelly Christmas pack—a useful plastic refrigerator crisper in your choice of colours and six delicious Pioneer fruit flavour jellies. Only 8/11.

A **TICK TOCK** Silicone Polisher can make it easier to clean and polish everything in your home. It cuts cleaning time on venetians, stoves, baths, furniture, etc.—see how bright and shining they can be with a wipe over. TICK TOCK will dry-clean polish your car in five minutes. 7/6 or 14/6 from leading stores.

He's only ¾in. high, but he might mean a fortune to you! "Krumpy Koala," Peter Scriven's completely irresistible little "Tintookie" star is immortalised by Proud's as Australia's Lucky Charm. Choose him in rhodium or gold finish as an individual charm, 5/6, or a key fob, 9/6; Bracelet, 18/6; Leaf Brooch, 15/-.

The perfect gift sock—in a range of sure-to-please colours. Bond's Springbaks are made from stretch nylon. They stay fresh looking, firm fitting all day. Gentlemen—fathers, brothers, fiances, friends—prefer Bond's. No size problem with Springbaks; they stretch to fit every foot. 11/9 at all leading stores.

Now your snapshots can live in true, natural colors—on Agfacolor film. Easy to use, economical Agfacolor gives perfect results—Agfacolor film for color transparencies to view or project at home, for color paper prints to carry in your wallet, paste in your album, send to your friends. Agfacolor film, priced from 18/-.

● *The simplest of all fully automatic sewing machines.* Available in Australia only. Cash or easy terms £94 from **Robertson Reversible Sewing Machine Pty Ltd.,** 453 Pitt Street, Sydney. (Opp. Hotel Sydney). MA3487.

This Special Christmas Carton contains 4 tablets of pure, mild, transparent Pears Soap—loved by everyone! It's the perfect gift for lots of people on your Christmas list. Price 4/- (slightly higher in country areas).

MAYFAIR HAM is top quality ham—skinless, boneless, so that there's not an ounce of waste. It's ready to serve—comes in 2lb., 5lb., or larger sized tins. It's perfect for holiday entertaining or Christmas giving.

What a sensible, practical gift. ⊙ "POLAROID" SUNGLASSES, **best under the sun,** in a wonderful new range of designs and colours. Pictured are model 636 in red on white and 282 in blue chevron, both 59/-. Other models from 39/6 to 91/4. Polaroid and ⊙ are registered trade marks.

A wonderful gift for every man . . . a year round present for mother. The cool, crisp poplin (made by famous Grafton) washes easily . . . never needs ironing.
Ask to see the world's best cotton poplin shirt, Beaucaire's NEVA PRESS at leading stores. 47/6.

PRETTIER HAIR for Christmas with Twink—the one-lotion home permanent with special oil conditioner to give silky, soft waves without frizz. Takes only 15 minutes—no neutraliser needed. Gift wrapped. 13/6—at all chemists and departmental stores.

A gift of this charming silver fox cape will make it the Christmas she's always dreamed of. All you need to tell us is her approximate bust measurement. Its price is 14½ guineas (but if you prefer it in either caramel or grey imported fox, only 12 guineas). Call or write . . . Cornelius Furs, Box 3730, G.P.O., Sydney. BW5821.

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All ready to serve, Big Sister Plum Pudding will save you hours of tedious cooking and costs less than the price of ingredients. It's the richest, most delicious Plum Pudding you've ever tasted! Be ready for Christmas, order a Big Sister Plum Pudding now from your local storekeeper.

Have more leisure for Christmas pleasure this year, buy a Big Sister Rich Fruit Cake! It will cost you less than the ingredients would, and save you all that effort of measuring, beating and baking. Be early, order your oven-fresh Big Sister Fruit Cake now!

SMOOTHEX PRESSURE PAK SHAVE CREAM. **Press the button** for a thick, smooth, shaving lather that stays moist to the end of the perfect shave. The razor doesn't drag or scrape and a shaving brush is not needed with Smoothex. Smoothex contains its own after shave lotion. Months of shaving for 8/6.

ORIS SWISS WATCHES

Lady's Chrome and Steel Back .. £7/5/-
Man's Waterproof Radium Dial .. £7/5/-

Give a Rota Cota roller painting Kit this Xmas! Rota Cota makes painting faster, easier, and gives a truly "professional" finish with all paints. Complete Kit includes "Democ Super" wool roller and special deep-fluted paint tray with ladder grips. Attractively packaged for 39/6 at all hardware stores.

At the touch of your fingertip a fine mist of GOSSAMER "spray-sets" your hair with a sweet-scented invisible net. Your hair stays beautifully in place all day, all evening long. Gossamer settles even a brand-new "perm," yet there's no heavy "lacquer look." Regular size only 13/6. Economical "Salon" size 21/-.

Bisley Nylpoplin 666—aristocrat of all shirts and a truly princely gift. It's 100% spun nylon, flawlessly tailored, and so strong he'll be wearing it proudly many Christmases hence. Never needs ironing. £5/19/9.

Give Gilford this Christmas. Here's the ONLY automatic Electric Jug. Gilford just can't boil over—it switches itself off automatically when the water boils. See—and buy—the Gilford at leading stores everywhere, price 78/6.

SANTA SNOW. Wake up on Christmas morning to the "White Christmas" you've always dreamed about—"Snow" on the Christmas tree and windows. Press the button and instantly out come gleaming "snowflakes" which settle where you want them. Medium size 10/11, large size 17/9.

The family gift that will save Mother time and energy for years to come! With the Hoover Steam and Dry Iron steam does the work without the need for hard pressure. Saves damping down—no need for damping cloths. Price 9½ guineas.
HOOVER MAKES THE BEST

Musical Manicure Set from Switzerland, 9 pieces. Tune plays when lid is opened. £6/19/6. Simulated pearls by "Nicole." Loveliest Magnolia. Superb box of rich, silky velvet. 1 row, 69/6; 2 row, 90/; 3 row, 105/-. Marcus Clark's, Central Square, Sydney. B0959. Mail or phone orders.

Finest Merino wool and glittering gold lame. Ensign ties are woven by Yarra Falls in gay new colours . . . brilliant designs . . . uncrushable . . . washable.
They're the very latest . . . brighter and smarter . . . certain to please any man. See the new Ensign ties at any leading store.

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'Popular Quality'

NURSERY SQUARES

Finest aids you can buy to Baby's comfort and happiness are these new soft, super-absorbent Actil Nursery Squares. You'll value the extra wear in Actil's strong towelling weave and non-fray hems.

WEAR LONGER
—Strongly woven the careful Actil way.

EXTRA SOFT
—In caressing deep pile Terry towelling.

SUPER-ABSORBENT
—Thirsty towelling weave assures maximum absorption.

HYGIENICALLY PACKED

Now you can choose Actil Nursery Squares in two qualities . . .
"STANDARD" and "POPULAR QUALITY"

AN ACTIL PRODUCT

BUY QUALITY BY ACTIL

AUSTRALIAN COTTON TEXTILE INDUSTRIES LIMITED

Continued from page 49

Gift-buyers' guide

● Choosing suitable gifts for his womenfolk is always a problem for the husband and father at Christmas. Below are some ideas to help him.

THE HUSBAND'S LIST

Mink curvette. £8/8/-

Manicure set. £6/19/6

Travel clock. £4/10/-

	£	s	d
Black pleated nylon nightgown . . . . From	8	8	0
Bottle of French perfume . . . . . From	2	0	0
Mink curvette hat	8	8	0
Wall bracket with three glass shelves	3	12	11
Cigarette-holder . . From	1	9	0
Travelling clock in brocade case	4	10	0
Petit-point evening bag . . . . . About	3	0	0
Manicure set in musical box	6	19	6
Straw "clutch" bag, made turn-over style	2	0	0
Six enamelled coffee spoons	7	10	0
Red leather jewel case . .	3	15	0
Party apron of nylon taffeta with embroidered nylon frill	2	19	11
Earrings made like little feathered birds	2	2	0
Crystal water-set . . From	5	5	0
Insulated mugs in set of 8	2	2	0
Lipstick case with two interchangeable lipsticks . . . . . About	1	0	0
Espresso coffee machine, cast aluminium. From	3	9	6
Squirrel fur necklet	10	10	0
Small vanity-case with four plastic cosmetic containers, with space for others	4	17	6
Flower-painted candlestick		12	11
Handbag comb in silver case	1	2	6
China powder-bowl, pastel colors	1	4	11

THE BACHELOR'S LIST

● The young bachelor is the last in our group of Christmas shoppers. These ideas will help him select gifts for his girl-friend, his mother, and his sisters.

	£	s	d
Flower-print picture in "window-box" frame . . . . . From		19	6
Waterproof vanity-case, zippered top, 4 plastic cosmetic containers . .	2	6	11
Beach sheet cum beach towel measuring 4ft. 6in. x 6ft.	2	9	11
Annual subscription to high-fashion magazine . . . . . About	3	10	0
Five-year diary, which can be locked	2	3	6
Single-flower glass vase . . . . . From		8	11
Enamel and gilt scent spray	1	5	3
Gilt lipstick case with mirror attached	1	6	6
Manicure kit, containing nailpolish, remover, cuticle oil, emery boards, and scissors . .	1	9	11
Swimming-cap covered with petals	3	0	0
Mink earrings	2	2	0
Imported fan	2	5	0
Pair of black suede gloves . . . . . About	2	10	0
Australian quartz-set bracelet, oxidised silver	4	15	0

Bracelet. £4/15/-

Scent spray. £1/5/3

5-year diary. £2/3/6

REST RELAXED WITH

Tru-Rest TABLETS

with "Arten" the quick-acting American ingredient.

Don't let the anxieties and frustrations of the day destroy your night's rest, relieve physical and mental tension speedily and safely with Tru-Rest Tablets—take Tru-Rest before retiring to calm the nerves, to promote complete relaxation and sound, healthy sleep.

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—for a restful night

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KENTEX

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The beautiful proportions and gleaming chrome finish of Kentex taps and fittings add the final touch of modern beauty and utility to bathroom and kitchen.

Kentex taps and fittings are precision-crafted products of McIlwraith Industries Pty. Ltd. —their many special quality features make them first choice of selective buyers. At all leading builders' suppliers.

You are invited to write for free literature.

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YOUNG MOTHERS! Read Baby Magazine, the informative, entertaining magazine devoted specially to mothercraft. Price 2/- at all newsagents or send 24/- for 12 monthly issues to Baby Magazine, 19 Bridge St., Sydney.

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BLACK PLASTIC for the body, brightly colored plastic for the skirt, and a contrast for the waistband are the main materials used to make this washable doll. Flowers in hair and at waist add a gay note, and are also of plastic.

Christmas gift to make

Native doll in plastic

● Foam plastic is used to make this novel South Sea Island doll for the youngsters. The doll is quickly made and is an inexpensive and welcome gift on Christmas morning.

THIS toy is practical and hygienic as well as attractive. When the doll becomes soiled by grubby little hands it can be made clean and bright again by squeezing it out in soapy water, rinsing, and hanging out to dry. There is no need to remove the doll's grass skirt and flowers. They are washable, too.

Materials: ½yd. black sateen (or similar material); 2 sheets black foam plastic; 1 sheet bright color foam plastic for clothes; 2yds. ⅝in. plastic ribbon; 2 small buttons for eyes; stuffing; glue; scraps of red and white foam.

Cut out two of the patterns in sateen, tack to foam sheet, and cut out, taking care to cut the foam about ⅛in. larger than the sateen. Lay the two patterns together (sateen outside) and machine together all except the head.

Turn the doll inside out and stuff. (For stuffing use kapok, seaweed, wood-wool, or cotton-wool.) Use a knife-handle to pack the stuffing well into the arms and legs. Fill the head, and hand-sew.

Cut two circles the size of a sixpence from white foam and a mouth from red foam, stick on to the face with strong glue. Sew two small buttons on to the white circles for eyes.

Make hair by taking four strips of black foam 2in. by 6in. Make crosscuts to within ¼in. of the edge and gather to the width of the doll's head. Sew on to form hair.

For the skirt, take a strip 18in. by 3in. and cut the same way as the hair. Gather to the side of the doll's waist and sew on lightly.

Take the plastic ribbon and bind it tightly round the top of the skirt, covering the sewing. Then bind round for four turns and cross over shoulders. Sew the loose end at the waist and cover the sewing with a small flower. Make a flower for the hair.

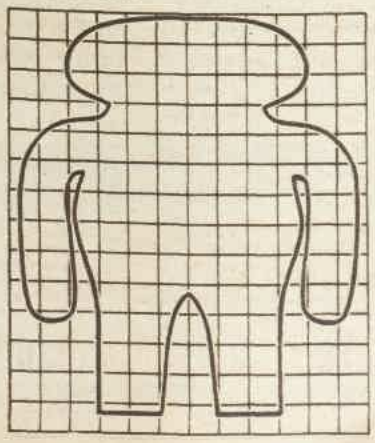

DIAGRAM shows you how to make a pattern to cut the foam-plastic doll. You can make the doll any required size by adapting the scale. One of the easiest ways to make this pattern is to use school graph paper.

SOMEBODY DIDN'T LOOK FOR THE "SANFORIZED" LABEL

ALL COTTONS CAN SHRINK

Poor Joe is tired out after spending a sleepless night wrestling with shrunk-up pyjamas. They're tight and uncomfortable — and after only a wash or two. Obviously somebody didn't look for the "Sanforized" label. If you don't buy "Sanforized"-shrunk cottons—no matter what tedious washing precautions you take—your garments may easily lose that first-day fit. Don't be misled by labels that merely bear the words "pre-shrunk." Many of these general promises are made, knowing that shrinkage may be as high as 5% —enough to take a garment down two whole sizes.

THIS LABEL IS THE ASSURANCE THAT THE GARMENT WILL NOT SHRINK OUT OF FIT

THESE COTTONS WON'T

"Sanforized"-shrunk fabric is processed on special machines and tested to make absolutely certain that shrinkage will not alter the fit of a garment in the slightest. The "Sanforized" label is your assurance of permanent protection against shrinkage. When shopping for pyjamas, jeans, dresses, shorts, work trousers, shirts — any cotton at all—ask to see the "Sanforized" trade-mark on the label before you buy.

THESE GARMENTS ARE AVAILABLE IN SANFORIZED SHRUNK FABRIC, TOO!

•SANFORIZED• REGD. T.D. MK.
Shrunk Fabric
FOR PERMANENT FIT

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Be a Smart Cookie

Make this Old English Style Xmas Pudding

with

"Mother's Choice" FLOUR

Look *for the Christmas recipes on every Mother's Choice Packet*

On this page, June Clyde gives you her special recipe from the Mother's Choice test kitchen. You'll find it simple to make—and comparatively inexpensive. Certainly it's guaranteed to produce the finest Xmas Pudding you (and your family) ever tasted *. . . provided, of course, that the flour you use is Mother's Choice* . . . But it's not only Xmas Pudding you'll be making. Every "smart cookie" will be busy with the Xmas Cake, Mince Pies, Shortbread and the host of other good things that go to make a Christmas feast. So don't forget to stock up with Mother's Choice Plain Flour as well as Mother's Choice Self-Raising . . . you'll need lots of *both.*

AEROPHOS in Mother's Choice Flour is the *modern* raising ingredient

ENTOLETED the guaranteed way to ensure complete purity

ALWAYS FRESH the date of packing is stamped on every packet

VITAMIN ENRICHED Mother's Choice gives you extra vitamins for extra health!

CLIP OUT THIS RECIPE

"Mother's Choice" Old English Style Christmas Pudding

(Sufficient for two 2½-pint pudding basins)

COMBINE
1 lb. raisins
4 ozs. sultanas
4 ozs. currants
4 ozs. chopped almonds
4 ozs. chopped dates
4 ozs. chopped prunes
4 ozs. chopped cherries
4 ozs. chopped peel

POUR OVER ½-cup rum or sherry and allow to stand several hours.

CREAM
4 ozs. shortening and 8 ozs. brown sugar.

ADD
4 egg yolks — beating well after each addition.

MIX IN
½ cup marmalade.

SIFT TOGETHER
2 cups Mother's Choice Self-Raising Flour.
2 level teaspoons cinnamon.
1 level teaspoon nutmeg.
½ level teaspoon salt.
½ level teaspoon bi-carb. soda.
Add 1 cup fine white breadcrumbs.

ADD ALTERNATELY
the flour mixture and prepared fruit.

MIX IN
½ cup grated carrot.
½ cup grated apple.
½ cup hot milk.
1 tablespoon Parisienne Essence.

FOLD IN
4 egg whites stiffly beaten.

PLACE
in 2 greased pudding moulds and cover securely, or in a floured pudding cloth and tie with string.

STEAM OR BOIL
4 hours and further 2 hours on day of serving.

P.S. If you want to cook the puddings one at a time, you can let the second stand while the first is steaming. Because Mother's Choice Self-Raising Flour contains "Aerophos," you can keep it for hours, if necessary, and the mixture won't lose a whit of its "rise-ability."

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Christmas gifts to make

Cool cotton blouse

• This smartly striped boat-necked sweater, knitted in cool cotton, is wonderful to team with slacks, shorts, or slim linen skirts for summer wear.

Materials: 4 balls main color (M) and 3 balls contrast (C) Strutt's Milford Knitting Cotton, size No. 8; 1 pr. No. 12 needles; matching thread.

Measurements: To fit a 34in. bust. Instructions for 36in. bust are given, where different, in brackets. Length 22in.

Tension: 8 sts. and 10 rows to 1in.

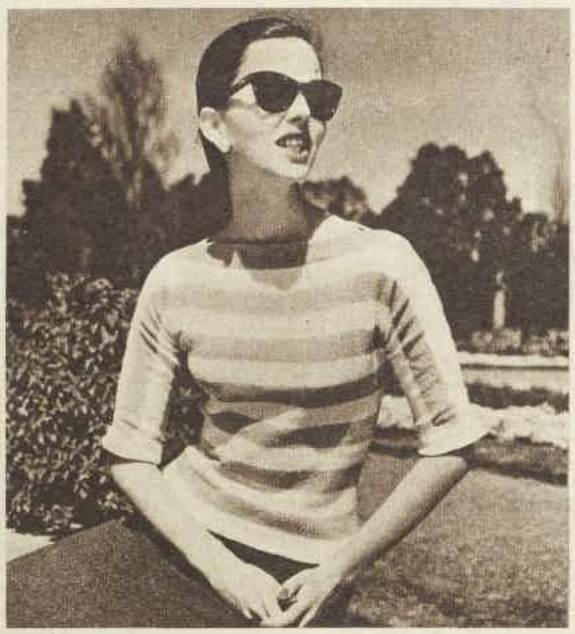
FRONT

With M, cast on 116 (124) sts. Beg. with a k row, work in st-st. for 15 rows. K next row for hemline. Beg. with a k row, work in st-st. from now on. Work 16 rows M, 16 rows C throughout. Cont. straight until 74 rows from hemline are completed. (2 patts. and 10 rows.) Inc. 1 st. each end of next row and 9 foll. 6th rows. Work 1 row. Inc. 1 st. each end of next row and foll. alt. row. Work 1 row on 140 (148) sts. (Last row is 6th row of 5th M stripe.)

To Shape Sleeves: Cast on 2 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows, 4 sts. at beg. of 4 foll. rows, 8 sts. at beg. of 2 foll. rows, 18 sts. at beg. of 4 foll. rows, and 20 sts. at beg. of 2 foll. rows. Work 54 rows on 292 (300) sts. (Last row is 12th row of 7th M stripe.)

To Shape Top of Sleeves: Cast off 10 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. Break off M. Work in C from now on. Cast off 10 sts. at beg. of next 16 rows. 92 (100) sts. remain.

Neck Facing: Work 2 rows. Cast on 10 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. Work 2 rows. Cast off 6 (8) sts. at beg. of next 4 rows and 16 sts. at beg. of 4 foll. rows. Cast off 44 sts. (Cast off these sts. fairly loosely.)



WIDE STRIPES in contrasting colors make this cotton jumper a wardrobe favorite for the hot summer months. Start knitting yours now. Directions are given on this page.

BACK

Work as for front.

Cuffs: With M and right side of work towards you, pick up and k 88 sts. along each sleeve edge. Beg. with a p row, work in st-st. for 32 rows. Cast off fairly loosely.

TO MAKE UP

Press on wrong side under damp cloth. Back-stitch top of sleeves and shoulders, including facing, ¼in. inside the cast-off-edges. Press seams open. Turn in neck facing and slip-hem invisibly with matching thread. Back-stitch side and sleeve seams, matching stripes exactly, including cuffs. Turn in lower edge at hemline and the last 16 rows of each cuff and slip-hem with thread. Press seams.

APRON FOR PICNICS

• Here is a sturdy denim apron that is hard-wearing as well as pretty. Follow the easy directions below.

Materials: Five-eighth yard striped denim; 22in. of plain material matching or contrasting with the stripes; 1 card of colored bias tape.

Cut off 22in. from the striped material and then cut this piece in halves down the centre fold of the material. Now cut a piece of the plain fabric 22in. by 13in. and j6in between the two striped pieces to make the centre of the apron as shown in the picture.

Bind both sides and across bottom with matching or contrasting bias tape.

From remainder of the striped material cut two oblongs 10in. by 13in. to make the two pockets. From the plain fabric cut two oblongs 10in. by 6in. and use these to face the pocket flaps. Sew the two large pockets on as shown.

Cut from plain material one strip 6in. by 18in. to make the waistband, and two strips 20in. by 3in. to hem and use for ties.

Before sewing the waistband to the apron, make a deep box pleat of the plain fabric in the centre of the apron. Gather apron on either side of this until the waist measures 17in. across. Attach waistband and ties.

BELOW: Striped and plain materials make this attractive denim apron to wear at summer barbecues. One of these would make an ideal Christmas gift for a friend.

★ *beautiful*
★ *bewitching*
★ *eyes...*

One application of Lashcara darkens your eyelashes and eyebrows for at least 10 weeks... Lashcara will not rub nor smudge. You can wash with soap, swim, bathe, even shed a few tears — Lashcara remains permanently, faithfully yours. Only 8/6 gives you twelve months' eye glamor....

Wake up—made up....

Lashcara, in black and brown, is sold by all chemists and department stores.

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HUMES

Septic Closet

★ Uses no chemicals—only one to two pints of clean water required for flushing after each usage.

★ The benefits of sewer in non-sewered areas!

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★ Healthy and hygienic.

★ Modern pedestals in a range of colours.

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Healthy, hygienic, TROUBLE-FREE SANITATION all the year round with a Humes Septic Closet. You owe it to your family—yourself—to provide this modern system in *your* home! Write now—or ring BX 4165 for full details!

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Please send—free and post free—your Septic Closet leaflet and three sets of plans for me to present to my local council.

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Arnott's famous high-quality, colour Xmas Cakes are again available in 2-lb. and 3-lb. sizes.

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Order from your grocer now to avoid disappointment.

The 2-lb. size this year is a square cake packed in a transparent, heat-sealed bag and enclosed in a carton wrapped in a colourful Xmas display wrapper.

Arnott's 3-lb. cakes are attractively piped and decorated and packed in beautifully printed tins of lasting use.

There is no Substitute for Quality

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Sultry teenager is top Paris model

● For his autumn collection Castillo, Lanvin's designer, put all his key models on a slender, sulky-looking little teenager named Dany. From her first appearance she was acclaimed a "great" mannequin by fashion writers and buyers from all over the world.

DANY is not only a star mannequin but a radiant newlywed busily setting up home.

She was only 16½ when she abandoned her studies to become a photographer's model. A few months later she was a mannequin in Balenciaga's salon.

"I didn't feel right, however," she said. "Balenciaga made me wear all the 'jeune fille' models and wouldn't let me use any make-up. I was convinced this was not my type."

So she welcomed the chance to make a move.

Castillo, of Lanvin-Castillo, engaged her, but at first was not enthusiastic about the little brunette. But without realising it he had put all his key models on her, and she was an instant and enormous success.

Dany now wears make-up. From the start she refused to put herself in the hands of a beauty stylist. She found her own style.

Her eye make-up is particularly characteristic

She draws a heavy black line round her eyes, along the bottom lid as well as the top one, then prolongs both lines in a strong, upward curve almost to the hairline, where they join in a fine point.

On the top eyelid and between the two lines across the temple she uses silver-grey eye shadow.

As she is dark-skinned she uses a warm, dark cream make-up and a rich, dark lipstick which makes her pouty lips look even fuller.

Dany holds herself as Paul Poiret's mannequins did, with the tummy thrust forward.

She never shows the slightest animation when she is modelling. Even the wildest applause for a dress she is presenting leaves her looking rather discontented. Indeed, this sultry sullenness is part of her charm.

Recently Dany, who has already modelled three Castillo bride's dresses, presented her own wedding dress at the Church of St. Pierre, Montmartre.

The dress had been made in the Lanvin workrooms, but it was designed by her bridegroom, Andre Rossi, a 22-year-old fashion designer.

The dress was made in heavy, white faille.

Dany loses her Mona Lisa look when she talks of her new home and sparkles with excitement.

"It's not finished yet, but it's going to be wonderful," she said.

"It" is a small house at Villeneuf-le-Roi on the outskirts of Paris, a present from the bridegroom's family.

"All the colors are to be very bright and gay," she explained, "and we are having the staircase arranged so that we can have plants and flowers drooping over the balustrade.

"There will also be a tiny garden, although at the moment it is filled with debris and workmen's materials."

Can she cook?

"Well . . ." and she hesitated. "I'm trying hard, but I can't say it's always a success. But Andre is very forgiving, and I think I am improving."

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CORSETRY

BRA. 7609, creates desirable lines. D cup fitting in Nude Poplin. 36 in. to 42 in.

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Thousands of Australian Women who Really Need a Corset Wear a Jenyns.

This popular reducing and supporting corset is recommended by leading surgeons in the Commonwealth and abroad. It has the endorsement of the Institute of Hygiene, London.
The Jenyns Patent Corset is noted for its hand detailed finish . . . available in a wide choice of beautiful quality materials including airflow nylon.

MODERATELY PRICED.
Available at All Leading Stores.

THE JENYNS PATENT CORSET PTY. LTD.

DRESS SENSE

By Betty Keep

● A loose nightshirt silhouette prettied up with lace is scheduled to make a strong impression in summer lingerie fashions.

THE fashion item above answers the reader's problem below.

Here is her letter and my reply:

"I AM seeking your help for a design and paper pattern for a cotton nightgown suitable for my 17-year-old daughter. Do you think the style would be too old-fashioned-looking if it had a sleeve? I want it to be pretty because I am making it for a Christmas box."

The design I have chosen for you is illustrated at right. It is the modern version of the old-fashioned nightshirt, finished with little puffed-up sleeves and softened by a lace trim. I think it is extremely pretty and suitable for a girl in her teens—I hope you will think so, too. A paper pattern for the design is obtainable in sizes 30 to 38in. bust. Lines under sketch give further details and how to order.

"COULD you please pick me a shade for an autumn suit? I want to include one in my trousseau clothes, and would like it to be in a correct color."

Brown "fur colors" such as mink and beaver are high up on the autumn color list. Grey is back again, in a medium and really dark shade. All soft beige tones are worth considering, so are olive tones of green.

"I NOTICED in a recent 'Dress Sense' article you advised a reader about a red frock for summer. I would like you to suggest one for me. I take an S.S.W. fitting."

The design for a red dress, because of the brilliance of the color, should be kept simple and its detailing to a minimum. Example: a slender, sleeveless sheath-dress finished with a high, collarless bateau neckline dipping to a V at the back, where three flat self bows, evenly spaced, trim the bodice.

DS219.—Nightgown in sizes 30 to 38in. bust. Requires 4 yards 36in. material, 4½ yards ½in. lace edging, and 2 yards ½in. lace insertion. Price 4/6. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

"I WANT a suggestion for some type of hat suitable to wear driving in an open car. The design I have in mind covers all the wearer's hair. It is for a girl in her teens."

I suggest a bathing cap beret. Have it made in cotton with a drapable crown tucked into an inch-wide grosgrain ribbon or self-material band finished at one side with short streamers.

"I WOULD like you to suggest some sort of self trimming for a black crepe afternoon frock."

As you omitted a description of the dress you wish to trim it is rather difficult to offer a suggestion. However, I can tell you bows in self material or made in ribbon are the newest form of trimming in the Paris autumn collections.

Beauty in brief:

Keep summer make-up casual

By CAROLYN EARLE

● Informality is the keynote for make-up in the summer. Indeed, it is quite usual to cut down cosmetics to just lipstick for everyday wear if you feel like it.

AT all costs, try to avoid a heavily made-up look in warm weather.

Whatever make-up you wear, just be sure the color is right.

For instance, a fine, natural tan is very flattering, but it needs to be matched with the correct cosmetics. On the other hand, light complexions call for cool, light shades of make-up or clever artifice to simulate a tan.

In this connection, always let your own skin tone and common sense be your guide.

A combination powder and foundation is very good for the heat because it doesn't get sticky.

People with oily complexions often find that foundation lotions do a good job for them.

On sun-tanned cheeks rouge can be reduced to nothing and face powder must be dark enough to match the tan itself.

Choose clear red lipstick in any one of its many variations for daytime wear. There's nothing prettier.

MICHEL WISHES TO MAKE A
CORRECTION
In a Michel Lipstick advertisement in The Australian Women's Weekly dated November 21, an incorrect price was shown. The correct price is
MEDIUM SIZE
MICHEL LIPSTICK
5/3
IN "FIRM" AND "CREAMY"

F. J. THWAITES JUST PUBLISHED!

●THAT WAS THE HOUR
the story of a great love which survives a terrible disaster
288 pages price 16'9

●HUSKY be my GUIDE
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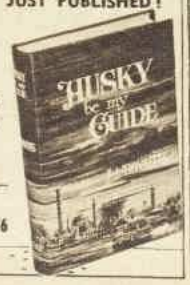

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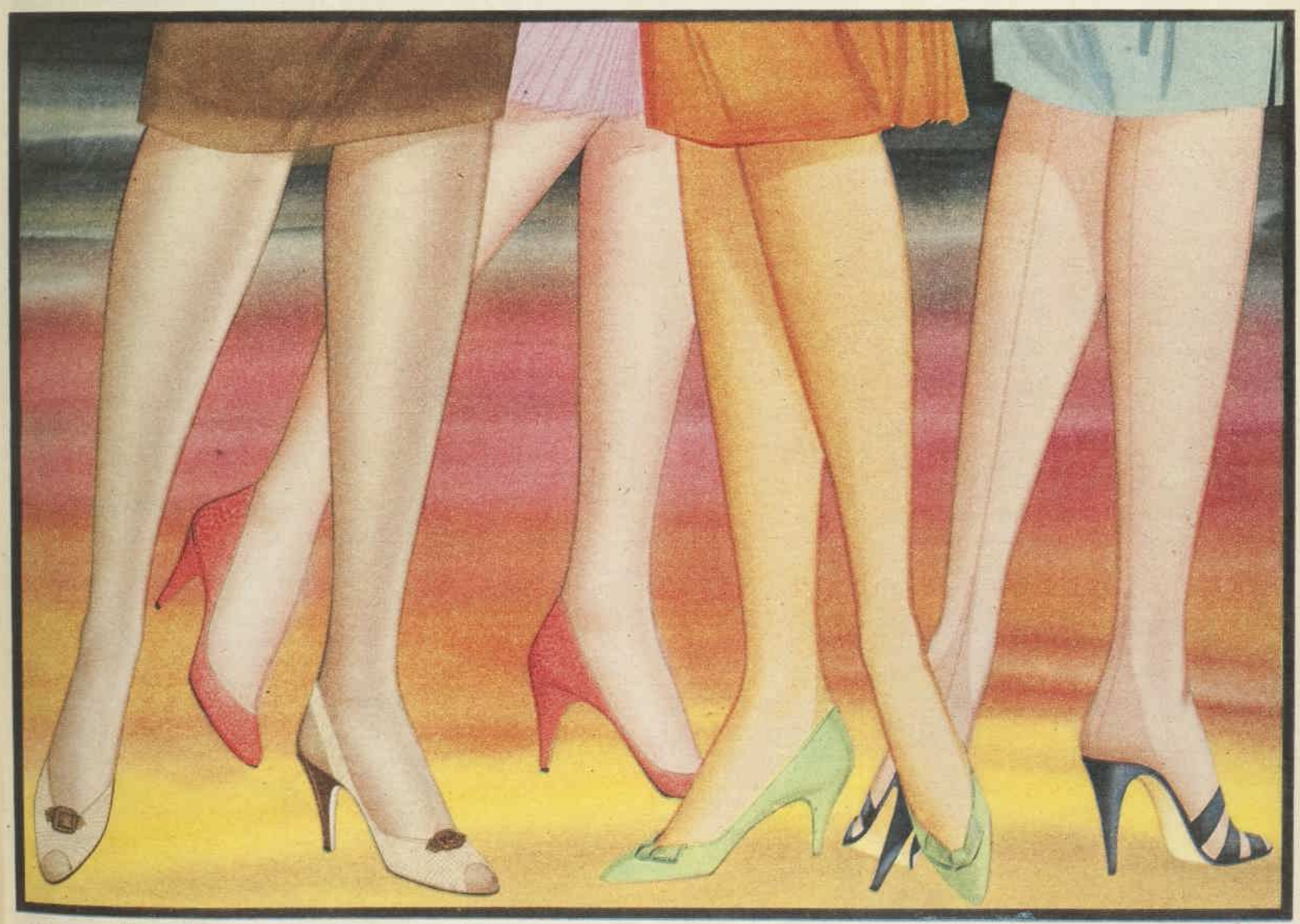

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CHANEL

feel too tight and rested her head against the soft cushions at the back.

Slowly, the heavy air and the bright hard light forced her eyelids shut. But after only a few seconds she opened them quickly. Immediately she shut out the cabin with its double row of steady, unmoving seats and the glimpse of the wing through the porthole she had the unpleasant feeling of being swung very slightly from side to side in a nauseating, frightening motion.

She looked across at Lalette, but Lalette was still peacefully asleep. She looked at the sleeping men, but they remained the same black and brown and blue bundles of a few minutes ago. Hamilton had altered his perambulations only to dab gently at his forehead and to check his weighty chin for stubble. The door to the flight deck remained closed.

Nothing had happened, except that she must have been asleep. Like the nightmare of suddenly falling this was a quick, self-waking one. But instead of downwards the movement had been sideways.

Afraid that she would sleep again she walked back to the powder room and filled the small bowl almost to the brim with cold water. She marvelled at the wonderful lack of vibration. The water had scarcely a ripple on it. She creamed the light make-up off her face and dipped her face right into the bowl, opening her eyes under the water. She gasped, shaking the drops off her chin and nose and rubbed her face briskly with a linen towel. She felt wonderful.

She dabbed behind her ears with the cologne in the big blue bottle and let little trickles run down her thin wrists. She smiled at her reflection in the mirror, feeling immensely brighter, more vigorous and alive than the stuffy sleepers in the cabin.

Then just beside her came a soft, little noise: slip-slop, slip-slop.

She turned quickly. The water in the basin was having a miniature storm. A wave scooped out from the hollow of the bowl flopped over on the port side to be immediately swung back and toppled to starboard.

She looked at the basin disbelievingly for a moment. Then just as suddenly it settled back to its former sleekness. Its plain, blank face said that once more she had been dreaming. But the water was now a couple of inches farther down the bowl, and on the steady, unvibrating floor were two ragged little puddles.

Mechanically, Angela fetched a cloth and mopped them up.

Before going back to the cabin she carefully re-rolled the sleeves of her cream poplin shirt, combed her hair and checked the dead straight line of her stocking seams.

Mr. Hamilton was just outside the galley. Taking a deep breath she said suddenly, "Did we hit a bumpy patch or something a minute or two ago? The water in there . . . it spilled. I wondered . . .?"

"Did it, now?" Mr. Hamilton grinned. "When you've flown as long as I have, my girl, you'll know all sorts of queer things happen in the tail. Always wobbling, the tail is! Least bit of bumpiness and away it goes!"

His eyes travelled beyond her head and suddenly alerted. "Quick, girl, get your monkey jacket on! Wake Miss Greenacres!" His hand in one great swoop checked his own collar and tie and his immaculate jacket. "The Chairman's stirring! Hurry, girl, do!"

But the stirring never grew into an actual uprising. The Chairman moved from side to side, pulled down the pillow impatiently and grunted down

Continuing . . . . The Proving Flight

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once more into the depths of sleep. The only one to leave his seat was Mr. Riley. He pulled down his overnight bag from the rack above his head and brought out a bleached pigskin toilet box, then loped slowly to the back.

As he came nearer Mr. Hamilton, standing very straight, inclined his head slightly and called to Angela, "Mr. Riley might like a cup of coffee, Miss Knight." He turned and smiled at the Public Relations Officer.

"Good idea, Hamilton. Very sound!" He grinned and stroked his cheeks. "Make it fifteen minutes. Must have a shave. Got a beard like a porcupine!"

Angela had been sitting on the high stool in the galley, tapping her heels softly against the metal walls and watching the little foam flecks of cloud drift and disperse and reform again. She made some coffee and set a small tray with biscuits.

Then Mr. Riley swept the curtain to the gentleman's room aside impatiently. He held his white handkerchief hard against his cheek, but even so the bloodstains darkened it. "Got any dressings?" he said. "Should be some already in there. Your job, Hamilton!"

The chief steward's chin rose a little. "A plaster for Mr. Riley, Miss Knight," he said coldly. "A small one, I think, will do."

"No, a large one! Biggest you've got. Here, give it to me!"

He took the first-aid box from Angela's hand and went back and drew the curtain.

When he reappeared he said: "The tail moved. Shook from side to side!" He patted the plaster. "I could do with that coffee."

"Miss Knight will bring it to you in your seat, sir."

Angela came back, a small, worried frown drawing together and levelling her brows. "Did you hear that, Mr. Hamilton? He said the tail moved. I think I felt it, too. A little while ago. You know, when I said . . ."

"Look, girl!" Mr. Hamilton took her arm and winked. "When you've flown as long as I have you'll know! Some folks can take their liquor. And some can't. And our friend, Mr. Riley, is one that . . . ah, well! Least said, soonest mended, that's my motto! But what I will say is . . . I don't think you saw him with the sherry. The Chairman's favorite!" He paused for effect and tightened his lips primly. "But I did, Miss Knight. I did."

. . . . . .

"This speed, Mr. Seawood!" the engineer grumbled. "We should be doing better than this, you know!"

The First Officer still sat on his own in the right-hand seat. Sweat had begun to run down his forehead.

He said, "I've taken the auto-pilot out. Ought to be all right now!"

Rawlings' beady eyes left the instrument panel and looked up at him. "It's worse! Ten knots down now! Can't you see the airspeed indicator?"

Seawood applied himself once more to the business of hand-flying the Emperor. But the engineer's exasperated voice called out again, "Can't you keep her steady, Mr. Seawood? That's what's doing it. All this yawing from side to side!"

"This thing!" Seawood muttered. "Nothing but an old holy cow!" He spoke the words bitterly and vehemently, but he did not really mean them.

Like many first officers, he had way down inside him a deep-seated inferiority complex in regard to his own flying ability, carefully hammered into him by captains, instructors, and the accurate hard hits of the weather itself.

A long thick blanket of cirro-stratus came lazily towards Able Dog, and by degrees enveloped her. Viciously, Seawood jabbed at the right rudder to get back on course. In the clammy greyness of the cloud, the Emperor's nose reeled to starboard.

Rawlings got up from his seat and came forward. "Look, Mr. Seawood . . . I'll help you put in the automatic pilot."

"I don't see what that'll do."

"Stop this yawing! Get our proper speed!"

"I don't agree with you at all." Seawood's chin came right up. "Only make things worse!"

Just to show how easily he could hold her, even under instrument conditions, Seawood kept his left hand lightly on the control column, and with studied indifference then ran the fingers of his right hand through his fair hair. These engineer officers (the whole crew for that matter) were always criticising the first officer's flying. That was because they daren't criticise the captain's.

He turned towards Rawlings and with a brave attempt at putting him in his place, observed with a slow smile, "You engineer officers are all the same! Make a lot of fuss about nothing at all!"

With a sudden fearful jerk, the Emperor whipped over to

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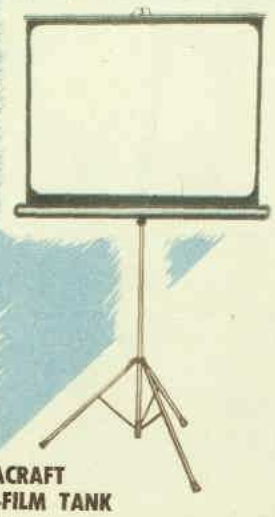

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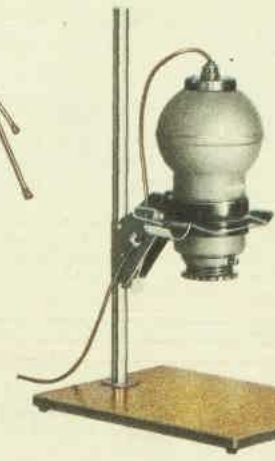

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the left. Seawood was flung against the windscreen. Two route books clattered off the throttle pedestal. A cup by Hooper's elbow rattled to the floor and sent a steaming smell of coffee through the whole cockpit.

Then just as suddenly, like the return swing of a gigantic horizontal pendulum, the nose swung over violently to starboard. Bellamy, staggering through the door from the rest compartment, was hurled against the stacked radio equipment beside Hooper. He shouted to Seawood, "Here . . . what's going on?"

The First Officer turned a white face round to him. "I dunno, Skipper. Think an engine cut!"

Bellamy cautiously lowered himself into the left-hand seat, expecting at any minute a new, frenzied change in attitude. But none came. Able Dog flew on sweetly and tamely on course.

"I've got her!" he said to the First Officer.

Rawlings exploded, "Nothing wrong with the engines, sir!"

"You sure?"

"Positive, Skipper! We've been yawing to port and starboard for the last hour." He glowered at Seawood. "Soon as there was a bit of instrument flying to do . . . got worse."

Cavendish made a sudden entrance on to the flight deck. "Well . . . what are we doing up here?" he asked.

Caught between two captains, Seawood miserably tried to explain. "There was a sort of wobble." He looked at the still rudder, the unmoving control column. Hopelessly, he burst out with: "Can't describe it. Sort of wander . . . and then a kind of twitch."

"Kind of inexperience, more like!" Rawlings growled to Hooper behind his hand.

"I expect he's a bit tired," Bellamy said to Cavendish. Then, turning to the First Officer, he asked quite gently, "You haven't had many hours hand-flying the Emperor, have you?"

"No, sir."

"The highly boosted controls . . . there's very little feel in them. Different from the Astroliners you're used to."

"Yes, sir."

"You go back and have a bite of lunch. I'll look after things for a bit."

Seawood slid out of his seat. The two captains talked over the situation for a while, and then, satisfied, Cavendish followed the First Officer back to the rest compartment.

The Emperor was flying perfectly steadily now. They were still in cloud, but there were no signs of any bumps. A peace descended again on the cockpit. Everyone relaxed. Rawlings lit up a cigarette, and with a sigh of contentment puffed out a great cloud of smoke.

Bellamy, his hands gently moving the very obedient controls, sat thinking. Seawood was a good first officer. Certainly he hadn't much time on the type. Certainly he was tired. All the same, those were two great flips of the tail.

"Mr. Rawlings," he said at last, "did you see Mr. Seawood get at all fed-up with hand-flying her?"

"Yes, sir," the engineer replied promptly. "Seemed to be having a bit of difficulty."

"I see." Bellamy was aware that sometimes tired pilots would give the controls some incredibly rough treatment, out of sheer vexation that the machine wouldn't do what they wanted.

"Engines been all right?" he asked the engineer.

"Couldn't be better, Captain." Rawlings swept his hand lovingly over his colony of dials, all of them so well behaved that they were reading exactly what they ought to.

But Bellamy went on, "When this bad yawing happened . . . where were you?"

Rawlings gave a thoughtful chew of remembrance on his cigarette. "Well, I'd got out of my seat to find out what Mr. Seawood was up to, sir—"

"So you wouldn't be able to see the instruments on your panel?"

This check-up on his movements looked like the beginnings of a ticking-off. In an aggrieved voice, Rawlings said, "I couldn't actually see them, sir. But, all the same—"

"Nobody, in fact, could tell us if an outboard suddenly cut?"

This was definitely a reprimand. "But we'd been yawing in dribs and drabs for an hour before that, sir!"

"Only in a very minor way."

Rawlings said with dignity, "And everything's all right now, isn't it, Captain?"

Bellamy smiled slightly at the round circles of Rawlings' glaringly innocent eyes. "Everything."

Mollified a little, Rawlings asked, "What makes you think it might have been an outboard, sir?"

The pilot was busy putting the three levers of the automatic pilot back into position. When it was engaged, he turned round to the engineer and comfortably shrugged it off with: "Nothing. Just checking . . . that's all."

"Must have stopped a few after-lunch cat-naps at the back," Rawlings suggested, not without a certain inward satisfaction.

"Yes," Bellamy said. "Wouldn't be surprised if it did."

Rawlings was right. The first jolt had wakened most of the passengers. Sir James sat up suddenly and blinked his eyes. Mr. Brocklehurst straightened himself and looked around.

Hamilton hurried to the galley for his clean, folded napkin and two glasses of fresh orange juice. As he reached out for the jug he was thrown sharply against the metal wall of the galley. He caught his shoulder painfully against one of the metal uprights of the doorway. Instinctively, he moved round a little and held on. Through the porthole he could see nothing but cloud. Countless grey shapes, disintegrating as they went, fled ghostlike past the windows.

Moving cautiously away from the upright, he rubbed his shoulder, smoothed his hair, and walked unhurriedly into the passenger cabin.

Lalette and Angela, both rather tremulously eager, were helping the passengers to straighten themselves. Everyone had been banged against the sides of the seats. A few magazines had spilled on the floor. Riley's glass was rolling about on the carpet.

Hamilton made his way to the Chairman. "Allow me, Sir James."

"Thank you, Hamilton."

"Your paper, Mr. Brocklehurst."

Sensing the man's uneasiness, the Chairman observed, "We get some nasty clouds up here."

Hamilton recognised his cue. Respectfully he made his own indirect contribution to Mr. Brocklehurst's peace of mind. "And very common," he said, "at this time of year, sir."

. . . . .

Hooper took the fingers of his right hand off the radio key to give them a bit of exercise. He had just finished sending their position at 19.00 G.M.T. With it went their height, the outside air temperature, the fuel available, and the latest weather observations by the pilots.

He looked out of his porthole. Little beads of moisture fell down the glass. Beyond he could just see the two port engines churning their way through a grey mass of cloud that was slowly turning black. This, he thought to himself, must be the front that had been closing down so much of the North American seaboard.

Then he put his hand back on the key and waited, still listening. The message hadn't been acknowledged. Radio conditions were poor. He had had difficulty with Keflavik. Now Goose Bay, south of them, were coming in and out in a wavering, semi-apologetic way. Then finally, rather faint, in the midst of the crackling and popping of the

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Continuing . . . .

The Proving Flight

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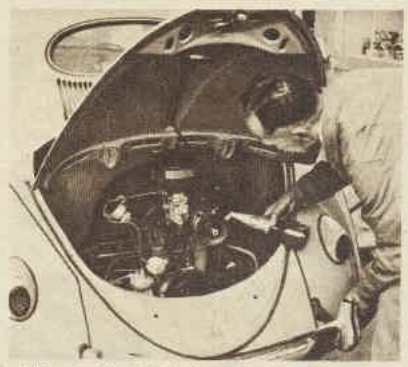

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Continuing . . . .

The Proving Flight

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static, he heard the Emperor's call sign and R. Received.

He sighed. The outside world had now been informed of Able Dog's position. In at least three Control Rooms it would soon be plotted on large Mercator maps. It was reassuring to know, after that mysterious tailwagging an hour ago, that the rest of the world now knew where they were. He looked at his watch. It would be past tea-time in his semi-detached house at Hayward's Heath. Jennie would be sitting with one of the neighbors' listening to the six o'clock news. There she would hear of the Emperor's progress, of which he was the spokesman. In the one international language of the world: Morse.

Hamilton passed him, and he said, "I'd like a cup of tea."

When it came to him, scalding hot and brown, he thought to himself: the news will be over now: Jennie will have heard about me.

But, as it happened, not only Jennie but many people all over the world were hearing and reading about the Emperor, interested in her progress. The British Press gave it a column with the nearly unanimous heading: "Emperor Diverted to Iceland, Due Headwinds."

The American newspapers, however, had not been so reticent. Due to the same bad radio conditions that Hooper was experiencing, there had been conflicting reports, muddles, inevitable confusion that took some time to get sorted out.

The New York newspapers announced: "Weather sends new British aircraft skeetering back to second base: Welcome committee up all night at New York International, while British fliers kip down in Iceland."

Able Dog, regardless of the comment and interest of the world, now flew comfortably on under her anonymous grey blanket of cloud. The tea in Hooper's hand was still hot and sweet.

Two tea-leaves floated in it, becalmed in the centre. He bent his head low over the cup, feeling the thin fragrance of the steam on his face. With a teaspoon he idly netted the two leaves and shook them out in the saucer.

In front of him, he heard Bellamy say, "Getting darker. Put the propeller anti-icers on." Out of his porthole now, he could hardly see the port inner engine, the stuff was so thick. He felt an updraught tremor through the wings. He thought to himself: Better drink this up quick before it gets too bumpy.

He brought the cup up to his lips and was just sipping at it when there was a sudden violent swing to port, and the whole cupful, burning hot, was dashed over his face. He cried out in pain, but nobody heard him.

Bellamy had slammed out the auto-pilot and was straining his right foot against the rudder pedals. And then, just as suddenly, the great tail swung round again and they careered well over to starboard in a horrible skidding motion. The jolts were far worse than they had been before.

Rawlings yelled, "It's the engines! The outers are cutting!" He had seen the momentary immense drop on the fuel flow-meters.

Bellamy shouted back at him, "Throttle them both right back then!"

He watched two levers on the throttle pedestal move backwards. But by that time Able Dog was flying perfectly normally again.

The pilot turned to Rawlings. "What happened there?"

"The outboards cut. One after the other. That's why we swung."

"Which cut first?"

Rawlings fingered his chin and looked at the flow-meters. The needles of both outboards, labelled 1 and 4, used the same dial. "Difficult to tell, sir. Happened so quickly."

"One cut and came on again . . . then the other did the same?"

"Think so, Skipper. Only momentarily . . . both of them."

Bellamy looked out at the clammy cloud that was now moving Able Dog up and down in unsteady bumps.

"Couldn't be ice," he said. "Not at this temperature." Then he saw the speed dropping rapidly—180, 170, 160. "Better bring the outboards in again, Mr. Rawlings. All the instruments reading correctly?"

"All of them, sir."

"What about fuel?"

"Well . . . we're still on the outer tanks both sides. They're well down. But they've both got nearly five hundred gallons in."

"And they're running all right now." Bellamy's face was wrinkled up in worried concentration. "What could have happened?"

Nobody on the flight deck answered him. Hooper's eyes, far away from his radio now, were glued to the engine instruments opposite him. Even the navigator had stopped work to hear what was going on. Into a tense, expectant silence came Captain Cavendish from the rest compartment. "What is it this time?"

"That's what we're trying to find out."

"Whenever I go back for a minute, Captain Bellamy . . . something seems to happen." He glared moodily around him. "What are we doing about it?"

"Your blind date's downstairs. Too bad you went to all that trouble."

"Nothing. Everything's okay now."

Bellamy explained the engine cutting. Cavendish listened with his head on one side, and then said, "I feel I shall have to stay up here at the front."

With a shrug, Bellamy relinquished the left-hand seat, and climbed into the second pilot's position. Now sitting side by side again, he suggested to Cavendish, "How about having Cruttwell up? After all, they're his engines."

"You think it might come on again?"

"Might. Better put the seat belt sign on, too. Just in case."

He leant back and turned on the switch, at the same time as Cavendish despatched Douthwaite for the engine designer.

The illumination of the seat belt sign just stopped the Chairman making a determined assault on that last privacy of pilots, the flight deck. Now, strapped in with the others, he sat in a frenzy of concealed irritation, parrying Brocklehurst's questions.

The first great lurch had sent him hurtling against the Under-Secretary's sharp shoulders; and no sooner had he disengaged himself than the swing to the right had sent the man's bony elbow like an arrowhead deep into his stomach.

"What could this be, Sir James, do you think?"

It was the same question the Chairman was asking himself. "Expect someone else sat on the switches!" he said, but his laugh this time rang hollow.

"It will not be repeated, I hope?" Brocklehurst's tone implied a surfeit of this aircrew habit of parking on propeller switches.

"Captain Cavendish will want to know the reason why . . . if it does!"

"And all this strapping in?"

"Can't you see the cumulus outside, dear fellow? Cavendish is only making quite sure that in all this turbulence . . . we don't get hurt."

The Under-Secretary chewed over this information in dubious silence. Like the rest of the cabin behind him, he was still trying to readjust himself to this new situation. Most of the passengers now had decided that something was going on under the smooth outside skin of the Emperor.

The weather on its own could no longer take all the blame. Nor could Hamilton's account of the curious things aircraft tails get up to, coupled with Riley's drinking capacity. And Sir James' propeller switches, even with Brocklehurst, were wearing remarkably thin.

Sitting beside the doctor, Riley had gone quite white. "There's probably an explanation . . . perfectly simple, perfectly true . . . to those big shakes," he said, "but I don't know it. So I just sit here, saying to myself . . . why? It's not knowing . . . that's what gets on your nerves!"

The doctor had recovered from the momentary acceleration of his own heart. He said: "The truth is never so bad as you think it is," noting down at the same time: query for aircrew selection boards—Is an imagination an asset to airmen?

"The truth," said Riley, "as I was saying to you earlier—"

Two rows in front of him, Eastlake and Cruttwell were arguing with each other over the cause of the trouble. "It was the engines!" the airframe designer said. "I tell you . . . I heard them cut!"

"Must have been the controls," Cruttwell objected. "You'd never get a swing like that . . . no matter how many engines failed on one side!"

"But the engines cut!"

Many rows in front, Payton heard them and another silent shiver went down his already cold spine. The only person who was exactly the same as before was Hamilton. Though he could no longer strut up and down the cabin, he was putting his enforced idleness to good use.

"Tea!" he was saying to the stewardesses. "Sir James prefers very strong Indian. There are not enough cream cakes to go round . . . go easy on the crab for the sandwiches! Clean cloths——"

On and on it went. Lalette, sitting beside Angela, heard the other girl's fast breathing and saw the fear in her wide eyes.

"It's all right now," she whispered, pointing out at the rotating propellers. "Look . . . everything's working!"

"—and as soon as that seat belt sign goes off . . . I want to see you girls moving! Whether or not the milk——"

By their very ordinary subject, the staccato little sentences were a comfort. Undisturbed

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[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

AS I READ THE STARS

by Eve Hilliard

For week beginning Dec. 3

Your Sign	Your Luck	Your Job	Your Home	Your Heart	Socially
ARIES The Ram MARCH 21 — APRIL 20	★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, red. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck in a publication.	★ Minor shifts in connection with your occupation could turn out satisfactorily. If a homemaker you rearrange equipment to advantage or discover quicker methods.	★ Look ahead and do not trust to luck. Make decisions in advance and carry them out. This means smooth sailing during the busiest time of year and prevents strain.	★ Keep up with the interests of your best beloved. Whether it happens to be study, or sport, or a hobby, learn enough to discuss it with him intelligently.	★ Some project which has been undertaken with friends or neighbors and which has met its share of snags along the road will be nearing a satisfactory end.
TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21 — MAY 20	★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, black. Lucky days, Wednesday, Thursday. Luck in managing resources.	★ Some get temporary jobs during the next few weeks. The addition to the budget is welcome. An opportunity could arise for temporary work to become permanent.	★ Keep receipts, sales slips, and all other documents. If you wish to exchange goods or there are errors in an account, mistakes can be rectified, saving trouble.	★ If the boy-friend is not quite so lavish on dates or over presents, he may be taking life seriously. If thinking of a home he is going to need money.	★ For once you are impatient with pleasant time-wasting social stunts which prevent you from carrying out private schemes. You may follow your own inclination.
GEMINI The Twins MAY 21 — JUNE 21	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, silver. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck with the opposite sex.	★ You mix business and pleasure. If there is a staff club where you work it will be extra active. Otherwise a joint project in your neighborhood keeps you busy.	★ Teenagers bring their friends, there could be a children's party in the offing. Children put to bed promptly give older people a chance to visit in peace.	★ Perhaps you are invited to be a bridesmaid, or you are going to be a guest at a wedding. Looking your prettiest you meet a dashing boy who attracts you.	★ You are one of a team and that suits you. Don't try to run everybody and everything or you'll be disliked. Join in and offer suggestions only when asked.
CANCER The Crab JUNE 22 — JULY 22	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, all pastels. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in aiming for a goal.	★ The voluntary worker is flat out, but the end of the programme is in sight. If in paid employment, you may be recommended for promotion.	★ You may be asked to take in a relative, or do a time-consuming favor for a friend of a friend. Unless there are exceptional circumstances, put family first.	★ Maybe you and the one you love best are engaged on a project in connection with a group to which you belong. Working together fosters romance.	★ You are helping with a fete or getting ready for a Christmas tree and having fun. Your sign always shines on a food stall, whether it is cake or ice-cream.
LEO The Lion JULY 23 — AUGUST 22	★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, gold. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck in a second chance.	★ Take a calculated risk in business matters this week. Approach people and problems with confidence, for now future security and finance are cemented.	★ Get the family's holiday wardrobe ready. Repairs and renovations, home dressmaking, and millinery, little accessories, should be attended to now.	★ A whirlwind romance could color your entire outlook. You love and you are loved in return, and that is all you ask. Do not try to nail him down yet.	★ There is romance in your social activities, whether you're 16 or 60. You could meet an old flame at a party, or an attractive stranger. Invitations flood in.
VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23 — SEPTEMBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck in your own backyard.	★ If your job has folded up for the summer, or outside activities are slackening off, you'll celebrate by attending to personal and private affairs recently neglected.	★ If you have special cooking to do between now and Christmas, start to plan, get ingredients, consider decorations, add glamor to the fare.	★ If the biggest person in your life invites you to meet his folks, don't get jittery. Decide in advance that you are going to like them. Try to be natural.	★ Holiday planning might cause postponement of present opportunities. Family hopes and wishes must be considered. Practical details busy you.
LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 24 — OCTOBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, red. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck in a brainwave.	★ You find it hard to concentrate on the matter in hand. With so many plans and details to settle, you work automatically and without enthusiasm.	★ The suggestions of a friend, or group of friends, may influence your activities. There are always different effects to be obtained from old materials.	★ If invited on a little expedition with your crowd, don't desert the boy or girl friend all day in favor of a newcomer or there will be a stormy explanation later.	★ Trying to see this person and put in an appearance somewhere else, you are running late most of the time. You cut short a conversation because of a friend.
SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 24 — NOVEMBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, rose. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck in a wish come true.	★ Wasting no time in sentimentality, you plough through what has to be done. At your highest peak of efficiency you strike a novel proposition.	★ Your driving force affects the household. You galvanise them into action. There could be a few grumbles, but you carry the day. Beware of losing something.	★ An appropriate gift counts more than the cost. This week draw out the beloved. Try to discover what he or she would like for Christmas without arousing suspicion.	★ Although an enthusiastic worker for good causes, this week you question the value of certain methods. You may let off steam and make your point at a meeting.
SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23— DECEMBER 20	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, gold. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck in being a good mixer.	★ Your job makes you a liaison officer who maintains friendly contacts. Your opinion may be asked in regard to a business matter. You don't pull punches.	★ Nothing is too much trouble when you want to please your dearest. Perhaps you are planning a big surprise, and you find it hard not to talk.	★ If seeing a good deal of each other, expression of your love is quite likely now. Your love is entering a new chapter. You begin to grow up.	★ You can extend the sphere of your social influence by conciliating people whose ideas conflict. Otherwise you act as host or hostess.
CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 21 — JANUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, green. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in judgment.	★ Your sign invariably has a little bit up its sleeve, whether cash assets, talents, or anything else. That extra margin will be called upon in an emergency.	★ You take time to help the unfortunate, although the rest of the family are not particularly interested. If speeding up to finish a present, make haste slowly.	★ There could be a tempest brewing. Grievances may boil over. If you care for each other and lose tempers, no harm will be done. It might even clear the atmosphere.	★ Quiet working behind the scenes can accomplish more than if you take charge of an undertaking. Tact and patience are taxed, but there is success.
AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 — FEBRUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, orange. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in a friendship.	★ If launching any new scheme, your heart will be gladdened by the quick support it will find. You will win praise for charity work you undertake.	★ An opportunity to shorten tasks could crop up. By mutual arrangement, you might save yourself a lot of bother. Do not be too critical of help given.	★ Are you ready to applaud when your hero makes a grandstand play? Give his masculine vanity a pat on the back. This will endear you to him a thousandfold.	★ Most head for the beach or tennis court. You want a change and a new thrill. This may involve sunburn or sprains, but it's worth it.
PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20 — MARCH 20	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, purple. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Luck in tact and diplomacy.	★ You may have to work overtime in office, shop, factory, or home, but you won't mind because the atmosphere is congenial and there are rewards.	★ Hospitality should remain simple, allowing you to stay out of the kitchen. Do not borrow breakables from friends or neighbors. Accidents do happen.	★ Social occasions helping to advance a boy's or girl's career are important. If among strangers who are associates of the beloved, do your best to be an asset.	★ You may be thrust unprepared into a social situation. Don't get the shakes if called on to make a speech, or pour oil on troubled social waters. Be matter of fact.

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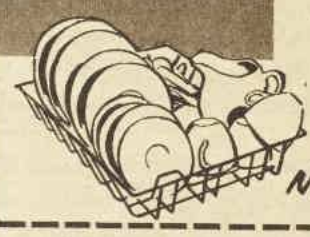

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The Proving Flight

Continuing . . . from page 66

aeroplanes' jolts and jars, familiar still went on planning for the essential inevitability of the next meal.

When the navigator came through the door from the flight deck, Sir James called out to him from his padded prison seat, "What are you doing up there, Mr. Douthwaite?"

"I think Captain Cavendish will be coming back in a minute, sir."

"I see! Nothing wrong, of course?"

"Oh, no, sir! At least . . . not that I know of, sir."

He went on to the back towards the two designers and interrupted their argument. Southlake was not displeased to discover that the aircrew were calling for Cruttwell—not himself.

That meant he was right, after all. It was the engines.

Cruttwell, called upon to explain the curious behaviour of the engines, stared at all the dials, which now read exactly as they ought, listened to the pleasant purr outside, scratched his bald head thoughtfully, and suggested "ice."

Ice is one of the habitual terminals of aviation. It does things in the air that, according to all the laws of physics, it shouldn't be able to do. Cruttwell had heard, for instance, of one case of kerosene freezing up on the filters, momentarily blocking the fuel to the engines.

He said doubtfully, "Could that be it?" Then he looked at the air-temperature gauge. Minus 44 degrees centigrade now. Cold enough, in all conscience. But not cold enough for that.

Then he said, "Could it be ice on the intakes?" That would prevent the air (which provided most of the combustible materials) from getting into the engines, again causing them to cut.

"Hardly any ice outside," Bellamy said, and pointed to the few crystal spots that ornamented the windscreen.

Cruttwell hesitated. When he spoke again he said his words timidly, as though he expected to be contradicted, "You know . . . back there, it didn't seem to be an engine."

The engineer growled: "Well . . . it was!"

"It's all right now, Mr. Rawlings."

"Sure . . . but for how long?"

The weather outside was getting worse. Dense black cloud like thick smoke swallowed Able Dog up. She bounced. She banged. All her plates quivered and shuddered. A wing dropped to the left, and Cavendish pulled it up on the control column.

Because there was nowhere else to sit where he could study the engine instruments, Cruttwell sat cross-legged on the floor of the flight deck, fixedly staring at the round, bland faces of the dials.

"That was a bad bump," Cavendish was saying when the nose of the Emperor dipped slightly and then rocketed off to the left.

"Here we go again!" the navigator murmured.

The aircraft was behaving as though it had suddenly lost its head. Off it careered, this time to the right.

"Put full left rudder on!" Bellamy called, and the pilots' legs jammed tightly against the dual control rudder pedals.

"Doesn't move an inch!" Cavendish yelled. "Can't get it to budge!"

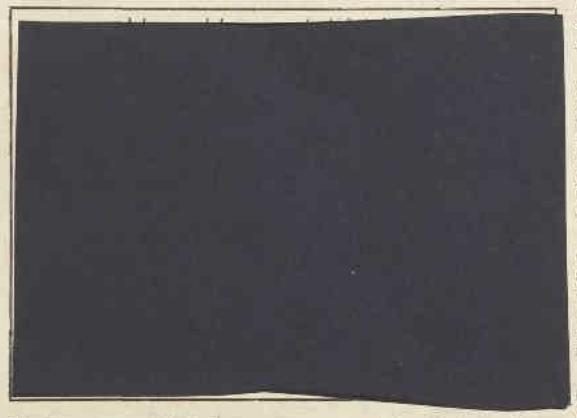
Bellamy's face, screwed up and red with the effort, dripped with sweat.

Able Dog seemed to be flying sideways, like a gigantic crab. Then, all of a sudden, as though released from what was holding her, she gave another great lurch to the left. Light hail pattered on the windscreen, and out of the inky-black air, unseen updraughts punched at the fuselage and tilted the wings.

"I'm scared of the tail!" Bellamy shouted through his teeth to Cavendish. "Won't stand much more battering like this!" And then, louder, in anger and exasperation, he yelled, "Cruttwell! Anything showing on those instruments?"

Rawlings called hoarsely back, "The outboards are cutting again! Then they're coming in again . . . one after the other. That's why we're swinging!" The engineer throttled back engines one and four. Cruttwell hung on for dear life to a stanchion beside him.

The slapping this way and that was still going on. "Inboards are cutting now,"



Rawlings reported. "Again . . . first one side, then the other."

"These rudder controls!" Cavendish roared. "What's gone wrong with 'em, Bellamy?"

"How about throttling back all four?" Bellamy suggested. "See if it stops the swinging a bit."

But Cavendish was anxious to get out of the turbulent wet air of the cloud. "I'm going to get on top of this stuff first!" He turned back to the engineer. "Give me take-off power on all four!"

The motors roared up again, only to die on the port side. They were still going crabwise.

"It's the controls," Bellamy said. "Must be!" He had already put the booster controls selector into the emergency position, but without the slightest effect, although an entirely separate hydraulic system was now doing the work.

The engineer was sweating, his big fingers rushing all over the place, pulling at throttle levers, touching propeller switches.

Inching up through the cumulus, Able Dog struggled, her airspeed dropping further and further back on the indicator as her great sideways sweeps continued. Both pilots, on the climb, now seemed to be having trouble with the elevators as well as the rudders.

But now, as the violence intensified, all that became important was the necessity to survive. What was causing the seventy-ton aircraft to dance this mad witch-doctor waltz became secondary.

Both pilots, straining together, each on his own set of controls, tried to curb the Emperor's capers. But still she skidded sideways, skating helplessly in the snow-filled gloom, her motors fluctuating violently, all four engines now cutting alternately in pairs, first the port pair, then the starboard. With sickening judders, her whole airframe rocked and shivered.

Rawlings gasped: "This is it!"

White-faced, strapped in his seat, Hooper called up, "Want me to send an S.O.S., Skipper?"

But Cavendish was much too busy to hear him. The Emperor blundered, tripped, lurched all over the blind, cloudy air. It was impossible to keep on course. The two pilots did their best to steer a rough mean. Douthwaite took notes of her nose-nodding plunges—but in a half-hearted way, not really knowing what he could do with them, doubting the position that his pencil at last managed to draw on the drunken, reeling table in front of him.

He had found out, just before they hit the bad weather, that there was an eighty-mile wind blowing, somewhere between west and south-west, but he heard nothing but the soft pattering of hail on the fuselage, and the roaring of the engines at take-off power.

Not at all like a heroic picture of a ship's struggle against a storm, Able Dog staggered — choking, gasping, reeling, hurtling to the left and to the right, and then drunkenly moving all ways.

Inside her, thirteen people sat strapped in their seats, and Cruttwell hung on grimly to his stanchion, all quite powerless, all doing nothing; while up at the front, sitting too, the pilots did their best to keep her seventy tons from losing the magic that kept them floating in the air, grimly preventing her from giving up the ghost, from showing her beaten belly to the sky, from hurtling spiralwise through the cold dark air into the endless net of ice and snow that Labrador held beneath her.

But all through her wild antics, the Emperor's wet metal skin was giving battle. The tail might swing. The wings might rock. The plates might shiver

To page 71

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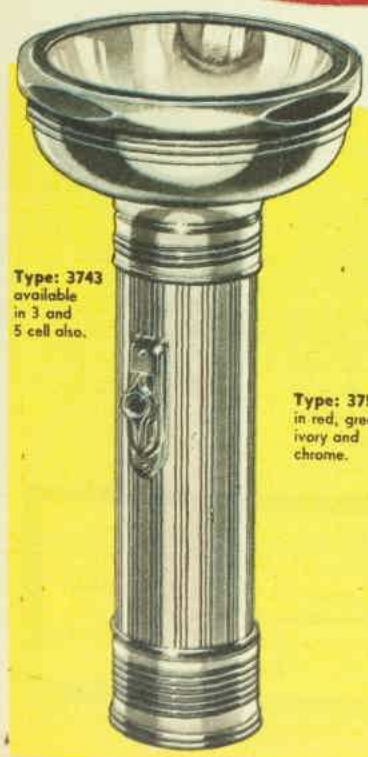

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The Proving Flight

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and vibrate. But she was strong. Cruttwell, furious that she was twenty knots slower than he had dreamed, had complained bitterly that Eastlake had made the fuselage like a battleship's. Now, that layer of metal fat was an extra safeguard.

Everyone inside her felt warmer for knowing it was there.

Bellamy and Cavendish did what they could for her in her paroxysms. Hanging on with a mixed feeling of hope, they straightened her wings when they dropped. They tried to get her to climb higher, to top the bad weather. But her airspeed was too low. In between her skids she was mushing badly.

Bellamy's eyes were beginning to ache from staring at the green lighting of the instruments; the artificial horizon that was their yardstick in this topsy-turvy world of whether they were on their head or their heels. He closed his eyes, wrinkling his whole face as he did so, and rubbed them wearily with his left hand.

The bumping suddenly stopped. The yawing from side to side went on, but when Bellamy opened his eyes again, magically, he could see. A blinding dazzle of snow and ice showed up five miles below him. Purple shadows ringed the peaks of two mountains that stood out to finger the slanting beams of the sun from the west.

Able Dog, as though the tune of her devil's dance was still inside her head, slid to and fro for a few minutes in the clear air. And then, like a queen caught red-handed in a wild party, she suddenly pulled herself together and flew on over Labrador, steady and stately.

Bellamy watched her with wary disbelief. There was a clear horizon ahead, full of greens, yellows, and blues of the northern sunset. They had passed the front now—the air temperature had shot up 14 degrees. Gradually, the darkness was closing in on the hundreds of square miles of cold desolation below.

But inside the Emperor, the lights full on, people began to recover, ask questions. Life revived.

For nearly an hour more Cavendish kept them all strapped in, just in case Able Dog suffered another outburst. But everything went on smooth and calm and untroubled. And he reached up his right hand and flicked off the seat-belt switch.

The Chairman was up at the front first, at last able to burst into this topsy-turvy pilots' world from which he had been so long excluded. In his agony he couldn't wait to reach the pilots' seats, but from the cockpit door burst out to Cavendish, "You didn't radio that anything was wrong, did you?"

Cavendish turned round, surprised at the loudness of Sir James' voice. "No, sir. I didn't."

The Chairman gasped with relief. "Thank God for that!" he said.

. . . . . .

Coming down from the north, leaving the cold Atlantic and Labrador way behind them, it was warmer now. The white landscape below had changed to a dark lead color. In the quiet evening air, with the sun paying its last respects to her with a coating of gold on her silver tail, the Emperor flew majestically south towards civilisation, with not the slightest tremor in the whole of her huge frame.

But inside her fuselage the sixteen souls were without her resilience and magnificent aplomb. Most of them had been thoroughly frightened. Angela's hands were still shaking, and her eyes were wide with fear. Even the doctor's heart thumped out at well above its usual speed. And when, somehow or other, the frantic caperings had ceased, and just as they had thought life was about to end, life began again, their relief was boundless.

But, after talking it over and trying to smile, they remembered the miles yet to go. And everyone retreated into his own private thoughts, fearful that at any minute she should start acting up again. There was something wrong. By now everyone on board was convinced of that.

A FLOOD of questions had flowed from the Chairman's lips: "What is it?" "How bad is it?" "Can it be rectified in New York?"

To all of them the technicians had shrugged their shoulders and said they didn't know —they couldn't say exactly.

Sir James had observed grimly that they'd better find out, and had stumped back to his seat in angry silence. Hamilton, seeing the need for his services yet again, his own private feelings as inscrutable as ever, strutted up the aisle as though nothing untoward had happened at all.

"The sherry!" he said briskly to Lalette, and, looking both girls up and down as though they were about to take part in a regimental parade, he uttered the evening orders: "Dinner will be early tonight! I want everything served . . . eaten . . washed up . . . and put away . . . by the time we reach New York!"

But the Chairman, though conscious of the minute steak and potatoes which he ate, was busy trying to catch up on his dreams, now fast dissipating to nothing in his mind. He was thinking that if the uncontrollable yawing started up again, the pilots might well decide to land at the nearest suitable airport — Montreal — instead of proceeding to New York. And then there would have to be explanations.

If the Press didn't worm something out of somebody they'd make up a story even more lurid, even more damaging to his much publicised plans for the Emperor.

Up at the front, Bellamy stared out at the beginnings of the night, looking anxiously for signs of bad weather. There was a wisp or two of cloud, nothing more. He turned over in his mind what could have caused the Emperor's dangerous antics. The really bad swinging had started only two hours ago. Seemed like two years. Moodily, he hauled out a packet of cigarettes and offered one to Seawood, who had replaced Cavendish in the left-hand seat.

"Have one?"

"Thank you, sir."

Bellamy passed over the packet. Seawood took one and said, "Nasty while it lasted."

"Very nasty." Then he added, "Must have been pretty vile at the back, wondering what was happening."

"But what was happening, sir?"

Bellamy shrugged his shoulders and jerked his thumb backwards to where Rawlings, Eastlake, and Cruttwell, their voices raised, were arguing hotly about the same subject. "I think it was the boosters . . . but the engines were cutting. Anyway, I'm not going to compete with the experts."

Eastlake, not having been up at the front and hearing the engineer's evidence that the engines were fading out, said, "Well . . . that's it!" Cruttwell's eyes, however, went wide with indignation at so facile an explanation, and he brought in the boosters. Rawlings, listening to them both, said belligerently, "You can keep the whole box of tricks! Me for a posting back to Astroliners!"

Unconcerned with the fears and worries inside herself, Able Dog slid into the slowly forming night as darkness came up to them like a black tide.

. . . . . .

Gradually, civilisation came towards them. Able Dog flew high above the beginnings of the Laurentiens. Ski-lodges showed up gaily. St. Jovite, St. Agathe, and St. Adele blazed one after the other like signal bonfires leading to the great glittering sea of every-colored lights that was Montreal.

The Emperor passed to the left of the great cross of lights on the top of Mount Royal and joined the airway for the last hour's flying to New York. Cavendish came up to replace Bellamy for the final finish.

Everybody had had a wash and a clean-up. Everybody had eaten Hamilton's dinner. Everybody looked down at the lights, now bearing them company all along their route, and thought warmly to themselves: This is almost as good as being down on the ground.

The Under - Secretary coughed. Then he spoke for

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[ADVERTISEMENT]

A PAIR OF SPARKLING EYES

By

MARGARET MERRIL

With December alive with Christmas parties, it is as well to remember that, for greatest allure, eye shadow should be worn only at night and also that men appreciate it most when they do not realise you are wearing it; this applies all the year round.

By day, why not accent your eyes with a film of oil or jelly and they will gleam as you move your head. If you are determined to wear shadow by day, however, be sure you use a colour to match your eyes and save your coloured shadows for evening; a silver or gold shot shadow for evening is glamor personified.

Here is a technique being used overseas where emphasis on the eyes is a must these days. With an eyebrow pencil sharpened to a point, draw a narrow but fairly thick line across the lid, immediately above the lashes and give it an upward flick at the corner. I have seen this technique used with eye shadow, especially the iridescent variety, the line being drawn with a lip brush.

Finally, eyes can never sparkle if they are tired. Give them rest. Bathe them in a solution of one teaspoonful of salt to a pint of boiled water. Before you get dressed for the party, spend half an hour relaxing your eyes beneath pads of cottonwool soaked in witch hazel. Before bed cleanse thoroughly, patting in oil of ulan to allay ageing, wrinkled eyelids.

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Olympic Highlight

. . . Persil whiteness! By comparison, ordinary whiteness doesn't rate a second glance. Yet Persil whiteness is simply *perfect cleanness*. Millions of busy Persil suds work through and through the weave, carrying off all the dirt. And Persil now contains a new blend of pure soap which is really kind to your hands and your clothes.

In copper or washing machine

Persil washes whiter

Persil washes whiter
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BAKEO

Clever versatile Maxam Bakeo, makes tender short crust pastry straight out of the packet — and rich cakes and puddings, too.

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Bakeo Xmas Pudding

Ingredients: 1 lb. mixed fruit (or 2 lb. if desired); ¾ cup brown sugar; pinch of salt; good pinch of grated nutmeg; ½ cup cold water; ½ teaspoon carb. soda; ½ teaspoon spice; spirits if desired; 1 tablespoon treacle; 3 eggs; 1 pkt. BAKEO.

Method: (1) Place fruit, sugar, water, salt, nutmeg, spice, carb. soda and spirits in saucepan; boil and allow to cool. (2) Add treacle, 3 well-beaten eggs, 1 pkt. BAKEO. (3) Beat till smooth. (4) Place in a greased basin and tie firmly a piece of greased paper over basin to make airtight. (5) Steam 3 to 3½ hours. If pudding is allowed to stand, reheat for ½ hour before serving. Serve with brandy sauce.

Bakeo Fruit Mince Pies

Ingredients: 1 lb. suet; 1 lb. sugar; 2 lb. currants; ½ lb. seeded raisins; ½ lb. candy peel; 1½ lb. apples; 1 oz. nutmeg, cinnamon and all spice (mixed together); ½ pt. brandy; juice of 4 lemons; rind of 1 lemon; ½ teaspoon salt.

Method: Put the ingredients through the mincing machine, mix well together and pack in dry airtight jars. The pastry for the Pies (either one large pie or small pies in patty cans, whichever preferred) will be made from BAKEO, of course. (Follow directions on BAKEO packet.)

Bakeo Christmas Cake

Ingredients: 2 lb. mixed fruit; 1 large cup water (cold); 1 large cup brown sugar; ¼ teaspoon carb. soda; pinch salt; 1 pkt. BAKEO; 4 eggs; 1 teaspoon mixed spice; small pieces of walnuts or almonds; small wine glass spirits; 1 teaspoon parisian essence (for dark cake).

METHOD: (1) Place in a saucepan fruit, sugar, water, salt, carb. soda, parisian essence, boil and let simmer for 3 minutes. (2) When cool add 4 eggs (well beaten). (3) Add 1 packet of BAKEO and mix well together, adding walnuts, etc., also spirits. (4) Place in greased and lined cake tin and bake for approximately 2½ hours in moderate oven.

SOFT ICING: Two tablespoons butter, 2½ cups sifted icing sugar, 1 egg white, 1 tablespoon milk (about), pinch salt, ½ teaspoon vanilla and ¼ teaspoon lemon essence.
Cream butter, add part of sugar gradually, add unbeaten egg white then remaining sugar. Beat well, adding milk to make perfect spreading consistency. Add flavourings and then tint delicately.

• *BAKEO IS GUARANTEED*

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DECEMBER is the time to...

. . . think about Christmas gifts for gardener friends . . . plant out tender shrubs and climbers . . . lift spring bulbs that have dried off . . . sow more vegetables and summer and autumn flowers . . . pay strict attention to the home orchard.

FOR SUMMER PLANTING: Hoya (above), an indoor climber, has wax-like pink flowers. Beloperone (left) or prawn tree makes a splash of color in the garden.

GARDENING

WHEN planning a Christmas shopping list, remember gifts for gardeners — a trowel, pruning-set, tools, a lawnmower, a gardening book, or an order for a collection of bulbs for February delivery.

Buy a Christmas bush for people living in districts where this colorful shrub will thrive. Other suggestions for plants in pots are hydrangea, abutilon, ardisia, orchid, sansevieria, palm, pothos, peperomia, saint-paulia, hoya carnosa, or luculia gratissima.

All except the luculias are house plants, and, with care, will keep green and beautiful for years.

Hoya is an old-time favorite grown for its clusters of fragrant, wax-like pink flowers that bloom in summer. It climbs naturally with the help of aerial rootlets, so give it a bark-covered slab to which it can cling.

Luculia flowers from May to June, so it does best if planted out while the weather is warm and with some protection from frost and wind. Its pink blooms are highly perfumed and its leaves are large and red-ribbed.

Ask a nurseryman if your district is suitable for quisqualis, or Rangoon creeper, which rambles or sprawls rather than climbs. It needs a hot, sunny position and good protection, for it is frost-tender.

• Fork up daffodils and all other narcissi if you need the ground they have occupied since February or March.

Once the foliage has browned off they can be removed, allowed to sunbake for a day or two on the surface, then stored in toolshed or workshop.

Hyacinths need lifting now and should be stored in firm boxes to prevent rats and mice eating them. Tulips that have finished top-growth and died down to the ground should be similarly protected after lifting, or they, too, will be eaten.

Lachenalias, ranunculi, ixias, sparaxis, bulbous irises, and all others that have completed their green growth and are brown and dead-looking can be lifted and stored until early autumn.

• Set out gladiolus corms that have started to shoot.

They take from 90 to 110 days to reach flowering stage, and once they sprout should be put underground.

Remove all cormels (baby corms) attached to old corms or they will separate later and become troublesome in flower-beds.

Peel the cormels before sowing in boxes of good fibrous soil and they will germinate readily. Failure to germinate is caused by the hard husks surrounding them. The cormels will take about three years to reach flowering stage.

• Splash summer fruit trees with proprietary fruit-fly control mixtures every week.

The foliage should be splashed or wet at least once a week from the time the fruits are half-sized until just before harvesting.

Don't spray soft fruits with these mixtures, which contain poisonous DDT, as it cannot be washed from peaches, nectarines, and apricots.

Dip a coarse brush in the mixture and splash big masses of foliage. The female flies will drink the mixture and die. Try to avoid contaminating the fruit.

Pick up all windfall apples, pears, and stone fruits. Destroy them by burning or mashing and then deep burial. They usually contain the maggots of fruit flies or the grubs of codlin moths. Spray citrus fruit with white oil for the control of scale insects.

• Top-dress the lawn with well-sieved, good-quality soil.

If mole crickets cause tunnels in sandy areas, trace the tunnels to the vertical holes at one end and squirt some chlordane or DDT emulsion down the holes.

SEED-SOWING CHART

• The following seeds can be sown during December:

FLOWERS

Amaranthus, aster, balsam, celosia, cineraria, coreopsis, clianthus, cosmos, euphorbia marginata, gaillardia, gerbera, geum, gomphrena, helenium, kochia, marigold (African and French), stock, pansy, portulaca, petunia, phlox drummondii, poppy, primula malacoides, statice.

VEGETABLES

Beet, beans (dwarf and climbing), carrot, parsnip, spinach, sweet corn, swede turnip, white turnip, cabbage, early cauliflower, broccoli, brussels sprouts, cape gooseberry, capsicum, celery, tomato, cucumber, cress, lettuce, melon, marrow, radish.

Seedlings of flowers and vegetables that will transplant also may be set out now in well-prepared soil.

Makes you feel so fresh and feminine

Yardley Lavender is more than a lovely, light-hearted fragrance It's a feeling...fresh, gay and wonderful—like being in love! And when you feel like that, you look your prettiest. Have Yardley Lavender about you always. A bottle on your dressing table, Lavender Purse Stick in your handbag, Lavender Soap for your bath. Yardley Lavender

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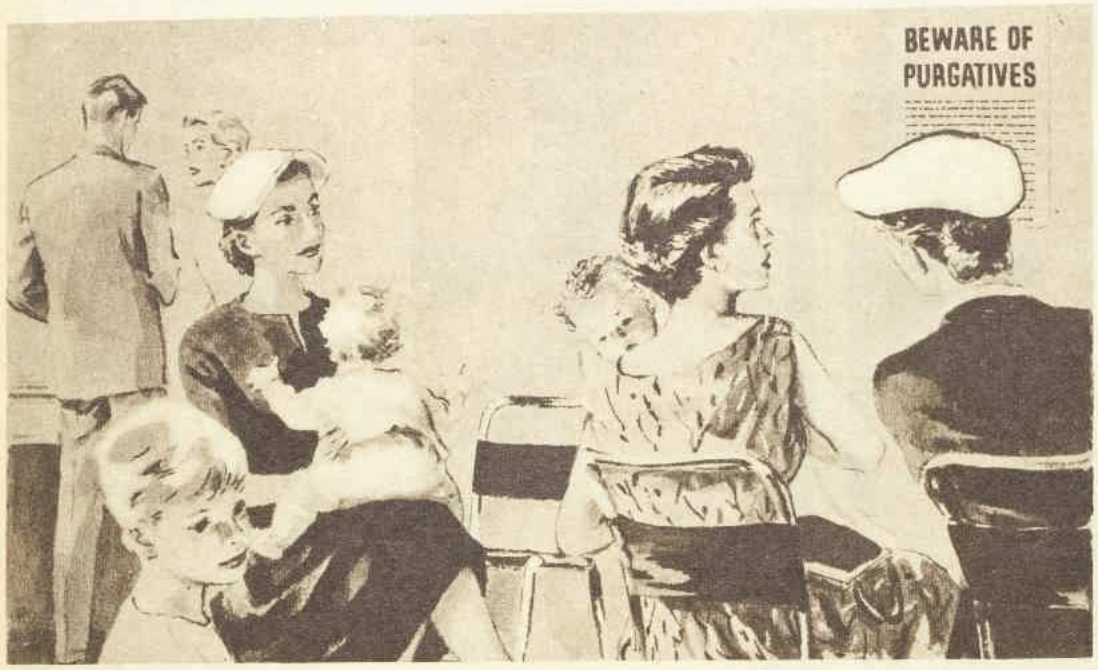
THE COMPLAINT PEOPLE DON'T MUCH CARE TO TALK ABOUT



Doctors agree that this is IMPORTANT!

HELP FOR CONSTIPATION SUFFERERS

Many of the ills that help to fill your doctor's waiting room are directly or indirectly due to constipation. Countless people are less well, less happy, less efficient than they should be because of constipation and the harsh medicines they take to relieve it. If you have come to depend on laxatives, or require them frequently, read every word of this article. The simple truths it sets forth may make a difference to your life!

A deficiency complaint

Constipation is one of the penalties we pay for civilized eating habits. Most natural foods are rich in the cellulose bulk, or "roughage", which keeps food wastes moving regularly through your 30 feet of intestine. A diet of highly-refined foods must result, sooner or later, in *bulk deficiency* — the most common cause of constipation.

The facts about laxatives

Laxatives are not the answer to constipation *because they treat the symptom, not the cause*. At best, they give a day or so's relief. At worst, they are habit-forming drugs which upset the natural rhythm of digestion and nutrition.

Restoring bulk to the diet

The only way to get your system functioning normally again is to put bulk back into your diet. This need not mean changing your eating habits, or depriving yourself of refined foods. You can provide your system with all the bulk it requires by simply enjoying a whole-bran breakfast cereal every morning. This cereal is All-Bran, prepared by Kelloggs from the vitamin-rich, mineral-rich outer layers of wheat.

A food — not a medicine

All-Bran is not habit-forming because it is a food, not a medicine. Instead of depleting your reserves of energy, it builds up your general health with Vitamin B_1, B_2, phosphorus, niacin and iron. Its nutty flavour and crisp texture are delicious with hot or cold milk, with fruit, with other cereals or in cooking. Why not put All-Bran to the test? Get it from your grocer. Enjoy it every morning for ten days. Drink plenty of water. If you are not completely satisfied, send the empty packet to Kellogg's *and get double your money back* !

"FAMILY DOCTOR", *the British Medical Association magazine, says:*

BEWARE OF PURGATIVES

Purgatives cause constipation by irritating and paralysing the bowels. This fact was known in A.D. 100 and has been repeatedly confirmed ever since. If you have developed the "laxative" habit, discard it at once. Regular habits, adequate bulk — like cereals — in your diet, sufficient fluid and regular exercise will keep most people fit in this respect.

All-Bran is a trade mark of Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.

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The Proving Flight

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the first time in two hours, nodding his head at the illuminated ground beneath. "Awfully pretty sight," he said. "Awfully pretty."

High in the sky for many miles around New York hangs a complicated network of invisible roads. The pattern of their whereabouts, printed on a plain piece of quarto-size paper, is included in the route-book of every airman who flies to the civil airports of Idelwild, La Guardia, or Newark, and is called the New York Holding and Area Facilities.

A lot of different-colored lines go criss-cross in an anatomical jumble of innumerable four-legged Radio Ranges, all pouring the secret of their position of their dead straight limbs into the ears of airmen who listen on the right frequency.

More frequently as the airports are approached minor racetracks make their appearance, innocent-looking and anti-clockwise, tucked in at the intersections of range legs, especially ordered for airmen to mark time there—the inevitable companions of bad weather over the terminals, the hated Holding Points.

Along the tortuous by-lanes of this giant snakes and ladders board flow the world's airlines out of New York, and especially dog-legged to avoid collision, the arrival traffic pours in.

Over Poughkeepsie's cone Cavendish checked in, and Poughkeepsie replied with a cheerful American Roger, stand by for clearance. But when it came, to Peekskill only, tagged on to the end of an instruction to maintain 24,000, was New York's latest weather: wind south-east five knots: visibility half a mile in slight drizzle.

Cavendish said furiously, "Stuff's come in off the sea again! After all that, they're going to stack us up!" He stared moodily down at his copy of the Holding and Area Facilities Chart already on the pedestal between the pilots, his eyes paying particular attention to the wretched racetrack Holding Points. Then he turned to the engineer: "What's the fuel state?"

Sweat rolled down Rawlings' face. "Well . . . these gauges aren't good, as you know, Skipper——"

"How much fuel?"

"Less than three hours, sir."

New York came up with their clearance, first in a slow drawl, "A-bull Dawg——," and then, crisp and clear and very fast, "Able - Dog - cleared - to - Westchester - direct - Glencove-direct - Idelwild - range - direct - Scotland - cross - Glencove - 22,000 - Idelwild-19,000. Hold - in - the - pattern - at - 19,000. Expected 0. - approach - time - 02.14."

With some prompting from Seawood, Cavendish repeated it back. Then he snapped, "Zero two one four! That's a long time to wait!"

"Must be a full stack," Seawood said. "All that bad weather, I suppose. Flood of delayed aircraft converging on Idelwild."

Cavendish started to let down. Over La Guardia, suddenly all the lights on the ground went out. Now and again, in the clear darkness, the navigation lights of other aircraft showed up a vivid red or green. They, too, went out as Able Dog once more nosed into cloud.

At Scotland, Cavendish dutifully reported at 19,000, and throttling back to save as much fuel as possible, started to go round and round the mulberry bush of the Holding Pattern, while the pilots listened to an eternal spiel of orders to other aircraft from Idelwild Approach Control, waiting patiently for the open sesame of "Emperor Able Dog" preceding an order from the ground.

Screams, shouts, a rapid fire of angry American, and hesitant, un-understanding mixed-up echoes in some language with a heavy coating of French round it, denoted the fact that a foreigner had made a missed approach on the runway and now floating, lost in the stack, was snarling up the system, endangering hundreds of lives by not carrying out the proper overshoot procedure.

Cavendish gave a sigh of exasperation. It was over a quarter of an hour before they were cleared to descend to 18,000, on the first leg of their descent.

Gradually Able Dog crawled downwards, while her occupants, tired out, could do nothing but sleep and wait. The doctor was making up notes on the effects of an emergency in the air on the human body, and had underlined "causes sudden and excessive aftermath of tiredness."

Bellamy had closed his eyes in the rest compartment, his arms and legs stiff from battling with the controls. Cruttwell and Eastlake, who had been arguing incessantly with each other over the cause of the Emperor's curious behaviour, began to feel too fatigued to continue.

But the Chairman, stirring a cup of coffee Lalette had given him, was methodically and grimly sorting out in his mind the innumerable problems that awaited him when at long last Able Dog set her wheels down on American territory.

One by one, the aircraft in the stack, separated by 1000-feet intervals and helped in the end by the Instrument Landing System, touched their wheels down on Runway Zero Four.

The time crept slowly by.

"Anyway," Hooper said with relief when at last they were cleared to the range station, "one thing we can be thankful for. We've stopped bumbling around from side to side. That's something!"

But there he was, in a sense, wrong. Cavendish was very tired. His instrument flying wasn't what it was. Keeping a heavy aircraft dead in the centre of an I.L.S. radio beam can be very difficult. The needle on the round-faced instrument had flicked hard over into the blue sector.

Cavendish turned to the left. The needle accompanied him, passed the centre, and finished hard over in the yellow sector. Cavendish turned to the right.

Zigzagging painfully from side to side, Able Dog, at last Number One to land, her wheels down now, her landing check complete, flew lower and lower into a woolly, unseen, unwelcoming world.

Two and a half miles from the beginning of the runway, still left of the beam in the yellow sector, but at the prescribed altitude of 700 feet, the needle on the radio compass did a complete half-circle. Seawood reported over the range station.

"Come right on in, Able Dog," said the new, friendly

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voice of Idelwild Tower. "Clear to land."

Cavendish punched the stop-watch on the instrument panel, and put down flap. Able Dog descended.

Half a minute went by. The aircraft was still in a grey-black stew, with no meaning, no beginning, no end. Her navigation lights reflected back on themselves in a mizzly gloom.

At four hundred feet indicated, there was still nothing. Cavendish, now exploring the blue side of the I.L.S., and Able Dog, with her left wing down, was straining through twenty degrees in an effort to get back into the middle of the beam.

The speed fluctuated round 125 knots. Then Cavendish, noticing how low he was, started to pull the nose back.

Discouraged, the needle fell back farther—122, 118, 116.

"Approach lights!" Seawood shouted. "Starboard! Starboard!"

Cavendish raised his eyes from his strict surveillance of the instruments and looked out. Below the nose, a few hundred yards ahead, a portion of the dark air had smouldered into a sullen red, and then two stubby lines, slightly inclined towards each other, seemed to burst into flames.

The pilot swung the Emperor to the right. As he did so the speed dropped to 110 knots.

Cavendish, lined up now with the lights and anxious to be down, called to Rawlings to reduce power.

Seawood murmured, "You're undershooting!"

Able Dog wallowed. The tail began to swing again. Before reaching the first approach light that jutted out 700 yards into the water, the aircraft started to sink. Cavendish pulled the nose up and called for 7500 r.p.m.

Rawlings, to be on the safe side, as he always did, gave him an extra thousand. But Able Dog still sank.

The first light went by, apparently just under the wing. Douthwaite saw it, with a little ring of reflected light round it in the still water. Hooper got a glimpse of it, too, and muttered, "We're low!"

Cavendish called for 8000 r.p.m. Rawlings gave him over nine thousand. The speed flickered round 100 knots. At that low speed, with the heavy drag of flap and undercarriage down, there was difficulty increasing it. They seemed to be skimming just above the water. Four more lights went by. In the gloom they could see the beginnings of the runway lights now. Seawood saw in horror that they seemed to be above the aircraft.

Runway Zero Four at Idelwild juts out like a breakwater, dropping at its beginning a clear twelve feet down into the sea. Able Dog struggled just above the water. Only two of the red lights remained before the threshold, shining misty and green a hundred yards away from them.

> **The great secret is not having bad manners or good manners or any particular sort of manners, but having the same manners for all human souls.**
> **— G. B. Shaw**

The aircraft's tail frantically juddered. Her nose came up. Cavendish called for 10,000 r.p.m. What he got was nearly all the power available in Cruttwell's immense engines.

Seawood was sure the aircraft started to climb up to the runway. He saw a black wall, perpendicular and unyielding, dead in front of them. He thought to himself: there goes the undercarriage on that sharp cutting edge. The nose was shaking to and fro as though it was in a fit. The whole aircraft was in a begging attitude. The Emperor was on the point of stalling.

Then, somehow or other, shuddering all over her body, Able Dog started to climb. She rose above the wall. The threshold lights flashed by.

Cavendish, realising they were climbing, called out, "My throttles!"

"Your throttles," Rawlings echoed him.

Cavendish was surprised to find the four throttle levers so far forward. He took them in his gloved hand and pulled them suddenly back.

Able Dog seemed almost to stop dead in the air.

Deprived suddenly, a dozen feet above the ground by now, of all the immense power by which she was literally hanging on her propellers, the Emperor shook and shivered. Then the left wing dropped. Everybody on board had a horrible sensation of going down and down and down.

Then the port wheel connected with the wet runway, giving it a tremendous thud that made the whole aircraft quiver like a leaf, only to be followed, a second later, by an even more fantastic noise as the starboard wheel thundered on to American soil.

The navigator peered out into the night to make certain that the undercarriage legs hadn't crashed right through the wings. Then, in his log, he wrote: "Touched down Idelwild, 02.31."

. . . . . .

As soon as they had slowed up at the end of the runway, Rawlings said, "I want to look at the port gear, sir."

"Why, Mr. Rawlings?"

"We're skee-whiff, Captain! Something's gone! We'll collapse in a minute!"

Glowering at him, Cavendish stopped. Rawlings produced the Aldis lamp, and in its light studied the left undercarriage leg. He said gloomily, "We're at least six inches down on this side. Might get us to the ramp . . . if you go carefully, sir."

"It's only the oleo leg, Mr. Rawlings," Cavendish called out, gingerly taxi-ing forward again.

They were a long time reaching the ramp. There was no doubt about the fact that they were certainly tilting to the left. And then there was a further delay when they at last reached the tarmac.

The Company steps were missing. In the pandemonium of so many arrivals, everyone was using everyone else's.

That was all right normally. But steps are part of an airline's advertising equipment. Knowing that Very Important Persons will be photographed on them, the Company's name is always most prominently displayed in order to claim a modest share in the ensuing Press publicity. That night, with a battalion of photographers waiting to take pictures of the Chairman disembarking from the Emperor, it was unthinkable that he should make his descent on Pan American, or K.L.M., or even B.O.A.C. steps.

The station manager, red in the face even under the glaring neon floodlights, was shouting into the rain, "Where are our steps?" even as Able Dog came up to a brake-squealing halt by the chocks.

The Medical Authorities' doctor mounted by courtesy of Scandinavian Airlines System. He asked Hamilton the routine questions: "Everything all right? Nobody sick on board?"

The cabin kept quite quiet as the Chief Steward shook his head. The Under-Secretary jerked round suddenly in his seat when the American went on: "When did you let the bomb off?"

But Hamilton replied with an expressionless face that he'd let the aerosol bomb off an hour before landing. The air still

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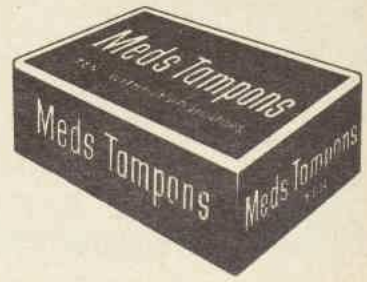

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PARKER '51' WORLD'S MOST WANTED PEN

THE PARKER '51' is the choice of illustrious people all over the world — both for personal use, and also as a special gift. Famous statesmen, leaders in business and commerce, women who set the fashion for the world — all are proud to own and use it; with it treaties are signed and famous books are written.

For someone whose affection you value, a Parker '51' would make a most discerning present. For your own use, no comparable writing instrument has ever been made.

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reeked with its pungent disinfectant. The doctor left, satisfied.

Anxious to put their two feet back on the ground, everyone got up and crowded round the door behind the Chairman. Then Sir James looked down and saw a sheer drop of twenty feet where the steps had been taken away with the doctor.

Below, the ground engineers, working feverishly, had located the Air Enterprise steps at the far end of the ramp, in the process of being used by Italian Air Lines. They swooped down on them and bore them away amidst shrill cries in several foreign languages. Pushed by a squad of men in their best white overalls (now soaked in the rain), they came weaving through the crowded ramp like an odd-shaped float at a carnival.

But, all the same, when the Chairman walked out into American air, smiling as shutters clicked and movie cameras whirred, on every step he took downwards was painted for all the world to see: Air Enterprise Limited.

Once more on the ground, he turned to his companions. Jovially, rubbing his hands together level with his chin in a more decorous version of a boxer's overhead victory shake, he cried, "Come on, come on! We're all in this together."

He shepherded them himself in front of the cameras. "Captain Cavendish!" he shouted up to the cabin. "Captain Bellamy!" and then, in an aside to the photographers, "Must have those important people, the pilots."

Eventually, then, they were all grouped together at the bottom of the steps, slightly behind Sir James, Angela and Lalette pushed to the front, Cruttwell and Eastlake at opposite ends of the untidy little knot, Rawlings expecting the undercarriage to collapse at any minute, the rest of the crew bringing up the rear, while, in the shadows behind the arc lamps and the cameras, the good-humored welcoming committee of important American aviation experts stood watching and still waiting.

Sixteen flash-bulbs exploded simultaneously.

It was that picture which was immediately wired to three hundred papers in America, and which eventualy travelled all round the world.

Against a background of the immense unorthodox flanks of the Emperor, and in support of the confident good humor that stretched from ear to ear on the Chairman's face, her designers, her crew, the doctor, the future Line Manager, the Under-Secretary, and the Company's Public Relations Officer all contributed their mixed British assortment of bravely sheepish smiles.

. . . . .

Next day the American Press surprised everyone (including itself) by being both gentle and generous.

The assumption had been, before the Emperor had left England, that the newspapers' attitude would be one of guarded and unenthusiastic interest.

Photographs of the unusually designed aircraft had been published, and representatives of shopkeepers, manufacturers, and householders around La Guardia and Idelwild (considered to be the probable target areas) had written indignantly to their Congressmen to forbid the passage in the air above them of

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an article of foreign manufacture, likely at a moment's notice to turn into a missile.

The Civil Aeronautics Board, the lawgivers of the American air, had expressed understandable concern that a projected London-New York scheduled non-stop service might very likely mean (bearing in mind the strength of the prevalent westerly winds) that Emperors would sometimes arrive over Idelwild in bad weather with insufficient fuel to take their rightful turn in the stack; and by necessitating an immediate landing, would thereby avail themselves of an unfair advantage over other operators.

The airlines of the U.S.A. (all highly prized advertisers in the Press) had made it plain that they were very, very lukewarm about such a service until they had an aircraft with sufficient range to do it themselves.

Then the delays, the diversion to Iceland, the muddled arrangements for the arrival at Idelwild had reached the headlines before the Emperor touched down. Feeling against the Emperor had hardened from an off-cold shoulder to unveiled suspicion.

"Suppose you give him his bath—I can't even find him!"

And yet she received a thundering welcome. Such a reversal of popular expectations, unprecedented since Mr. Truman's election as President in 1948, happened quite simply. Late that night, New York editors, red-eyed with fatigue and with no other news on their plate, looked at the curiously sad little picture of the Emperor and her sixteen inhabitants, and recalling what they were in for from other city editors, had taken the traditional cigar out of their mouths and had all said benevolently, "We'll play it up and give 'em a break."

In the second-best suite in the Grand-Plaza Hotel, Sir James, with a slight head from the whisky of last night's large-hearted American hospitality, had rung for all the morning's papers. They had come to him in a stack so big it almost covered the diminutive bell-boy who brought them.

For five minutes he grimly surveyed them. Sir James was a businessman, brought up in a hard school. Whiskies, buffet suppers, kind words, and back-slaps were expendable and deductible items he'd used too many times himself to be at all impressed about receiving.

He'd smiled; he'd laughed; he'd talked. He'd been confident, enthusiastic, and determined. But all the time he'd had a feeling, a sixth sense, that all this was the gilt on some particularly inedible gingerbread. The day's papers, he reckoned, would probably confirm that feeling.

He reached for the silk dressing-gown his wife had given him only last week for his birthday. Ah, well! He'd expected a fight during the four days. Naturally, the Americans wouldn't give in easily. He thought wryly to himself of the diversion, the delays, the still-unexplained behaviour over Labrador. He tied the green cord tightly round his middle and compressed his lips. One thing, anyway, he knew he could do (and he squared his tough shoulders defiantly), and that was to fight every inch of the way.

He reached over and took the paper that was sticking out half-way down the pile.

He opened it.

Headlines on the front page cried, "Welcome, Emperor!"

Excited, his eye scanned two whole columns below the photograph. The delays and difficulties were minimised. The storms over the Atlantic were stressed as being unprecedented since meteorological records had been kept. Ships had sent distress signals. No other aircraft had attempted the westbound crossing.

It had been appallingly bad luck to choose that night for the non-stop proving flight of the Emperor to New York. But the cautious, common-sense attitude to possible hazard—shown by the diversion to Iceland—showed this was no desperate, flash-in-the-pan bid for supremacy over the North Atlantic sky, but a well-balanced, well-planned, confident campaign that boded well for the future of the aircraft and the service. It was a great step forward. Sir James Joliffe and the British were to be congratulated.

He could hardly believe his eyes.

Quickly, he tore through a dozen others. Though the language varied, the tone and the friendly feeling of all of them were unmistakable. As he sat down on his bed to read through each one of them very carefully, there was one thing about the strange and inexplicable existence on this earth of which Sir James was absolutely certain.

Life was wonderful.

He went down to breakfast in excellent spirits. In the restaurant he joined the Under-Secretary, who was sitting on his own at a table, and said

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* Little things often make all the difference to a car. And it takes a woman to notice all the bright ideas and all the high-quality refinements that distinguish the Austin A50 Cambridge. For instance, you'll be delighted with the comfort of the deep, restful, foam rubber seating and genuine leather upholstery. You'll like the beautifully styled dashboard, complete with clock and glove box . . . *and* the handy parcel tray full-width beneath the dash (a boon when shopping).

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The Austin A50 is a worry saver. Those doors at the back have special children's safety locks. All the windows are fitted with safety glass.

A really big boot of 14 cubic feet gives you plenty of room for all the bulky odds and ends that go with family motoring. But why not get the full facts on the brilliant A50 Cambridge? Your Austin Distributor or Dealer will gladly arrange a demonstration.

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Tan faster, without burn — with Johnson's Suntan Oil, and keep a sparkle in your smile with super-cleaning Tek Toothbrushes. Be ready, too, for all minor injuries with Band-Aid Adhesive Bandages . . . now with SUPER STICK, they stick better, protect better!

PRODUCTS OF JO

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"His" Gillette Christmas Gift

How his eyes will light up when he receives his new Gillette Razor Set! He probably hasn't had a new razor for years and his old one is quite out of date! How he'll thank you for those mornings and mornings of smoother, quicker shaving! There are Gillette Razor Sets in a wide variety of attractive sets ranging in price from 6/6 to 42/6.

- **Gillette Set No. 66** holds an "Aristocrat" one-piece, quick-action razor and 10-blade Dispenser in a handsome lizard case lined in velvet **42/6**
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- **Quick-feed Dispensers** are most acceptable small gifts ready wrapped in gay Christmas cellophane. 20 Blades, **8/8** 10 Blades, **4/4**

Gillette Razor Sets not illustrated: **Set No. 59 at 21/6. Set No. 22 at 37/6 and No. 24 at 6/6**

Give him Gillette *superspeed shaving!*

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GOT THOSE

fry-day blues?

Quick! the Air-wick

There's nothing like the smell of crisply fried fresh fish to start the family's mouths watering! *But*, after the meal is over, that delicious smell turns into a stale hangover reek which spreads right through the house . . . here's how to kill it, fast!

You can stop any smell at its source! Just open your bottle of Air-wick and pull up the wick. Immediately, Air-wick's 125 natural air-freshening compounds, plus Chlorophyll, give you garden-fresh air. Remember, for less than one penny per day . . .

AIRWICK KILLS SMELLS FAST!

HOW TO BEAT RHEUMATISM

If you suffer from rheumatism here is good advice. Immediately you get up in the morning, make your bed. If you don't, moisture begins to condense on the warm bedclothes which become damp and a damp bed is bad for you. Next, keep warm always. If you work hard, wear wool or flannel next to your skin to absorb perspiration and prevent chills.

No matter how hot conditions are, you can get chilled quickly when you stop work, especially in a wind. So pull on woollens or flannels while you are still warm.

To get warm quickly in bed, wear socks if necessary, lie on your back with legs straight, so that spine, lungs and heart get the quickest warmth. Rub and exercise painful muscles and joints. Don't let them grow stiff through too little movement. Take your daily dose of Dr. Mackenzie's MENTHOIDS to give you your quota of "trace elements" and to liberate nascent oxygen to assist your kidneys to exercise their purifying effect.

Get MENTHOIDS from your chemist or store for 12/6 or 7/6 and get relief from rheumatism for only three pence a day. Save half-a-crown by buying the 12/6 ECONOMY SIZE flask of MENTHOIDS.

DR. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

and friendly. "I thought perhaps the importance of maintaining your schedule——"

"So you won't phone the Minister?"

"I'll think about it, Sir James."

"Think seriously," the Chairman advised. "Take your time."

Brocklehurst rose from the table. "The urgency is not . . . is perhaps not so great as I at first feared. Good morning to you, Sir James!"

" 'Morning, Brocklehurst."

The Chairman watched the straight figure in the black and white striped trousers walk across the restaurant and out of the swing door into the body of the hotel. An odd character, he decided. Civil-Service mind, of course, coupled with the high ambition of keeping well in with his boss. But you'd have thought that the R.A.F. would have taken some of the starch out of that high, stiff collar.

He sighed. That was the trouble with people—you never could tell what on earth they'd do next. How easy his single-minded track through life would be if it was a strictly private road! Brocklehurst might phone; he might not. But the assumption must be that he would.

There was not a moment to lose.

He returned to his suite in a thoughtful mood. There, waiting on his desk, were two envelopes. The first was an invitation to speak at the American Aeronautic Dinner that night. The other requested his presence at the American Aircraft Manufacturers' annual cocktail party.

Both were unexpected. Both had a hidden treasure of potential publicity.

He slapped his plump thigh with delight. "Excellent!" he murmured at the Gothic gold lettering and the expensive paper. By what devious means the Emperor had tickled the American fancy he did not even consider. The possibility of Brocklehurst phoning the Minister, coupled with these two important invitations on top of the welcome in the papers, galvanised his whole armada of energy into immediate operation.

Speed was essential. On one side lay defeat, on the other—victory.

Now the publicity ball had started rolling there would, he knew, be other invitations, other opportunities to spread the Emperor's good name far and wide over the American continent. Too many for him alone to handle.

But he had help. He had a number of his fellow-countrymen on hand. More important still, they were also on his payroll. This afternoon he would summon them to his suite for (that favorite word of his) a get-together.

In the Coronet Hotel the men of the Emperor were, as it happened, all awake. Most of them were dressed. Some had even had breakfast.

But none of them were thinking of any form of advance. The first lap of the proving flight, no matter what it said in the papers, could hardly in their eyes be described as a triumph. The trip had created for each of them their own particular personal problems—all different, and all needing for the moment their undivided attention.

Payton, the tentative Line Manager, had woken from a particularly unpleasant nightmare in which not only was he Line Manager of the Emperors but also in some curious way the pilot in charge of every one that took off on its gibbering, juddering junket across the Atlantic. He had got out of bed and was washing away the taste of the dream with ice-

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The Proving Flight

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cold water, shivering and still a little dizzy from his dream ascent of the high ladder of success.

Hamilton—up, spruce, and, as always in New York, alone—was having a quite late breakfast in a drug-store, considering with concern a possible interruption to the schedule of a private business he conducted, out of Air Enterprise's bread-and-butter hours, to provide himself and his family with cake.

Dr. Enderby-Browne was scrupulously writing up his notes on the trip in the quietness of room 3165, so high above New York that he had the advantages both of being airborne and of being in blessed stationary peace on the ground.

In their separate rooms, nine flights below him, both girls were still having their beauty sleep. And, much nearer the ground, in room 1016, Douthwaite was phoning Rawlings in 603 and suggesting the usual economy, on the 10 dollars a day that Air Enterprise allowed them for meals, of combining breakfast and lunch: "Ready to eat, Red?"

"Will be, Alex, in a couple of minutes."

"Come up to 1016, will you? And I'll give Seawood and Hooper a call."

A quarter of an hour afterwards all four of them were in the navigator's room. There

"Boy, just what I wanted, spiders!"

seemed to be no hurry. Though it was past eleven, none of them expressed hunger. Seawood sat gloomily on Douthwaite's bed. The radio officer asked, "Well . . . you haven't really told us, Red. What do you think it is?"

Rawlings shrugged his massive shoulders. "Could be any number of things . . . now."

"After Cavendish's performance last night. He's broken one of the undercarriage struts, you know."

Simultaneously, Hooper said, "I've been in a good few bad landings, but——" and Douthwaite observed, "The weather wasn't too pleasant." Seawood still said nothing.

The engineer looked down at the First Officer. "Couldn't you see we were undershooting?"

Seawood put his hand up to his hair and started to comb it ferociously with his fingers. "I . . . eh——"

"Why didn't you do something?"

Seawood muttered something about Captain Cavendish's long experience.

"So, rather than trust your owl eyes, you'd land us all in the drink? Well, it's a good thing for the lot of you I'm not like that! And d'you know what happened last night after we got back from that party? Cavendish catches me up in the foyer. 'Mr. Rawlings,' he says, 'I'd like a word with you'."

Hooper asked, "What time was that?"

" 'Bout one in the morning. I said, 'But, Captain, I'm just going to bed." He said, 'I insist, Mr. Rawlings.' So I stopped. To tell you the truth, I thought he was going to say thank you for helping him out with the landing. Then I looked at his face. Death warmed up, but the eyes fairly blazing."

The navigator said mildly, "He was a bit upset with himself about the landing."

Rawlings snorted impatiently. "Wasn't upset with himself at all! He was mad. Mad with . . . with . . . "—he stuttered with furious astonishment—". . . with me!"

Hooper's eyes opened wide. "Why ever you, Red?"

"He said to me straight away: 'That landing tonight was your fault!' 'What d'you mean, Captain?' I said. Then out he comes with a most extraordinary story. 'You were giving me at least a thousand r.p.m. more than I asked for. When I came to pull the throttles back, I must have had just about take-off power. Naturally, when I took off, we came down with a bang'."

Hooper said, "Trying to blame it on you, eh? Bet you were wild, Red!"

"Wild! I was tired. I'd had a few drinks." Rawlings, remembering it, went pink with rage. "I said to him: 'Look, Captain, I agree I gave you more power than you asked for. And if I hadn't we'd have made our landing in the water, a good half-mile from the beginning of the runway! The Emperor may be a lot of things, Captain,' I said, 'but she's not a flying-boat!' "

The radio officer said, "I thought we'd had it! I tell you . . . I looked out of my window and I swear I saw the wheels touch the water!"

"We were pretty low," Douthwaite admitted.

Seawood still said nothing.

Rawlings thought such comments meagre, considering what he'd done for them. Glowering at the three of them, he went on, "Well . . . of course he blew his top at that! Said, 'Mr. Rawlings, I shall report you for disobedience to orders, impertinence, and gross insubordination. I shall write a full report of the incident the moment we get back'."

Hooper asked him sympathetically, "What did you say to that, Red?"

"I just said, 'If we get back.' Shut him up like a clam."

Even in repetition, ten hours later, the same magical quality had not worn off the words. It shut them all up like clams.

. . . . . .

"E," the gruff voice muttered through the grey moustache, "A . . . L . . . P . . . R . . . I."

There was a moment's pause. Then: "Either C or G . . . difficult to tell."

At the far end of his room, Captain Cavendish was standing with his back against the wall. His left hand covered his left eye, which gave him a slightly menacing, piratical appearance. Propped against the closed window was a copy of the "New York Times."

But Cavendish was not reading about the Emperor's success. With immense difficulty he was identifying each letter of one of the smaller headlines.

One edge of the paper flapped over, and then the whole thing dropped headlong down on to the carpet.

The pilot walked across the room and bent to pick it up. He studied the words in question, now much more closely. "Of course, it's very small print," he said.

As though the time had come to examine not the products but the instruments themselves, he went into the bathroom and inspected his grey eyes in the mirror.

There was no getting away from it, they weren't new. There were little red lines running through the whites. The first bright translucent varnish had worn off them.

He went back into his room and sat on the bed. Now that the first furious indignation with the engineer over giving him too much power had worn off, he had analysed that bad landing, worrying over it as pilots often do, and had come to the conclusion that his judgment had been out. In fact, if it hadn't been for Rawlings the accident might have been very much worse.

He'd banged them down before, of course, but he'd never bent anything. The incident to a pilot of his reputation was both mortifying and unexpected. Bellamy had now and again criticised his instrument flying on check-outs, but nobody had liked to say (it was a thing nobody could say, bearing in mind his long service with the Company) that his reactions were slowing up and he should watch himself carefully.

Now that that fact had been hammered home to him by two sickening thuds, made by the Emperor's main wheels on the runway at Idelwild, he began to remember other things.

For the past few years he had been gratified to discover that he always was given the most experienced first officer on his trips, and he had thought that the Company hadn't liked to affront him with the sight of new raw recruits, which were the only reinforcements it could get in a pilot-hungry world. Perhaps there was another reason.

All of a sudden the whole six foot two of him seemed very

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. . . but it takes

Reckitt's Blue

to get them really white

"It's so easy to be misled, but take it from me, you never will see a sheet or a shirt fit to be called white from washing alone. You must give whites that last rinse in Reckitt's Blue for a white you'll be proud of.

"To keep whites truly white—WASH to get the dirt out. RINSE to get rid of loose dirt and suds, then into RECKITT'S BLUE for true white,"

says Mary Rawlins.

. . . and for perfect starching

You'll never be disappointed with Robin, the easy-to-mix powder starch which does not stick to the iron. Therefore, ironing is easier and everything has just the right gloss and crispness.

ROBIN Starch

GIVES WINGS TO YOUR IRON

Remember! Reckitt's Blue and Robin Starch —your perfect washday companions

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lonely, very unsure of itself, not nearly so tall. If he did it this time, he might do it again. And again. Until——

He saw his immaculate gloves on the dressing table, the uniform jacket on the chair, and he turned away, as though now the sight of them sickened him. He picked up the receiver and dialled the number of Bellamy's room. This was the second phone call he had had that day. Earlier he'd been speaking to Sir James.

A voice in his ear said sharply, "Yes?"

"Captain Bellamy," he said. "This is Cavendish." Without its normal distinctive vanguard the three little syllables of his name seemed to shiver in a cold world.

"Yes?"

"The Chairman rang me this morning."

"Yes?"

"He said that under the circumstances on the return journey perhaps I should concentrate on"—he could not somehow give to the words the same confident importance of two days ago—"my advisory capacity."

"You mean . . . he wants me to do all the handling?"

In the silence that followed Cavendish was thinking bitterly to himself how strained was the quality of mercy of young pilots towards their elders. A little sympathetic understanding, a considerate admission that all pilots (even Training Captains) held off too high now and again, was too much to expect these days.

"Yes," he said heavily. "That is . . . if you agree."

"I'll agree to that." There was surely no need for Bellamy to leap quite so readily at his chance to assume full power. "But what's worrying me is this Labrador business. Did he mention it?"

"As a matter of fact, he didn't."

"I told Cruttwell I thought it was in the rudder controls somewhere."

"They might find the trouble there." Cavendish's mind was not, however, in Labrador. It was milling round and round

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New York, banging down at Idelwild, and bouncing up into a dark, uncertain future. He had screwed up his left eye, and with his right he was reading a notice pinned on the far wall: "The Management will not be held responsible for——"

"What was that you said?"

"I said it'll be a long job whatever it is."

For once in complete agreement, Bellamy immediately reiterated: "It'll be a long job, all right."

That opinion was echoed in all the rooms of the Coronet Hotel occupied by the Emperor's inhabitants. Whatever their personal problems, and however diversified—there at least was common ground. Schedules would go out of the window. They would be safe from another berserk imperial ballet-dance for many days to come.

It would be a long job.

. . . . . .

At Idelwild airport Cruttwell spoke triumphantly into the telephone. "Well, sir . . . taken us all night, but we've fixed the undercarriage! We've done a retraction test. Everything worked perfectly."

Sir James' voice came echoing back to him immediately, warm and generous-hearted. "Excellent . . . excellent, Mr. Cruttwell. That's splendid! I always knew I could rely on the two of you."

A pleased smile cut more lines than ever in the engine-designer's wrinkled face. There was a moment's pause.

"And the other little thing, Mr. Cruttwell?" Sir James asked.

His brain fuddled by lack of sleep, the engine-designer did not quite understand. "I beg your pardon, sir?"

"You've found out the cause of the trouble over Labrador?"

Confident of sympathy under the circumstances, Cruttwell said frankly, "We haven't had time to get around to that, sir."

"Get around to it immediately!"

Pained and surprised, Cruttwell pointed out, "That's not so easy, sir."

"Why isn't it?" The voice was now as cold as the Arctic air.

"Well . . . everyone has a different idea of exactly what did happen. It's always the same in these emergencies. People are so busy that nobody can take any notes. The flight engineer and Mr. Eastlake seem to think it was the engines. I think it was more likely something to do with the rudder controls, the boosters, or ——"

"You think! Mr. Eastlake thinks! Think is a word I have no time for, Mr. Cruttwell! I want to know."

Stung into raising his voice, Cruttwell replied, "We can't do everything all at once, sir."

There was a very long pause. Then, with deadly quietness: "We have a much-advertised schedule to maintain."

"We're both aware of that, sir."

"We have also great opportunity for promoting the Emperor over here. All that publicity your company will receive gratis through our hard work. I had enough trouble in England with costly delays while the aircraft was being built. I have no intention of standing for a repetition of them over here."

"We'll do our best, sir, but ——"

"And another thing! There is to be no mention of the trouble over Labrador, even to our own hangar personnel. Tell them it's an extra safety check."

"There's more to it than you seem to——"

"Don't manufacture your own difficulties, Mr. Cruttwell. Makes your work twice as hard. You've got my orders quite clear in your mind?"

Through the engine-designer's tightly compressed lips a sound came out just recognisable as an affirmative.

"Good!" The Chairman's voice became balmy once more. "Then all you have to do is to carry them out. Thank you, Mr. Cruttwell."

The receiver at the other end clicked. Cruttwell stood, swaying a little, listening to the empty line. Then he went out of the telephone-box and said bitterly to Eastlake, "Better get on with the job. Better find out what's wrong with those controls!"

Just as bitterly Eastlake reiterated, "You mean, what's wrong with those engines!"

To be continued

FOR TEENAGE WRITERS

TEENAGERS are invited to submit short stories for publication.

Stories should be about 1500 words long. Each one must bear the author's name, address, and age, must be typed or written on one side of the paper only, and must be accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope big enough to hold the manuscript in case of return.

The story must also have a statement written by the author and endorsed by parent, guardian, or teacher that the story is the teenager's original, unaided work and is not adapted from or based on any story read.

Brief comment will be given on any stories that merit it. Otherwise, criticism cannot be given. Stories are judged at full adult publication standard.

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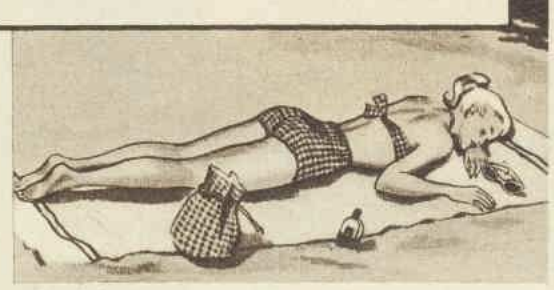
Are you in the know?

When walking's hazardous, what's correct?

☐ You take his arm ☐ He grips your elbow
☐ Let him carry you

High heels don't always mix with fractured footpaths . . . tram tracks . . . heavy traffic. Why wait for him to make like Sir Walter Raleigh, or steer you along by the elbow? Take his arm. And at times when certain other "hazards" beset you, take the precaution of choosing Kotex* Sanitary Napkins. You'll have extra protection with that special safety centre. So for accident insurance—say "Kotex". You'll find it's the best policy!



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☐ A hot bath ☐ A sparkling smile
☐ A white bask-ground

Beauty and the beach *can* go together — even on problem days, thanks to Kotex. You can wear any beach clothes without a shadow of a doubt, because Kotex has *flat, pressed ends* that prevent outlines from tattling. So go ahead and get your sunning. (Just don't tease the boys until they toss you into the briny.) And try basking on a white sheet or towel. It's shadowless . . . brings out a suntan best.

More women throughout the world choose Kotex than all other sanitary napkins.

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KO2/6/36R3

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☐ Tell the crowd Dad insists
☐ Say you need your beauty sleep
☐ Mention an early A.M. appointment

Partying is such sweet sorrow when you're the gal who must break it up. You're also the gal who must face the family . . . so mention an early morning appointment. It's the smoothest way to exit. And for smoothness at "difficult" times, get Kotex — the napkin that's made to *stay soft, keep its shape* while wearing. And because of its extra absorbency and soft gauze, Kotex can't chafe.

Three guesses what girls forget most?

Forget to keep your mitts well creamed . . . or weed out bristling brows? Not you! Fine. But how about remembering to buy a new sanitary belt? If you keep putting it off till next time, maybe it's inspiration you need. Take a look at all ten Kotex* Belts when you get Kotex.

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Now in 4 lovely colours, too, to specially beautify your kitchen

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Life will be so much easier for her. Cooking will become a pleasure instead of a wearying chore, when she has a Sunbeam Mixmaster to lighten the hardest part of her work in the kitchen. Everything she makes will turn out perfectly, will look better and taste better. There's no guesswork in cooking when all the mixing is done at scientifically correct speeds by Mixmaster. Cakes, scones, pastries, sweets, puddings, ice-creams and all kinds of special dishes are easy to prepare . . . and they're all much more delicious, more luscious than ever before. You'll make her *really* happy this Xmas when you give her a Sunbeam Mixmaster.

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Continuing . . . .

Her Twin Sister

from page 39

about him more than once. She looked up, smiling.

"Of course I remember John," she said. "This is a pleasant surprise."

They took a taxi to the hotel where Mrs. Kendall had reserved a suite. Julia answered questions about Kit and looked properly wistful.

"I want a bath and a nap," Amanda Kendall announced. She had taken off her smart hat and tweed topcoat. Her grey hair was thick and lustrous, and she wore a string of pearls over her pale cashmere sweater. "John, why don't you and Barbie have cocktails downstairs and come back in a couple of hours?"

Being alone with John Kendall was the last thing Julia wanted until she had a chance to try to recall the three days he had been a guest at her parents' home. She had been alone with him several times then. She had no idea what conversations he had had with Barbie. As they entered the cocktail lounge, she was beginning to suspect that people did what Amanda Kendall suggested.

"She's amazing," she murmured to John. "Even with all that Kit has told me about her, I wasn't prepared. She's so vital and handsome."

"Gran's quite a girl," he agreed. "You haven't seen anything yet. She rides high, wide, and handsome on these junkets of hers." His dark-lashed blue eyes met hers. "Where's your sister?"

Julia felt a shivering along her spine. "She's on vacation. She's a teacher, you know."

"I know," he said. "She teaches art. I've thought quite a bit about Julia. When will she be back?" He watched her intently as she answered. Then he grinned. "I'm not so smart as I thought I was. I was convinced that I could tell you two apart."

"Very few people can," she told him.

He continued to look at her. "The funny part is that Kit and I grew up together—my father's ranch is part of the property that Gran still holds the reins on—and in all our years we never fell for the same girl."

"That must have been convenient," said Julia dryly. She remembered that she was Barbie. "Did Kit fall for many girls?"

"Maybe it was the other way round," he answered.

She smiled at him. She had liked him a year and a half ago, and she liked him now.

At dinner, Amanda Kendall showed a surprising interest in Julia. "Naturally, I wanted most to get to know you, Barbie, but John has told me so much about Julia that I hoped to meet her, too. Isn't there any chance of her getting back while we're here?"

"I'm afraid not," said Julia, with genuine regret.

"Perhaps you can persuade her to come to the ranch when you and Kit come home this summer," Mrs. Kendall added. "We have too many oversized males on the reservation. In my old age I seem to crave some pretty granddaughters."

Julia had an uncomfortable feeling that she was blushing—a thing which Barbie would have had no reason to do. She took a drink of water. John's blue eyes were watching her again. Or perhaps she imagined it.

She invited them for luncheon at her apartment the next day. Not her own apartment, of course. Hers was a walk-up studio with a high north skylight. In Barbie's apartment she could perform the role of hostess as well as her twin, or better. She prepared the food, arranged flowers, set the dining-table. She dusted Kit's picture and considered it thoughtfully. Her brother-in-law was a good-looking young man, but he was nowhere near so attractive as his cousin.

There was more character in John's face, and more charm. When he smiled the outer corners of his eyes crinkled engagingly, and he had a stronger chin than Kit . . .

Mrs. Kendall said, "What a pleasant room, Barbie!"

John moved with an unerring instinct to a watercolor on the wall.

"Julia do this?" he asked. "It's very good." He carried the picture to his grandmother. "I saw some of her work when I came east for the wedding. She's a very talented girl."

"Do you paint, too, Barbie?" asked Mrs. Kendall.

Julia laughed. "No! I can't draw a cat sitting back-to!" It was Barbie's phrase, and she spoke it easily and naturally.

"John is the artistic member of our family," Mrs. Kendall told her. "I think some of his pictures show great talent."

"That's my grannie!" said John, grinning at Julia.

She had not known that he was interested in painting. "It's a pity that Julia isn't here," she murmured. "She could take you to museums and exhibitions and stuff like that."

They had luncheon. Mrs. Kendall said, "Barbie, at my age I have a right to be selfish. I know that you must have many young friends, but I hope I can see a lot of you while we're here."

"I'd like it, too," said Julia truthfully.

. . . . . .

"High, wide, and handsome" had been John's description of his grandmother, and Julia discovered what he meant. She had theatre tickets for every night of her visit. She wanted to see the nightclubs.

"It's too bad that Kit and Julia can't be with us," she said. "What's the last news from him, Barbie?"

Julia glanced, wistfully, at the silver-framed picture and told the last news.

At midnight they were seated at a table in a nightclub. Amanda Kendall looked handsome and distinguished in a grey chiffon dinner dress, and John, Julia decided, looked handsome and distinguished in anything he wore. From Barbie's clothes she had selected the dress least like herself, a slim sheaf of chartreuse satin, with which her twin wore black gloves and slippers and onyx earrings.

John had looked amused when he saw her. "Very modernistic, Barbie," he commented.

The effect was a trifle too modernistic for her own taste, but she was doing her utmost not to be herself.

Mrs. Kendall wanted champagne. The cork made a loud report when the waiter drew it, and a man in evening clothes several tables away glanced up, saw Julia, and rose, smiling. She had never seen him before in her life, and she watched him come towards her in panic.

He said, "Barbie! I thought you were in the Caribbean!"

"I changed my mind," she answered.

He had a small moustache and small speculative eyes, and she did not like him. "That'll be a body blow to Freddy," he told her. "He flew to Nassau this morning."

John had risen. Mrs. Kendall was looking up.

"Kit's grandmother, Mrs. Kendall," Julia murmured. "And his cousin, John Kendall."

There was an awful pause.

"I didn't get your name," John said pleasantly.

"Everett—Bob Everett . . . I'll give you a ring, Barbie." He bowed to Mrs. Kendall. "So nice to have met you." He returned to his own table.

"Barbie, did you change your mind about a trip because of me?" Amanda Kendall asked.

"I really didn't want to go," Julia answered. "Some old friends of my parents — it wouldn't have been amusing."

Mrs. Kendall patted her hand, and exclaimed, "Good gracious, child, what makes you so cold?"

"It's the champagne," said Julia.

"Would you mind if we danced, Gran?" asked John. "Can we trust you not to flirt with strange men if we leave you alone?"

Julia wondered whether he could feel her trembling as he put his arm around her. He did not talk, and she danced automatically, her eyes half closed. At least the unpleasant Mr. Everett had taken it for granted that she was Barbie. She wished that he had not made the crack about Freddy Sloane. She wished that she had never agreed to play this role. She looked up at John, and he was looking down at her with an expression she could not fathom. It was a nice expression, rather tender, a trifle amused.

"It was good of you to stay for Gran's visit, Barbie," he said. "She appreciates things like that. Did Julia go in your place?"

She nodded, and then her heart skipped a beat. What did he mean by "in your place"?

"We were both invited," she lied. "I honestly didn't care about going, but Julia needed the vacation."

"You're very fond of each other, aren't you?" he asked.

"Yes," she said. Very fond—at the moment, she wished the Bingham yacht would hit a shoal and Barbie would have to swim ten miles.

At one o'clock Mrs. Kendall said that she was going to bed. Julia waited in the cab while John escorted his grandmother to the elevator.

"Where shall we go now?" he asked when he returned.

"It's pretty late," she said. "You really don't have to see me home, John. I'm used to being by myself, you know."

"Be a sport, Barbie. I don't get to New York often. I don't know about Julia, but I know that if Kit were here he'd call it the shank of the evening." His eyes were suddenly teasing. "I don't think that Kit would object if you pretended you were Julia for a few hours. I bet it wouldn't be the first time that you girls swapped identities!" He leaned forward and spoke to the driver.

"Let's do a real pub crawl," he said to Julia. "Let's see

To page 92

How you can help your husband's EYES

Probably your husband, like most men, uses his eyes a lot in his work. You can see how strained and tired they look. Here's how you can help him—
Get him a bottle of Optrex Eye Lotion and persuade him to use it regularly. It will do your heart good to see how quickly his eyes improve! An Optrex eye-bath gently removes dust and impurities that irritate the eyes, causing inflammation and soreness. It tones up the eye tissues and relieves strain and tension. He'll be a happier man when he is using Optrex regularly!

Large economy bottle, 5/6 at Chemists

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New-found Energy through Cream of Yeast! Quicker! Clearer! Surer thinking! The better your health the better you fight adverse conditions and meet demands of Active Life!

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Don't dwell on past memories. Enjoy life NOW! Start taking Cream of Yeast today and replace lost nervous energy due to Vitamin B1 deficiency! Health is the best asset, so don't neglect your very good friend! Step into the next chemist or store and prove for yourself the value of Cream of Yeast! Enjoy active living by replacing lost nervous energy! There's a guarantee straight and strong! Give Cream of Yeast a trial. If you do not feel better your money will be refunded after the first bottle! Available at Chemists and Stores everywhere.

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Both men and women need adequate supplies of Vitamin B1. Try Cream of Yeast for a few days. You'll enjoy the extra benefit! The better your health, the better you'll enjoy life!

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See How You'll Benefit!

Cream of Yeast is a prescription of Yeast, Chlorophyll and other ingredients! Take it and see how it will benefit you. See how pain of headache, sun-glare and nervous frustration are relieved! See how lassitude and debility due to Vitamin B1 deficiency is benefited. Keep Cream of Yeast handy!

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SPECIAL FEATURE

Make the most of SUMMER FRUITS

By LEILA C. HOWARD, Our Food and Cookery Expert

THIS is the season for concocting delicious summer sweets, delightful confections with ice-cream, sweet and savory salads, fruit flans, long, cool drinks, and also jams and jellies to use during the winter season. Fruit plays the most important part in all of them.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

MELON DE LUXE

Two rock melons, fresh fruit salad, ¾ pint port wine jelly, ice-cream.

Cut one melon in halves, remove seeds and some flesh. Make jelly, and when cool fill into the 2 melon halves, rest each half on top of a small basin or a large cup to keep it from tilting while jelly sets. Chop melon flesh and mix with chopped apricots, whole white grapes, chopped plums, chopped cherries, melon balls, wedges of banana (drenched with lemon juice), and small whole strawberries. Cut second melon in halves, scoop out some of the flesh, and fill halves with fruit salad. Cut jellied melon halves into 2 pieces, using a knife dipped in hot water. Arrange filled melons around a mound of ice-cream studded with fruit.

PEACH MARSHMALLOW CREAM

One and a half cups biscuit or cereal crumbs, 3oz. butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 2 tablespoons orange juice, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, 8oz. vanilla marshmallows, 12 peach halves (lightly stewed in a sugar syrup), ¼ pint cream or evaporated milk, cherries.

Melt butter or substitute and mix into crumbs. Turn into deep serving-dish and press out around sides and base, chill in refrigerator. Heat fruit juices, add gelatine, and stir until dissolved. Chop marshmallows and all but four of the peaches coarsely and add to gelatine mixture with most of the whipped cream. Fill into crumb-lined dish, decorate with reserved peaches and remainder of cream and cherries. Return to refrigerator until ready to serve.

GLAZED PLUM PIE

Six ounces shortcrust pastry, 12 to 14 Angelina plums, ½ cup sugar, ¾ cup water, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 dessertspoon arrowroot, 1 dessertspoon butter.

Roll pastry out to ⅛in. thickness, line 8in. tart-plate, trim edges. Re-roll pastry trimmings and (using a small fluted cutter) cut this pastry into rounds. Brush edge of pastry-case with egg-white or milk and arrange fluted shapes overlapping one another around edge, glaze again. Cut a round of paper to fit centre, place it over the pastry, and cover with split peas or dried beans (this prevents pastry

THIS BRIGHT AND COLORFUL PLATTER shows two easy ways of serving the ever popular rock melon. One melon is halved and piled high with chunky pieces of fruit salad, and the other is halved and filled with jelly, allowed to set, then cut into quarters. See recipe.

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• *These pages are planned to help you make the best use of summer fruits while they are still plentiful.*

from rising). Bake pastry-case in hot oven 10 minutes, remove peas and paper, return to oven for a further 10 minutes or until crust is golden-brown. Cool.

Prepare filling: Boil sugar and water in saucepan, add washed plums, and simmer until just tender. Remove plums from syrup, blend arrowroot with a little of the syrup, add to saucepan with lemon juice and butter. Stir over low heat until mixture boils and thickens, cook further 3 minutes. Arrange plums in pastry-case, pour thickened syrup over. Return to oven to re-heat or serve cold with cream or ice-cream.

CHERRY PEACH SPECIAL

One pineapple, 3 ripe peaches, 2 lemons, 3 tablespoons castor sugar, maraschino cherries, 1oz. halved blanched almonds.

Peel pineapple, cut into 6 thick slices. Place in individual dishes. Peel peaches, cut in halves, place each half cut side down on a pineapple slice. Trickle lemon juice over, sprinkle with sugar. Stand for about 10 minutes. Arrange cherries around edge of pineapple slice, stick each peach half, porcupine fashion, with almonds. Serve with cream or ice-cream.

NOTE: This sweet may be prepared with fresh cherries or cherries stewed lightly in a sugar syrup.

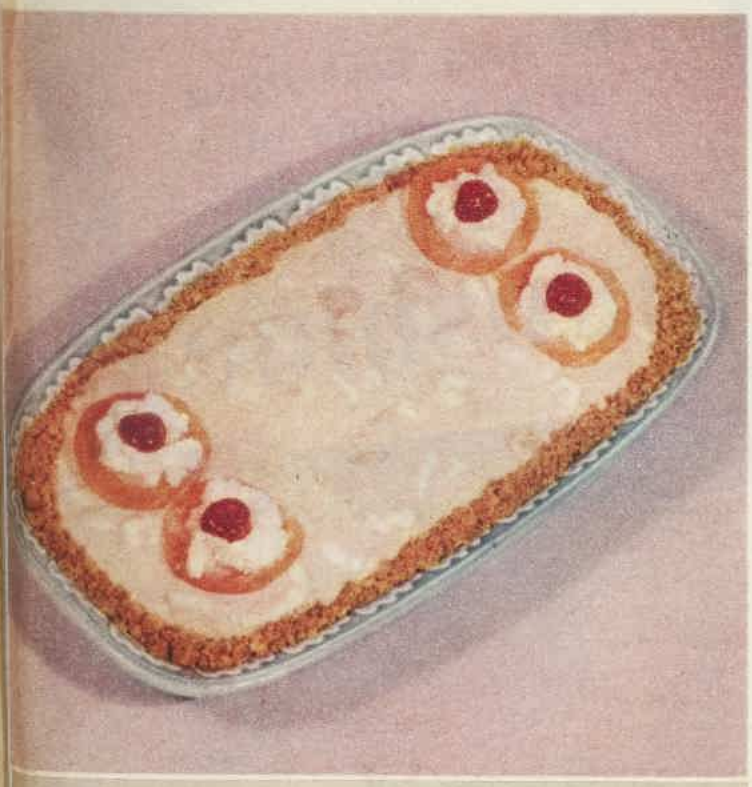
GLAZED FRUIT FLAN

One 9in. flan-case (cooked and cooled), ½ packet dissolved lemon jelly, 1 cup grapes (lightly stewed in sugar syrup), home-cooked apricots, peaches, cherries, and pears, passionfruit pulp, ice-cream.

Set a thin layer of jelly in base of pastry-case. When quite firm arrange fruits on top in five separate groups so that flavors are kept distinct and separate. Spoon balance of jelly lightly over fruit to give a glazed appearance, chill until set. Top pears with passionfruit pulp. Serve cold with ice-cream.

(Continued overleaf)

VEGETABLE FRUIT MEDLEY, shown above attractively arranged on a large platter, is a meal in itself. To make it, cut bread rolls nearly, but not quite, through, pull slices slightly apart and insert thin slices of cooked cold meat or poultry, topped with a slice of green pepper. Fill peach halves with cottage cheese, top with a strawberry. Then assemble on platter with other ingredients. These include a banana cut in halves and drenched with lemon juice, wedges of red-skinned apple, shredded carrot, white grapes, red cherries with stalks left on, thick slice of rock melon, thin slices of cucumber and processed cheese, and watermelon balls, cut with teaspoon of American-type plastic measuring spoons.



PEACH MARSHMALLOW CREAM (above), made in an uncooked biscuit or cereal case, is a delicious sweet with peaches and marshmallows as the main ingredients. If peaches are fully ripe, pre-cooking is not necessary. Chill well before serving.

GLAZED PLUM PIE (right) is a more substantial sweet and is equally good served hot or cold. The secret of success lies in making the pastry-case, then preparing the plum filling and combining the two just before serving. Serve it hot or cold.

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Cool and spicy dishes

THIS is the time also to take advantage of the plentiful supply of fruit to make long, cool drinks and crisp salads that are so delicious in the hot weather.

To make the best fruit dishes you've ever tasted, just follow these directions:

SPICED PICKLED PLUMS

Wash and dry plums, prick well with needle. Prepare sufficient spiced vinegar to cover plums. Pour over plums, cover, stand overnight. Drain liquid off, bring to the boil, pour again over plums. Repeat process twice more. Bottle and seal.

Spiced Vinegar: To each 1 pint of vinegar allow 1lb. brown sugar, 1oz cloves, ½oz. stick cinnamon, ½oz. mace, ½oz. allspice. Bring to the boil, simmer 5 minutes.

PLUM CHUTNEY

Two pounds dark plums, 2lb. green apples, 1lb. onions, ¾lb. raisins, ½lb. sultanas, 3oz. chopped preserved ginger, 1lb. brown sugar, ¼ teaspoon cayenne pepper, 2 tablespoons salt (more if necessary), 2½ pints vinegar.

Remove stones from plums, peel, core, and dice apples, peel and chop onions. Place in large preserving-pan with raisins, sultanas, ginger, brown sugar, cayenne pepper, salt, and vinegar. Bring to the boil, simmer 2 to 2½ hours, stirring occasionally. Bottle while hot, seal when cold.

(Continued from previous page)

● It is well worth while to make jams, jellies, and preserves while summer fruits are plentiful. Your efforts will be rewarded by a sense of pride in your well-stocked pantry shelves that will enable you to serve summer fruits in winter.

PINEAPPLE NECTAR

One pineapple, 1 lemon, 1½ pints boiling water, sugar.

Peel and shred the pineapple, avoiding the centre core. Pour the boiling water over the pineapple, add sugar and lemon to taste. Cover and allow to stand overnight, strain, and chill before serving.

Summer Fruits

PAPAW APPETISER SALAD

Two cups diced peeled papaw, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 2 tablespoons sherry, baby lettuce leaves, fresh mint sprigs.

Place papaw in bowl, add lemon juice and sherry, toss lightly until well mixed. Chill 1 hour. Serve in crisp lettuce leaves arranged in small dishes. Garnish with mint.

PINE-CRESS SALAD

Half head celery, 1 lemon, 2oz. raisins, watercress, 1 pineapple (sliced), 4 tablespoons mayonnaise, 2oz. chopped walnuts, black grapes.

Chop celery finely, sprinkle with lemon juice, and mix with raisins. Make a layer of this on a salad plate and surround with watercress. Peel and slice pineapple, spread top of slices with mayonnaise and cover with finely chopped nuts. Arrange on a bed of celery and garnish with black grapes.

PEACH AND PASSION-FRUIT JAM

Four pounds peaches, 3lb. sugar, 3 lemons, 8 passion-fruit.

Peel and slice peaches, sprinkle with half sugar, allow to stand overnight. Next day bring to boiling point, simmer until fruit is tender, add remainder of sugar (warmed). Add juice of lemons, cook until beginning to jell. Add passionfruit pulp, cook 10 minutes longer. Fill into warmed jars, seal when cold.

FISH SALAD WITH GRAPES AND ALMONDS

Eight ounces cooked white fish or 1 tin fish, 1 large cooked beetroot, 4 tablespoons vinegar, 1 teaspoon sugar, 6 tablespoons mayonnaise, 2oz. blanched halved almonds, 1 bunch white grapes, 2 lemons, watercress.

Flake fish and pile in centre of salad plate. Slice beetroot and sprinkle with vinegar and sugar. Mask fish with mayonnaise, spike with almonds, and surround with beetroot. Stone grapes and place round fish with quarters of lemon and small sprigs of watercress.

AMERICAN PEAR SALAD

Four ounces cottage cheese, 2 or 3 tablespoons mayonnaise, ½ teaspoon mixed mustard, 1 teaspoon sugar, pinch salt, pepper, cooked pear halves, watercress or shredded lettuce, sliced tomatoes, grapes.

Soften cottage cheese with a little fresh milk, add mayonnaise, mustard, sugar, salt, pepper. Fill into cavities in pear halves, arrange on serving platter on sprigs of cress or shredded lettuce. Garnish with sliced tomatoes and grapes.

ICE-CREAM SODAS

Sweetened pulped fruit, ice-cream, soda water.

Place two or more tablespoons pulped fruit into a tall glass. Add a scoop of ice-cream and fill glass nearly to the top with soda water. Stir with a long-handled spoon just before drinking.

***SPICED PICKLED PLUMS** are a delicious accompaniment to serve with cold meats, curries, and chicken casseroles the whole year round. See recipe this page.*

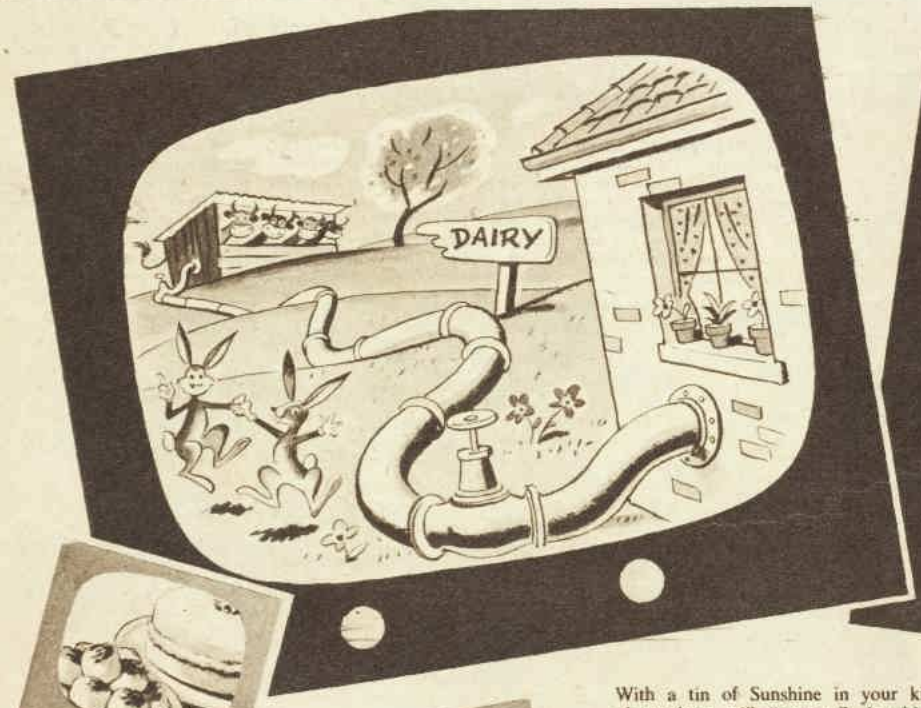
FRUIT SALAD JAM

One pound apricots, ½lb. apples, 1lb. peaches, ½lb. plums, 1 banana, 4 passion-fruit, 1 lemon, 3½lb. sugar, 1 cup halved drained preserved cherries.

Slice apricots, peaches, and plums. Add peeled, cored, and diced apples, sliced bananas, passionfruit pulp, strained juice of lemon, and 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind. Cook gently until fruit is tender, stirring frequently. Add warmed sugar and cherries, stir until sugar is dissolved. Cook quickly until mixture jells when a little is tested on a cold saucer. Bottle and seal.

PRETTY TRIMMINGS FOR FRUIT DRINKS

- Hang a sprig of grapes or a pair of cherries with stalks on the edge of the glass.
- A thin slice of green cucumber or orange or lemon, split slightly and hung on the edge of the glass, is effective.
- Dip the edge of each glass into lemon juice or slightly beaten egg-white, then into sugar, and stand aside to dry. These frosted rims look very attractive if the sugar is colored previously with a few drops of food coloring.
- Spear on a cocktail stick two thin slices of lemon separated with a whole strawberry. Balance this on the rim or drop it into the glass.



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With a tin of Sunshine in your kitchen, you *always* have milk "on tap." Anything you can do with fresh milk, you can do (more conveniently!) with Sunshine—it's perfect for every "milk" recipe.

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NESTLÉ'S – FIRST IN QUALITY! FIRST IN TV!

Nestlé's made TV history by booking the first big show on Australian TV. The pictures you see here, in fact, are taken from a highly entertaining Nestlé's TV film on Sunshine Milk.

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Make this new KRAFT TOSSED SALAD

Looks tempting — tastes fresh and delicious. So easy to prepare, you don't need a recipe — just toss in your favourite salad ingredients.

Follow this carefree way to salad success

— add the mellow flavour of nourishing KRAFT CHEDDAR — dress with glistening KRAFT MAYONNAISE

Choose Kraft Cheddar today. Get the famous blue 8-oz. packet. Three other ways to buy Kraft Cheddar, too—in 1-oz. portions (handy for lunch boxes and picnics), the economical family size 2-lb. pack or sliced from the 5-lb. loaf.

Here's all you do to capture the crispness and the exciting flavour of this Kraft Tossed Salad.

Bring your salad bowl to the table—filled with a carefree arrangement of salad ingredients and topped generously with diced Kraft Cheddar.

Dress with the "wonder-flavour" of Kraft Mayonnaise—and toss over and over with salad fork and spoon.

Use nourishing Kraft Cheddar in **all** your summer salads. Kraft Cheddar is richer than sirloin beef in strengthening protein, **plus many other food elements not found in meat**—minerals, especially calcium and phosphorus, and Vitamins A, B_2 and D.

Kraft Cheddar—a bargain in nutrition.

For extra variety try these other KRAFT favourites

Velveeta — the mild cheese food that spreads like butter. What's more, you don't need butter when you spread delicious money-saving Velveeta. Available in the yellow 8-oz. packet and 1-oz. portions.

Old English — a packaged cheese just as nourishing as Kraft Cheddar but made for those who prefer a cheese with a stronger flavour. Available in the red 8-oz. packet and 1-oz. portions.

Cheese is a wonderful food — and KRAFT makes wonderful cheeses

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SEASONED rolled shoulder of lamb or mutton is appetising served with prunes, stoned and filled with chutney, and baked tomato halves topped with raisins and almonds.

Sweet wins £5 prize

● A simple, delicious sweet, good to serve on any occasion, wins this week's prize of £5.

THE prizewinning sweet has a rich, fruity casing and is filled with a fluffy, lemon-flavored mixture.

All spoon measurements are level.

LEMON SNOW CRUNCH

Fruit Crust: Half - cup chopped seeded raisins, 1 cup chopped dates, ¼ cup water, 2oz. butter or substitute, 2 cups crushed coconut or lemon biscuit crumbs, ½ teaspoon mixed spice, ½ cup chopped walnuts.

Lemon Filling: Grated rind and juice of 1 large lemon, ½ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons arrowroot, ½ pint water, 1 egg.

Place raisins, dates, spice, and water in saucepan, stir over low heat until mixture is soft and thick. Add butter, stir until melted, then fold in biscuit crumbs and nuts, mix well. Press mixture over sides and base of 8in. tart-plate, chill. Prepare filling. Heat lemon rind, water, and sugar in saucepan, stir in arrowroot blended with lemon juice. Stir over heat until mixture boils and thickens, cook further 3 minutes. Remove from heat, add egg-yolk, allow to cool. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-white, fill into fruit crust. Chill until set. Serve with cream.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. C. W. Castle, 115 Senate Rd., Port Pirie, S.A.

FAMILY DISH

ROUND steak made into an unusual pot-roast is this week's family dish. This nourishing roast for the family dinner costs approximately seven shillings and sixpence and serves four or five people.

STUFFED POT-ROAST

Two large, thick slices round steak, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 small tin spaghetti, 2 tablespoons finely chopped green pepper, 2 tablespoons fat, salt, pepper, 1 cup hot water, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, gravy powder.

Trim steak, rub flour over both sides. Spread spaghetti over one piece of steak, sprinkle with green pepper. Cover with second piece of steak, sew together with coarse thread or secure with fine skewers. Brown meat well on both sides in hot fat in heavy saucepan. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, and pour hot water and Worcestershire sauce mixed together over meat. Cover with a tightly fitting lid, simmer gently 1½ hours or until meat is tender. Thicken liquid in saucepan with a little blended gravy powder, serve hot with vegetables.

DON'T PUNISH BAD HABITS

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

ENVIRONMENT is a strong influence in forming habits in young children. Therefore, early training in good habits and a harmonious home life are essential if bad habits are to be avoided.

Nervous habits usually develop in the first two years. They include thumb-sucking, nail-biting, fear complex, feeding difficulties, bad toilet habits, and stuttering. Parents become very concerned and usually pay too much attention to these faults.

Scolding, punishing, or thwarting a child focuses his mind all the more on the habit instead of diverting his attention from it.

Nervous habits are soon outgrown without special treatment if the child is given a happy home, companionship of children of his own age group, and constructive toys and play materials.

A chapter on nervous habits is contained in my parentcraft book, "You and Your Baby," which is obtainable from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Price 12/6, plus 9d. postage. Please print names and addresses clearly.

is of tremendous value to every

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Before the happy event, and later, you'll find this free Baby Book a valuable guide and a helpful friend. It has the answers to all your questions: answers prepared by experts in mothercraft and infant feeding. It costs you nothing, saves you much in time, worry and doubt, so mail coupon to-day for a copy of Nestlé's delightfully illustrated Baby Book—"Your Baby and You."

It takes just two minutes to prepare all the vitamins and nourishment your baby needs with Lactogen! (or Vi-Lactogen for the very young baby.) Processed so that they are quite as readily and easily digested as breast milk, both contain added Vitamins A and D and organic iron to guard against infection and rickets. Just measure, sprinkle on top of warm, previously boiled water, and stir — all the nourishment a baby needs — prepared in two minutes.

Compiled as a service to mothers and mothers-to-be by Nestlé's, the makers of VI-LACTOGEN and LACTOGEN

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To Lactogen Dept., Nestlé's, in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide, Perth, Newcastle or Hobart. Please send me (post free) a copy of the Vi-Lactogen and Lactogen Mother Book.

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Kitchen layout

● My advice on a new kitchen layout has been sought by Mrs. R. Rehn, of Broken Hill, N.S.W. At present she has a fuel stove that she intends to keep in her new kitchen. She will also install an electric stove, and she wants a dinette and ample bench space.

Architect's diary by Sydney Architect W. J. McMURRAY

BECAUSE of its two stoves and the location of its doors, the new kitchen layout would appear cluttered with the conventional type of dinette. I have therefore suggested, in the plan below, a buffet-type counter.

This new counter would have clear space underneath to store four plastic-upholstered stools, and it would be supported at one end by a single plated pipe.

There are no built-in cupboards or other fittings in the present kitchen. I have remedied this lack by providing plenty of cupboards in the new plan.

The cupboard next to the fuel stove would be of full height, with shelves spaced from 9in. to 18in. to store the maximum number of bottles, jars, and packets of varying heights.

The cupboard next to the refrigerator makes a convenient place to store food-preparation equipment. It has three drawers for cutlery, and a compartment for larger items such as mixers and mincers.

Cupboard No. 9 could contain a series of metal-lined, vermin-proof bins to store bread, cakes, biscuits, and similar foods. The cupboard built over the refrigerator and extending over cupboards 6 and 9 would hold condiments and smaller items such as spices and herbs.

Because it is next to the new electric stove, sink, and drainer, cupboard No. 13 makes an ideal place for pull-out tea-towel racks, and also for ventilated fruit and vegetable bins.

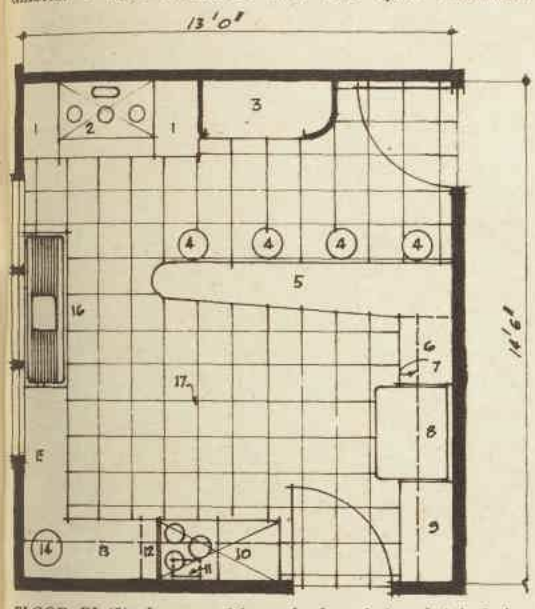
The space in the corner between benches 13 and 15 can be best used by housing a removable scrap-bin with a flyproof lid. This bin can be let down into the cupboard, finishing flush with the bench top.

Because they are close to the stove these cupboards and the one on which the horizontal stove is mounted would be the best place to keep the larger cooking utensils.

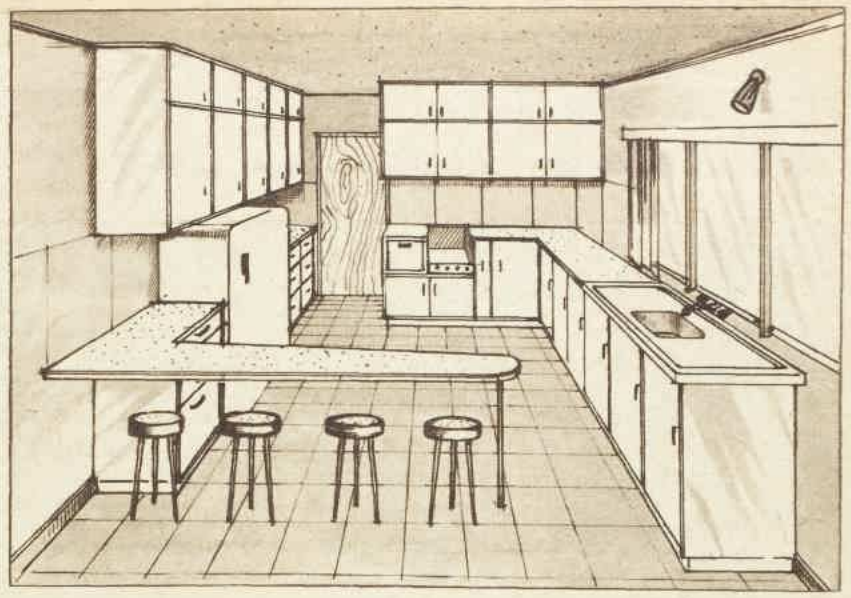
The space above the new stove makes a good location for a flyproof crockery cupboard and for a concealed flue for the stove, to eliminate high room temperatures and cooking smells—an important feature in such hot climates as Broken Hill.

Under the sink and drainer there would be a cupboard to store soaps and cleaners and miscellaneous kitchen equipment.

As finishes to the room, I recommend linoleum tiles for the floor and laminated plastic with aluminium-edge strips for the bench tops.



FLOOR PLAN shows position of: 1, existing brick hobs; 2, existing fuel stove; 3, new pantry cupboard; 4, new buffet stools; 5, new buffet bench; 6, bench and cupboard; 7, top cupboard; 8, new refrigerator; 9, bench and cupboard; 10, new electric stove; 11, ventilating flue; 12, tea-towel racks; 13, bench and cupboard; 14, concealed scrap-bin; 15, servery bench and cupboard; 16, new sink and drainer; 17, linoleum floor tiles for a good finish.



SKETCH of the new layout for the kitchen shows the built-in cupboards that provide plenty of storage space without giving the room an untidy or cluttered look.

Miss Precious Minutes says..

● Here are some useful hints that will help you save time and money in your round of household duties.

TO keep your coffee-pot fresh, fill it with bicarbonate of soda and bring it to the boil.

★ ★ ★

PUT eggshells in a muslin bag and add to the copper water to make clothes white.

★ ★ ★

PLEATS should be ironed smooth first, then pinned at the bottom to ironing board and ironed lengthwise.

★ ★ ★

TO save time, fasten lace, tape, rickrack, or applique with transparent tape to the garment you are making. The tape is easily removed after stitching.

VERY loosely knitted garments will dry best if they are put out in a loose heap on a clean board in a warm place. Do not hang them or they will lose their shape completely.

★ ★ ★

VERY closely woven articles can be dried satisfactorily by pegging them on the line in the ordinary way. Socks should be pegged by the toes.

★ ★ ★

A DISH of water into which a teaspoon of ammonia has been added will help to keep paint odors from a room.

Press fabrics easily

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Now you can steam-press woollens, cottons, linens, silks and rayons, easily, without sprinkling or using a damp cloth. What's more, with this new Morphy-Richards Steam & Dry Iron you can choose the exact steam and heat requirements for every fabric—from sheers to velvets to heavy woollens. Ask your local radio & electrical store about the fabulous new Morphy-Richards Steam & Dry Iron.

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Whether you call it deep-down goodness, or Kellogg's secret process, it's that something extra in Kellogg's Corn Flakes which gives a lift to breakfast and makes everyone feel brighter and more ready for the day.

Bringing you all the stored energy in big sun-soaked corn kernels, all the built-in flavour magic that made Kellogg's Corn Flakes famous, Spring comes to breakfast — in a packet!

Why not make a date with Spring tomorrow morning? You'll know, first spoonful, what we mean.

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Talking of Films

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars—below average

★★ *Somebody Up There Likes Me*

THE fantastic life story of American boxing champion Rocky Graziano makes tough and realistic entertainment in Metro's screen version of "Somebody Up There Likes Me."

This is a picture that stands well above the majority of biographies that come out of Hollywood about famous people.

The story takes Rocky from a bitter and brutalising childhood in New York's slums into incorrigible adolescence and then into young manhood. A thoroughgoing street arab by now, Graziano seems to be headed straight for a life of lurid crime.

But he turns aside from law-breaking just in time, and drifts into professional boxing after discovering that he can at least make a living in the ring.

Rocky's candidly sordid success story is completed when he wins the middleweight boxing championship of the world (the fight scenes are excellent), and becomes a solid citizen as well.

Paul Newman, a relative newcomer to the Hollywood scene, does a very good, Brando-ish job as the confused and illiterate young pug.

His make-up, particularly in the latter part of the film, is astonishingly lifelike.

Pier Angeli's study of Graziano's young wife, Norma, is sweet and gentle. Eileen Heckart emerges more strongly as his unhappy mother.

A syrupy theme song put over by Perry Como and the tumultuous opening musical score could be done without.

TALKATIVE YOUTH. Tab Hunter and Natalie Wood were most interested in a discussion when this picture was taken. Tab is tops with the teenage fans, and Natalie is enjoying quite a vogue since she grew up and returned to films.

★★ *The Kentuckian*

STAR Burt Lancaster looks shaggier than ever, if that is possible, as the trail-blazing title character in "The Kentuckian" (United Artists), in which he also functions as director.

His role is that of Big Eli, a naive, freedom-loving backwoodsman who tries to leave all the fighting and feuding down Kentucky way to start a new life in the wide-open spaces of Texas with Little Eli, his motherless son.

This last role is played with a certain amount of gauche appeal by a plain-faced lad named Donald MacDonald.

During the long trek to the promised land big and little Eli share all sorts of adventures, some of them pretty far-fetched but acceptable enough in the folksy atmosphere of "The Kentuckian."

At the same time there is probably enough rough-and-ready action around to keep the Lancaster fans happy, even though the star often takes overlong to reach flashpoint.

Burt is, of course, splendidly equipped to cope with all the action that comes his way.

The big menace to the Kentuckian's peace of mind is a whip-cracking bully of a man played strongly by Walter Matthau.

Matthau is an interesting newcomer to the movies, who may remind you of the young Robert Newton.

Romance comes to Lancaster with the bonded servant girl of Dianne Foster and Diana Lynn's genteel schoolteacher.

IT looks as though Italy's Sophia Loren can have her pick of leading men these days. In the past few months Sophia has starred with Cary Grant, Frank Sinatra, Alan Ladd, and Clifton Webb. Now she will have an opportunity to play opposite Rossano Brazzi, her own countryman, in "The Legend of Timbuctoo," to be filmed in Tripoli. The film also stars John Wayne.

OLD FRIENDS as well as fellow-workers, Maureen O'Hara and John Wayne are together again in John Ford's new picture, "Wings of Eagles." They're both very happy about it.

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offers you a New Way to Better Living

By Dorothy Summers, Home Economist of Kelvinator.

"In Australia today, hundreds of Australian housewives are experiencing an entirely new way of living. For that is what Home Freezing means—a thrilling new way of living that gives you more time for leisure, that allows you to cook less, shop less, save money and enjoy better, more varied meals.

"Just think of the wonderful convenience of having a Kelvinator Home Freezer in your own kitchen! Think of the economy . . . you buy in bulk and when prices are low — that way you really save money on food. Think of the time and trouble you save . . . you cook in advance, two or three dishes at a time, then heat and serve them weeks, maybe months later —no trouble at all!

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Kelvinator Chest-type Home Freezer holds 210 lbs. of food. Capacity 6 cubic feet. Special Section for fast freezing . . . Two large Storage Baskets . . . Five-sided refrigeration for dependable freezing . . . powered by famous "Polarsphere" Sealed Unit. Only £185.

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The whiteness-meter proves it

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The extra whiteness has been confirmed—and actually measured — in hundreds of tests made by independent scientists.

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For cleaner, whiter, healthier teeth — use NEW Macleans Peroxide Tooth Paste night and morning, every day.

TEETH 18% WHITER AFTER NEW MACLEANS! Whiteness tests show brilliant difference.

To measure the whiteness of teeth, dental experts take a block of pure magnesium oxide. This is their supreme standard of whiteness. To this standard they set the whiteness-meter (spectro-photometer). And — using the scale shown above— they measure against it the degree of whiteness of the teeth.

See the sensational difference in teeth after cleaning with NEW Macleans!

The whiteness-meter records as much as 18% increase of whiteness!

New Formula **MACLEANS peroxide TOOTH PASTE**

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Continuing . . . .

Her Twin Sister

from page 83

what's cooking below Fourteenth Street."

"For a stranger in New York, you do all right," she said.

"I went to Princeton, too, you know," he told her.

It was John's considered opinion that they should continue to drink champagne. "I'm confused enough as it is," he confided. "If I mixed my drinks, I might get even more confused and think I was Kit!"

Julia smiled. "I wouldn't!" she retorted, and remembered to look wistful. Actually it was not difficult for her to look wistful.

When he took her home they shook hands formally. "I'll pick you up a little before seven tonight," he said. "Gran hates being late for the theatre."

"So do I," she said.

She could not get to sleep. She lay, awake and restless, in Barbie's bed, thinking about John Kendall and what a wonderful week they could have if she told him the truth. She thought of Mrs. Kendall. It would put Barbie in a very poor light, and it was Barbie who was her grandson's wife, who was going to Montana to live. Even if John kept the secret from his grandmother, she suspected that Amanda Kendall would sense a mutual attraction which was not cousinly. She could not risk it.

After the theatre Mrs. Kendall again suggested that she go on with John for the rest of the evening.

"It doesn't seem right," Julia protested. "With Kit on the other side of the world——"

Kit's grandmother smiled. "Barbie, you're a sweet child. I didn't know that they made girls like you any more. Kit's a lucky young man. He'd want you to go with John. I can answer for that."

Julia smiled back feebly. Kit would want his wife to entertain his cousin. Barbie might be frivolous at times, and at times irresponsible, but Kit Kendall knew how deeply she loved him. "It's sort of a miracle," Barbie had told her once. "Being in love and married. I suppose there are other men in the world as wonderful as Kit, but they all look like paper dolls to me now. You wait, Jule. You'll understand some day."

She was beginning to understand right now, thought Julia grimly. Dancing with John was not in the least like dancing with a paper doll, and it frightened her.

"Tell me about when you and Kit were boys," she said, when they returned to their table.

"We were quite a team," he answered. "I'm two years older, but we've always been companionable." He looked across at her, his eyes bright. "You know that long scar on Kit's hip?"

Involuntarily, Julia blinked. She nodded.

"That happened when he was ten and I was twelve," John continued. "We decided to go hunting—or has he told you about it?" The orchestra was playing a rhumba. "Come on, let's dance."

They did not talk, dancing. Her steps followed his, lightly and easily, and she did not look up at him. She wished that she knew whether Kit Kendall had a scar on his hip.

She slept late the next morning, and when she awakened the sun was high and church bells were tolling. She was having breakfast in her pyjamas when the doorbell rang. She slipped into a dressing-gown and opened the door.

"It's a beautiful day," said John. "I've been walking for hours, and suddenly I realised that I was on your street and wondered if you'd have lunch with me?"

She said, "Come in, John," turning her head away because she was so glad to see him. "I'll get dressed," she added. Her hand was on the bedroom door when the telephone rang.

The operator said, "Just a moment, please." It was long distance. She sat down at the desk, her back to John. It was very long distance. "Go ahead, Miami," the operator's voice ordered.

It would be Barbie, of course. Why did she have to telephone now, when John was here? Her hand, holding the instrument, was shaking, and she shifted it to her left hand, leaning her elbow on the desk, while her right hand absently picked up a pencil. "Just a moment, madam." She continued to wait.

Barbie was in Nassau. She said, "Hi! How's it going?"

Julia said firmly, "Hello, Julia. Having a good time?"

Barbie's laughter sailed across miles of space. It sounded so close that it seemed as though John must hear it. "I gather that you're not alone? Mrs. Kendall with you?"

"That's fine," said Julia. "I'm so glad, Julia."

Barbie was giggling. "I'll be back in about a week. She'll be gone by then, won't she?"

"Yes," said Julia. "You remember Kit's cousin, John, don't you, Julia? He was best man at my wedding —"

Barbie whooped. "Oh, no! You don't mean he's there? In the apartment?"

"Yes, I do," said Julia shortly.

"Oh, that's priceless!" said Barbie. "He had quite a case on you." She was still giggling. "Don't do anything I wouldn't do," she added.

"Very funny," said Julia. She could not remember ever having been so angry with her sister. "I had a lovely long letter from Kit yesterday," she said.

"You didn't read it?" Barbie demanded, her laughter gone.

"He sent you his love," said Julia. "Goodbye, Julia, dear." She hung up quickly. "That was Julia," she said, turning her head.

John was standing behind her chair. "So I gathered," he murmured. "I hoped that you'd let me speak to her." He was looking down at the desk and Julia Haverford felt a cold chill.

"I can't draw a cat sitting back-to," she had told him. Her hand came down on the memorandum pad, covering the deft, professional sketching, the small dancing figures which she had drawn while she listened to her sister's voice.

"I'm sorry, John. I didn't think," she said. Rising, she tore off the top sheet of paper, crushed it in her fist. "I'll get dressed," she added, and went into the bedroom, the crumpled paper squeezed tight in her hand.

She had not trusted herself to meet his eyes, and she had not the faintest idea whether he had seen her sketches.

She was wearing Barbie's most frivolous hat when she returned to the living-room. He was sitting on the couch reading the Sunday paper. He rose, smiling.

"Would it bore you frightfully to go to the Art Museum with me this afternoon?" he asked.

She shrugged. "I guess I could stand it—for a visiting cousin," she answered. "Probably do me good to absorb a little culture."

"That's the right attitude," he told her. "Where would you like to have lunch?"

"We can have it at the Museum," she said, and added hastily, "Julia says the restaurant there is quite nice."

"'Julia says,'" he repeated. "You talk about her as though she were years older than you."

"She's fifteen minutes older," she informed him. "But we're quite different, you know."

"That was what I thought at the wedding," he retorted. He looked at her intently. "Barbie, I don't mind admitting to you that the reason I came east with Gran was Julia. I haven't been able to get her out of my mind. It was only the fact that I was in the Army that kept me from coming before."

"Oh?" murmured Julia.

"I wouldn't be surprised," he

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added soberly, "if I was in love with your sister."

"Really!" said Julia. "It's too bad that you never gave her any indication of how you felt."

"It is," he agreed. "I could have written her, but when you're in the Service —— You know how it is."

"I'm afraid that I don't," she answered. "Kit writes me."

"That's a little different," he said. "Did she ever say anything about me, to you, Barbie?"

"Not that I can remember," she said shortly.

. . . . . .

In the Museum restaurant they sat on a salmon-colored banquette, back from the rectangular pool with its tinkling fountains. John smiled at her.

"Museums have always been the traditional place for lovers' meetings," he said, "but this is better than the Egyptian room, isn't it?"

"It's very pretty," said Julia. "I must bring Kit here."

"He gets back in July?" She nodded. "I do hope that you can persuade Julia to come west with you. Montana's lovely in summer. We could all take a pack trip up to Flathead Lake——" She listened silently. Neither she nor Barbie had ever been west of the Mississippi and it sounded wonderful. "Shall we look at some pictures now?"

Walking beside him through the familiar galleries, she made no comments, and tried to look as bored as Barbie would have been.

"You know," he said, "Botticelli could have painted you and Julia. Your hair, and especially your eyes. You both have that dreamy look."

"They all look alike to me," she said flatly.

He laughed. "I won't make you suffer too long. I do want to see the French Impressionists, though."

A girl in a lilac smock was

Continuing . . . .

Her Twin Sister

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copying a small Degas, and John looked at her canvas and said, "You're doing all right." She lifted her head, smiling, and saw Julia.

"Miss Haverford!" she cried. "Gosh, I'm glad to see you!"

Julia looked at her best pupil blankly. "I'm Miss Haverford's sister," she said. "You're one of her students?"

The girl's mouth opened and closed. Her face was incredulous. She said, "You——" and swallowed.

"We're twins, you know," Julia added.

The girl looked at John. Bewilderment and complete disbelief were in her eyes.

"It's a fact," he reassured her. "They are twins. I wouldn't be surprised if sometimes they don't know which is which themselves." He took Julia's arm. "O.K., Barbie, we'll go. I'll come back by myself some other time."

Julia did not speak or look at him as they descended the stairs. He must know, now, or at least suspect strongly, that it was Barbie who was lightheartedly cruising the Caribbean, Barbie who always chose pleasure before duty.

On Fifth Avenue he hailed a taxi. "Where to?" he asked.

"I think I'd better go home," she said. "I have a headache."

He put his hand over hers. "Barbie, I was a brute to drag you up here. Making you pinch-hit for Julia again." He gave her address—Barbie's address—to the driver. "You and Kit are so alike," he added. "Gran took us both to Europe when we were in our teens, and Kit could get a headache just passing the Louvre."

Julia smiled back thinly.

On Monday morning she went shopping with Mrs. Kendall. "High, wide, and handsome" had been John's phrase, and it applied equally well to her buying. Mostly she bought presents for her grandson's wife. Julia tried to protest, but Amanda Kendall cut her short.

"You're my only granddaughter, Barbie, and you have been charming to an old woman. Besides, I'm having a good time. I'd have adored the sort of clothes girls wear now when I was your age." Her brown eyes were warm. "I hope that you and Kit have a family soon, my dear. Six little girls. We've had nothing but bull calves on the ranch for two generations. If John will only get married——" She was smiling. "You know, Barbie, he isn't joking about your sister. Since I've come to know you, I can see why."

On Tuesday evening Mrs. Kendall was still, in her own words, rearing to go.

"I wouldn't live here if they gave me the town, and a week is as much as I can stand," she told Julia, "but when I'm here I like to see as much as I can."

"Train's in from the West," John murmured.

His grandmother laughed. "Powder River, let 'er buck!" she added. "After the play I'd like to hear that French girl — what's her name? Sounds as though she had the croup."

They heard the French girl. Julia said, "Will you drop me off on the way back to the hotel, John?"

"So early?" he asked.

"So early," she answered firmly.

In a little more than twenty-four hours they would be gone. In three months Kit would take Barbie to Montana. Three months might be long enough for Mrs. Kendall to forget the differences between the genuine granddaughter and the false one, but she was not so sure about John.

From the moment of his arrival she had not been sure about him. He was Kit's cousin and Kit's friend, and he was their own generation. He might easily jump to the conclusion that the Caribbean cruise was less innocent than it was. He might even persuade Kit that there had been something which needed covering up.

Mrs. Kendall telephoned her at noon the next day. "That Frenchwoman's croup must have been catching," she announced. "I seem to have got a cold and I think I'll stay in bed. John wants to speak to you, Barbie."

John wanted her to have dinner with him. "Let's not dress," he said. "Unless you'd rather. This is my last night and I thought we might just talk quietly."

"Why don't I fix us something here?" she suggested.

It was John's last night in New York and it was going to be her last night in Barbie's apartment, she thought grimly. Tomorrow he would be gone and she could be herself, Julia Haverford, again. She wished that she could be herself this evening.

"Gran sent you a message and a present," he told her when she opened the door to him. "She thinks it's bad luck to say good-bye and says to tell you that she's looking forward to your coming west." He gave her a tissue-paper package. "She says the more you wear them the better."

Julia looked at Amanda Kendall's pearls and then at John. "Oh, no!" she said. "I can't take them!"

"She wants you to have them, Barbie."

She felt close to tears. "I'd rather she wore them. If she wants to leave them to me later —" Her voice broke.

"Put them on," he said. "They'll be becoming."

Her fingers shook as she

To page 96

Adam and Eve

• Contributions are invited for our Adam and Eve Contest in which each week we award £2/2/- for the most amusing accounts of typically male and female behaviour. Here are this week's winners.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN

WHEN my granddaughter was small, her mother became very angry one day with another mother who was always boasting about her off-spring.

I tried to calm my daughter and said that all mothers were the same.

"I thought you were wonderful, and you probably think your child is wonderful," I said.

My daughter exclaimed heatedly: "But mine is."

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. A. E. Connell, 134 Raglan St., Mosman, N.S.W.

JUST LIKE A MAN

ON our tenth wedding anniversary we found a baby-sitter, and went to the pictures.

During the first film I felt my husband's hand groping for mine in the dark.

I put my hand down to take his, and his voice whispered loudly in my ear: "What are you doing? I'm trying to pass you a piece of chewing gum."

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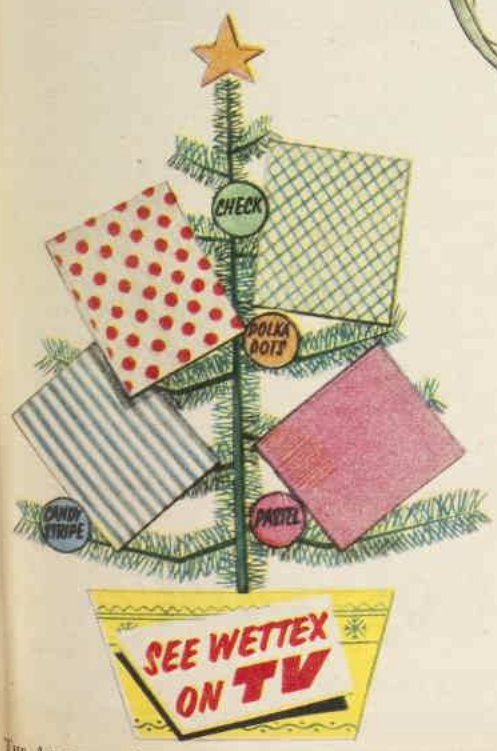

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Continuing . . . .

Her Twin Sister

from page 94

fastened the clasp. Neither John nor Amanda Kendall would ever know the irony of this gift. Barbie did not like pearls, but Julia could not bring herself to say so.

"I'll make us a cocktail," she murmured. The necklace felt like a noose about her neck. Mrs. Kendall must never know, now, that her grandson's wife had not stayed for her visit. John Kendall must never know either.

When she brought in the cocktails he lifted his glass. "Let's drink a toast. To Kit and Julia. To the four of us being together this summer."

Julia managed to swallow past the heavy lump in her throat. She would not go west with Barbie and Kit, and she turned her head away quickly and looked at Kit's picture, because there were tears in her eyes.

"Do you think I'm crazy to think about her so much?" he was asking.

"How do I know?" she retorted.

"I suppose you don't," he said. He laughed. "Seeing so much of you this week has been a very strange experience for me, Barbie. If it weren't for Julia's existence, I'd have run."

"Run?" she echoed.

"You bet. I wouldn't want to fall in love with my cousin's wife, would I?"

She said, "Something's boiling over," and fled to the kitchen.

It was more than she could bear, she thought, but she had to bear it for Barbie's sake. He did not follow her, and she fought back her hysteria. He was reading a magazine when she passed quickly through the living-room to the bedroom. Her face, in Barbie's mirror, showed traces of tears, and she washed it with cold water, powdered her nose. Her eyes—Botticelli could have painted them, he had said—were overbright, but she had control of herself. She was not going to blow up in these final hours.

It was not ten when he said, "I think I'd better run along, Barbie. Haven't packed yet." He took her hand. "You've been wonderful to Gran and me. You're quite a girl."

She said, "Thank you, John. I'll write Gran right away——" Her voice faded. She had better not write Mrs. Kendall until Barbie returned, since their handwritings were nothing alike. She looked up at him. This was goodbye, though he could not know, as she did, for how long. Her mouth trembled, and he bent swiftly and kissed her, a long, hard kiss.

"That was for Julia," he said, and went out.

For a moment she stood motionless, listening to his footsteps, her heart hammering. She drew a long, shuddering breath. The sooner she got out of Barbie's apartment and Barbie's clothes the sooner she could face her own broken life.

It was after midnight when she finished cleaning her sister's apartment. She arranged, on the bed, the presents Amanda Kendall had bought for her grandson's wife. Her hand went up to unfasten the pearls and paused. The necklace was too valuable to leave; she would have to wear it until Barbie returned.

She walked through the quiet streets to her own studio. The big room was hot and stuffy and she opened the windows. Dust lay thick on tables and window-sills, and a vase held stiffly faded flowers. She put on dungarees and went again to work. The sky was streaked with dawn when everything was clean. She fell asleep almost as soon as her head touched her pillow.

It was ten-thirty when she awoke. Mrs. Kendall and John were already half an hour on their way. She would probably never see either of them again. She made coffee and dressed. Another week of vacation was before her — and a lifetime of regret. She heard feet on the stairs and someone pounded at her door.

John Kendall looked at her gravely. "You may not remember me, Miss Haverford," he said. "I was best man at your sister's wedding."

Her knees buckled and she sat down on the couch.

He said, "Julia! Did you really think I didn't know?" He sat down beside her. "I told you that Kit and I never fell in love with the same girls."

Her breath caught. "Does your grandmother know?"

"Not yet. She'll probably crack a rib laughing when we tell her."

"But what will she think of Barbie?"

He smiled. "Gran can take a joke. She's a very tolerant party. If she turns out to have a favorite granddaughter-in-law, that's her good taste."

She said, "I don't know whether I'm going to laugh or cry. I tried so hard." Her eyes opened wide. "John! Does Kit have a scar on his hip?"

"That was mean of me," he admitted. "But you deserved it."

Her mouth trembled, but she was not going to cry. She was quite sure of that. "When did you know?" she demanded.

He put his arm around her. "The minute I saw you. At the station."

"How could you have?"

She knew the answer, but she wanted to hear him say it. Kit Kendall had said it to Barbie. Something about the eyes of love.

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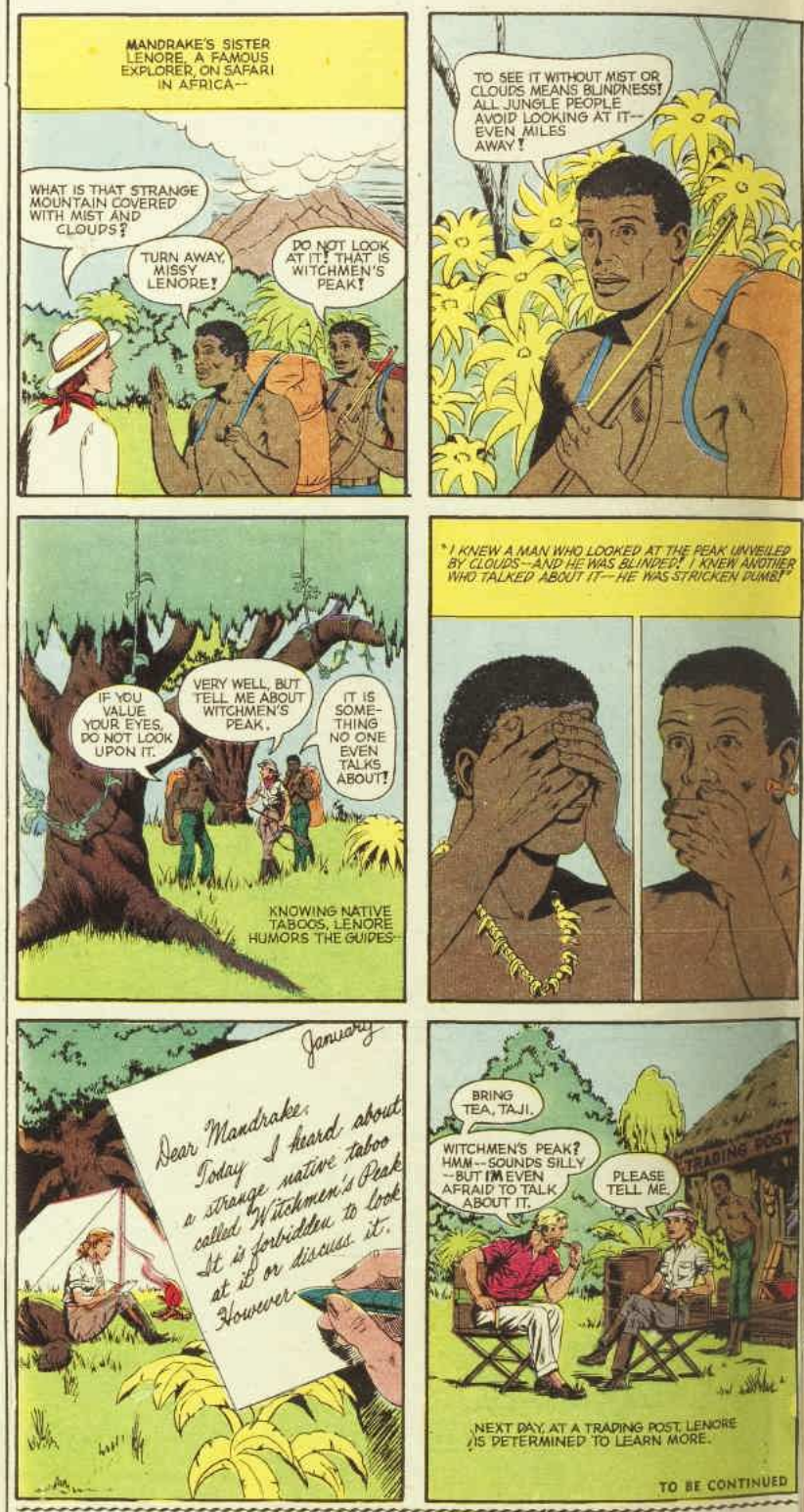

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• *NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 97. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication.*

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